

PROCEEDINGS
LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY
LIVERPOOL,
DURING THE
ONE HUNDRED AND ELEVENTH SESSION, 1921-1922,
THE
ONE HUNDRED AND TWELFTH SESSION, 1922-1923,
AND THE
ROSCOE LECTURE,

DELIVERED BY THE VERY REV. W. R. INGE, C.V.O. D.D. DURING
THE 113TH SESSION, 1923-1924

No. LXVII.



LIVERPOOL
D. MARPLES & CO. 180 SOUTH CASTLE STREET.

1924

~~THE ROYAL CANADIAN INSTITUTE~~ 15-2-25

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1924.

The Address, "The Theory of the State," delivered by His Honour Judge H. C. DOWDALL, K.C., on the 20th November, 1922, is printed in the *Law Quarterly Review*, volume 39, pp. 98-125 (January, 1923), entitled "The Word State." A reprint of the Address is published by Stevens & Sons Ltd., London.

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LIST OF PRESIDENTS

FROM THE FOUNDATION OF THE SOCIETY IN 1812.

ELECTED.

1812	.	Rev. THEOPHILUS HOULBROOKE, LL.B.
1817	.	WILLIAM ROSCOE, F.R.S., F.L.S.
1831	.	THOMAS STEWART TRAILL, M.D.
1833	.	JOSEPH BROOKES YATES, F.S.A.
1839	.	Rev. JAMES MARTINEAU, LL.D.
1840	.	Rev. THOS. TATTERSHALL, D.D.
1843	.	JOSEPH BROOKES YATES, F.S.A.
1846	.	Rev. JAMES BOOTH, LL.D., F.R.S.
1849	.	JOSEPH BROOKES YATES, F.S.A.
1852	.	JOSEPH DICKINSON, M.A., M.D., F.R.S.
1855	.	ROBERT McANDREW, F.R.S., F.L.S.
1856	.	THOMAS INMAN, M.D.
1859	.	Rev. HENRY HUGH HIGGINS, M.A.
1862	.	WILLIAM IHNE, PH.D.
1863	.	JAMES A. PICTON, F.S.A.
1866	.	Rev. C. D. GINSBURG, LL.D.
1869	.	J. BIRKBECK NEVINS, M.D.
1872	.	ALBERT JULIUS MOTT, F.G.S.
1875	.	[Sir] JAMES A. PICTON, F.S.A.
1877	.	JOHN J. DRYSDALE, M.D., M.R.C.S.
1879	.	LORD RUSSELL OF LIVERPOOL.
1881	.	EDWARD DAVIES, F.C.S., F.I.C.
1883	.	RICHARD STEEL, J.P.
1885	.	WILLIAM CARTER, LL.B., M.D., B.Sc.
1887	.	JAMES BIRCHALL.
1889	.	Rev. HENRY HUGH HIGGINS, M.A.
1890	.	BARON LOUIS BENAS, J.P.
1892	.	Rev. GERALD H. RENDALL, M.A., Litt.D.
1894	.	J. BIRKBECK NEVINS, M.D.
1896	.	JOHN NEWTON, M.R.C.S.
1897	.	RICHARD J. LLOYD, D.Lit., M.A., F.R.S.E.
1898	.	Rev. EDWARD N. HOARE, M.A.
1900	.	J. MURRAY MOORE, M.D., M.R.C.S., F.R.G.S.
1901	.	Rev. EDMUND A. WESLEY, M.A.
1903	.	Rev. WILLIAM E. SIMS, A.K.C.
1905	.	A. THEODORE BROWN.
1906	.	JAMES T. FOARD.
1907	.	J. HAMPDEN JACKSON, F.R.G.S., F.C.I.S.
1908	.	ALFRED E. HAWKES, M.D.
1910	.	THOMAS L. DODDS, O.B.E., J.P.
1911	.	Rev. EDMUND A. WESLEY, M.A.
1912	.	LIONEL R. WILBERFORCE, M.A.
1913	.	Rev. EDWARD HICKS, D.D., D.C.L.
1914	.	GEORGE HENRY MORTON, M.S.A.
1915	.	Rev. WILLIAM E. SIMS, A.K.C., F.Ph.S.
1917	.	ALLAN HEYWOOD BRIGHT, J.P.
1919	.	C. Y. C. DAWBARN, M.A.
1920	.	Sir JAMES BARR, C.B.E., D.L., M.D., LL.D., F.R.C.P., F.R.S.E.
1921	.	COLONEL J. M. McMaster, C.M.G., V.D.
1922	.	BERTRAM B. BENAS, B.A., LL.B.
1923	.	RALPH T. BODEY, M.A.

COUNCIL.

SESSION CXI, 1921-1922.

President:

Col. J. M. McMaster, C.M.G., V.D.

*Ex-Presidents:*Rev. G. H. RENDALL, M.A.,
Litt.D.Rev. EDMUND A. WESLEY,
M.A.Rev. Canon SIMS, A.K.C.,
F.Ph.S.

A. THEODORE BROWN.

THOMAS L. DODDS, O.B.E.,
J.P.Prof. L. R. WILBERFORCE,
M.A.GEORGE H. MORTON, M.S.A.
ALLAN HEYWOOD BRIGHT,

J.P.

C. Y. C. DAWBARN, M.A.
Sir JAMES BARR, C.B.E.,D.L., M.D., LL.D.,
F.R.C.P., F.R.S.E.*Vice-President:*

THOMAS H. BICKERTON, J.P., L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S.

Honorary Treasurer:

JOHN W. THOMPSON, B.A.

Honorary Librarian:

Rev. KHODADAD E. KEITH, M.A.

Keeper of the Records:

ALFRED W. NEWTON, M.A.

Honorary Secretary:

EDWARD A. BRYANT.

BERTRAM B. BENAS, B.A.,
LL.B.

Rev. I. RAFFALOVICH.

WILLIAM H. BROAD, M.B.,
B.S., F.R.A.I., T.D.H. GRATTAN JOHNSTON,
M.D., F.R.C.S.E.J. HAMILTON GIBSON,
O.B.E., M.I.N.A., M.Eng.Miss FLORENCE ROLLO,
A.R.C.M.

Miss H. S. ENGLISH.

WILLIAM J. B. ASHLEY.

R. T. BODEY, M.A.

WILLIAM H. JACOBSEN.

COUNCIL.

SESSION CXII, 1922-1923.

President:

BERTRAM B. BENAS, B.A., LL.B.

*Ex-Presidents:*Rev. G. H. RENDALL, M.A.,
Litt.D.Rev. EDMUND A. WESLEY,
M.A.Rev. Canon SIMS, A.K.C.,
F.Ph.S.

A. THEODORE BROWN.

THOMAS L. DODDS, O.B.E.,
J.P.

Col. J. McMaster, C.M.G., V.D.

Prof. L. R. WILBERFORCE,
M.A.GEORGE H. MORTON, M.S.A.
ALLAN HEYWOOD BRIGHT,
J.P.C. Y. C. DAWBARN, M.A.
Sir JAMES BARR, C.B.E.,
D.L., M.D., LL.D.,
F.R.C.P., F.R.S.E.*Vice-President:*

THOMAS H. BICKERTON, J.P., L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S.

Honorary Treasurer:

WILLIAM H. JACOBSEN.

Honorary Librarian:

Rev. KHODADAD E. KEITH, M.A.

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Rev. KHODADAD E. KEITH, M.A.

Honorary Secretary:

EDWARD A. BRYANT.

Miss H. S. ENGLISH.

Rev. I. RAFFALOVICH.

WILLIAM H. BROAD, M.D.,
B.S., F.R.A.I., T.D.Miss FLORENCE ROLLO,
A.R.C.M.

R. T. BODEY, M.A.

MARY IVENS, M.B., M.S.
(Lond.).

SAMUEL BROOKFIELD.

ALFRED W. NEWTON, M.A.
WILLIAM WARDLE.

WALTER P. FORSTER.

EDITORIAL PREFACE.

IN issuing a volume of Proceedings and Papers of an old and learned Society it is important, while keeping pace with modern times, to remind members and others that historical features must not be forgotten, historical features coupled with erudition, allied to a practical usefulness, with the lamp of intellectual culture ever brightly burning.

Records show that in the year 1750 a few gentlemen were in the habit of meeting for the discussion of literary subjects at the house of Mr. William Everard, in St. Paul's Square. There is no doubt that the lamp of such *intelligēre* was lighted even before that date.

In 1758 the record of that little coterie ceases, because it is merged into the establishment of the Liverpool Library, Lyceum, of which William Everard was the first librarian. The Lyceum Library, after 166 years, still carries on the pursuit of learning, and a desire for that higher "something" which the association with good literature brings about. This library, it may be noted, was the first circulating library in Europe. The small cupboard,* formerly in the possession of William Everard, and used, in 1757, to contain the books forming the nucleus of the Liverpool Library, Lyceum, is now in the rotunda of the library in Bold Street. The cabinet would hold about 30 small books. The library now contains about 65,000 volumes, and has about 800 proprietors. The formation of the Athenæum is also associated with our early members and founders.

* The Librarian at the Lyceum will readily show the cabinet to any member who cares to see it.

In 1779 a new Society, called the Liverpool Philosophical and Literary Society, was formed. In 1783 Jonathan Binns, the Quaker President, called attention to the fact that on a certain day he would sell up the effects of the Society, and accordingly did so.

In 1784 Mr. William Roscoe, with the Rev. Dr. William Shepherd, Dr. Currie, Rev. John Yates and (the second) William Rathbone formed a society, to meet at the members' houses in turn, for discussion of literary and scientific subjects.

In 1790 a small literary club existed, to which Edward Rushton the elder, the blind poet, belonged, and out of whose discussions issued the germ which afterwards developed into that noble institution, "The School for the Blind."

In all these movements there is a connecting link.

Out of the first names enrolled in our present Society, founded in 1812, the Rev. J. Yates and the Rev. Joseph Smith had belonged to the 1779 Society, and six other members, William Wallace Currie, William and Richard Rathbone, Joseph Brooks, John Ashton Yates, and Thomas Binns were the sons of gentlemen who had belonged to the previous Society. We can thus trace back an unbroken connection for 174 years. From 1750 to the present day the chain of literary and scientific efforts in this locality is continuous.*

The growth of many institutions in our midst can be traced to our early members and founders. Dr. T. S. Traill, the Honorary Secretary from 1812 to 1831, was a founder of the Liverpool Institute (Mechanics' Institute). Dr. Traill also edited one of the editions of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, as well as being active in many other

* The authority for this, [Sir] James A. Picton's Presidential Address of 1874.

directions. Papers read before the Society have found favour in the eyes of the Government of the country, and been adopted by them. Our members were influential in thought, action, and financial support in the foundation of the Liverpool University, Free Public Library and Museum, and they made Liverpool famous all over the world, much of our members' work being scored up to the credit of Liverpool. Instances of this kind could be multiplied many times.

Dr. William Ihne, in his Presidential Address of 1862, said the Society was entering upon a second portion of its career. He said :—"Thinking of the fathers of 1812 and the work of the Society, it would urge us on to increased exertions in *our* work, that our children, when they looked back upon our days, may not point to us as laggards in the great work of the education of the human race." These were the words of Dr. Ihne in 1862, and in 1864 the Rev. H. H. Higgins observed, "That it will at once be perceived that we have the advantage of mature age and renovated youth—of reverence for the past and of renewed hope for the future. On the members, therefore, it depends to render to the Society by their exertions, worthy of themselves and the town, to keep up the character of the Proceedings."

It is interesting to note the objects declared by the founders of the Society :—"To establish in the town a centre for the promotion of literature and science generally, and to modify the local tendency to the pursuit of commerce exclusively."

Our membership roll is a biographia of the makers of Liverpool, and men who had a great influence beyond the merely parochial.

We have tradition expressing itself, and the hereditary desire for learning showing in many instances amongst

the members. This extends to the Presidential chair. Allan Heywood Bright was President during the Sessions one hundred and seven (1917) and one hundred and eight (1918); his great-grandfather, Joseph Brooks Yates, was President in the twenty-third Session (1833), and subsequently eleven other Sessions. Baron Louis Benas was President in 1890; his son, Bertram B. Benas, was President in 1922.

Our members have supplied many of the occupants of the Mayoral chair of Liverpool. The first Mayor of Liverpool under the Municipal Reform Act (1835) was one of our founders, William Wallace Currie. It was said of him, "His mind was well cultivated and stored with literature, He was an honest politician, who never used his influence to push his own private interests."

I here make it known that our Records are important to future historians of Liverpool.

We have a number of living members whose membership dates back many years. The oldest in this respect is Sir Dyce Duckworth, Bart., who was elected an Ordinary Member in 1858, nearly 67 years ago. He was made an Honorary Member in 1911, and read a paper before the Society as recent as January, 1924. Such virility is very reminiscent of our motto, "Vires acquiret eundo."

The Society has been the happy hunting ground of amateurs and experts, who joined together and shared the delights that brighten the pursuit of knowledge.

The association of men in a Society like this, men of intellectual vision with the gift of putting concepts into practical action, naturally stimulated this group of men both individually and collectively. Joseph Sanders, the "Father" of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, was one of the founders of the Society in 1812. Another founder, Thomas Binns, whose extraordinary collection of Maps, Plates, and Portraits, illustrative of the past history

of Liverpool, can now be seen at the Liverpool Public Library, which building, together with the Museum Building, was presented to the city of Liverpool by another member, Sir William Brown, Past President. Sir James A. Picton was also closely associated with the public library movement in the city. The Society held as a member Henry Booth, first Secretary of the London & North-Western Railway, who invented valuable additions to rolling stock in the pioneer days of railways; also his nephews, Alfred and Charles Booth, founders of the Booth Steamship Co. Also the following, whose names are household words in Liverpool:—W. J. Lamport, George Holt, Jun., Alfred Holt, C. T. Bowring, Robert Durning Holt, William Rathbone, E. K. Muspratt, Sir W. B. Forwood, John Hope Simpson, and Sir James Hope Simpson. James Hargreaves, discoverer of the methods of electrolysis of salts and the bleaching of soap. Sir G. B. Airy, Astronomer Royal, who read a paper before the Society in 1838 on “Compass Correction in iron built Ships.” David Waldie, who was so closely associated with the discovery of chloroform. Charles Wye Williams, inventor of water-tight compartments in ships. Captain James Anderson, who laid the Atlantic telegraph cable. Lord Avebury, Professors Tyndall, Huxley, Hooker, Max Muller, Sir Oliver Lodge, Sir William Herdman, Sir Walter Raleigh, Charles Dickens, Judge Barron Field, William Roscoe, Dr. Ginsburg, Lord Lindsay, and many other personalities of erudition and distinction.

Members reading these thoughts, which only faintly express the many past activities of this old and learned Society, will feel pride in their membership, and actively keep that pride practical in supporting and furthering its usefulness, membership, and distinction.

EDWARD A. BRYANT,
Hon. SECRETARY.

ORDINARY MEMBERS

ON THE SOCIETY'S ROLL AT THE CLOSE OF THE 113TH SESSION,
WHEN THIS VOLUME WAS IN THE PRESS.

Life Members are marked with an asterisk ().*

Associates are marked with a dagger (†).

Oct. 30, 1922 Adami, Mrs. J. George, 9 *Croxteth-road*
 †Oct. 20, 1919 Adams, Miss Elenour, 44 *Devonshire-road,*
 Sefton-park
 †Oct. 20, 1919 Adams, Miss Doris, 44 *Devonshire-road,*
 Sefton-park
 Oct. 30, 1922 Ahern, Dr. John Maurice, 17 *Walton-park*
 †Oct. 30, 1922 Ahern, Mrs. J. M., 17 *Walton-park*
 Oct. 31, 1921 Apalyras, Mrs. Amy, 58 *Kingsley-road,*
 Princes-park
 Jan. 14, 1918 Barr, Sir James, C.B.E., D.L., M.D., LL.D.,
 F.R.C.P., F.R.S.E., 72 *Rodney-street*, EX-
 PRESIDENT
 Nov. 17, 1919 Barr, Lady, *Otterspool Bank, Aigburth*
 Oct. 28, 1907 Benas, Bertram B., B.A., LL.B., 43 *Castle-
 street*, EX-PRESIDENT
 Jan. 9, 1882 Benas, Phineas A., 5 *Princes-avenue*
 Oct. 13, 1913 Bickerton, Thos. Herbert, J.P., L.R.C.P.,
 M.R.C.S., 88 *Rodney-street*
 Nov. 8, 1909 Black, John, 25 *Alexandra-drive*, *Princes-
 park*
 †Jan. 14, 1918 Blair, Miss Ivy, 166 *Bedford-street*
 †Dec. 9, 1918 Blair, Miss Nancy, *The Hollies, Park-road
 south, Birkenhead*
 Nov. 11, 1918 Bodey, Ralph T., M.A. (Oxon.), 63 *Hart-
 ington-road*, PRESIDENT, 113th Session
 Jan. 20, 1919 Bodey, Mrs., 63 *Hartington-road*

Oct. 7, 1895 Bramwell, Miss, Eye and Ear Infirmary,
Myrtle-street

Oct. 13, 1913 Bright, Allan Heywood, J.P., *Barton Court, Colwall, Malvern*, Ex-PRESIDENT

Oct. 13, 1913 Broad, William Henry, M.D., B.S., F.R.A.I.,
T.D, 17 Rodney-street

Oct. 8, 1906 Brookfield, Samuel, 18 *Eaton-road, Cressington*

†Oct. 9, 1911 Brookfield, Mrs. 18 *Eaton-road, Cressington*

Oct. 30, 1922 Brown, A. M., 34 *South John-street*

Oct. 31, 1892 Brown, A. Theodore, 25 *Lord-street*, Ex-PRESIDENT

Oct. 13, 1913 Bryant, Edward Arthur, *Clydesdale, 8 Groes-road, Cressington*, HON. SECRETARY.

†Jan. 20, 1919 Burnett, Miss Eleanor, *Devonshire-house, Devonshire-park, Birkenhead*

Oct. 15, 1917 Burnett, Miss M. Edith, *Devonshire-house, Devonshire-park, Birkenhead*

†Oct. 9, 1911 Burrell, Miss C., 53 *Huskisson-street*

†Oct. 9, 1911 Burrell, Miss A., 53 *Huskisson-street*

Oct. 15, 1923 Campagnac, Prof. Ernest T., M.A., *Green-gate, Dingle-lane*

†Nov. 20, 1922 Cartmel, Mrs., 7 *Percy-street*

Oct. 30, 1922 Clarkson, Miss Dora, *Beech Lyn, Mossley-hill*

†Nov. 26, 1923 Claxton, Miss Myra, 2 *Victoria-drive, West Kirby*

Jan. 5, 1920 Cohan, Miss May, 10 *Aigburth-drive*

†Nov. 26, 1923 Colvin, Mrs., 21 *Belvidere-road*

Nov. 14, 1921 Colvin, Sidney, 21 *Belvidere-road*

Nov. 26, 1917 Constable, Kenneth M., B.A., A.M.I.N.A.,
7 Hamilton-square, Birkenhead

†Nov. 1, 1920 Coventry, Mrs. Hubert, *Sandowne, Birkenhead-road, Great Meols*

Oct. 31, 1921 Coventry, Miss Ida, 4 *Ivanhoe-road*

†Oct. 9, 1911 Davis, Miss G. Tank (R.R.C.), *Links-view, Meols-drive, Hoylake*

Oct. 9, 1916 Dawbarn, C. Y. C., M.A., 12 *Adelaide-terrace*,
Waterloo, EX-PRESIDENT

†Dec. 9, 1918 Dawbarn, Mrs., 12 *Adelaide-terrace*, Waterloo

†Oct. 20, 1919 Decker, Miss Katharine D., 9 *Mannering-road*, *Sefton-park*

Oct. 18, 1915 Digby, Capt. P. R., 98th Infantry (Indian Army), *Ghagai, Khyber, N.W.F., India*

†Jan. 5, 1920 Dobson, Miss Emily M. (c/o A. Holt & Co.), *India-buildings, Water-street*

Jan. 21, 1923 Dodds, S. R., M.A., LL.B., M.P., 8 *Cook-street*

Feb. 10, 1908 Dodds, Thomas L., O.B.E., J.P., *Charlesville, Birkenhead*, EX-PRESIDENT

Nov. 28, 1892 Douglas, Robert R., *Oaklands, Grassendale*

Oct. 16, 1922 Dowdall, His Honour Judge H. C., K.C., M.A., B.C.L., *Boar's Head, Oxford*, and 14 *Sydenham-avenue, Liverpool*

Nov. 18, 1889 Duncan, W. A., *Dilston, 9 Knowsley-road, Cressington-park*

Nov. 17, 1919 Edwards, Mrs., *Holmfield, Aigburth*

Jan. 28, 1918 Elwes, Dudley A., 17 *Oakbank-road, Sefton-park*

Oct. 9, 1911 English, Miss H. S., 37 *Ullet-road*

Oct. 23, 1916 Eyre, Miss F., *Dovecot, Knotty Ash*

†Nov. 20, 1920 Faivre, Mlle. Rose, 68 *Bedford-street*

Oct. 29, 1888 Forster, Walter P., 44 *Devonshire-road, Princes-park*

*Nov. 26, 1917 Gibson, J. Hamilton, M.Eng., O.B.E., M.I.N.A., *Shenstone, Grove-road, Sutton, Surrey*; also 32 *Victoria-street, London, S.W.1*

†Oct. 15, 1923 Gough, Miss Ann, 20 *Gambier-terrace*

†Oct. 15, 1923 Gough, Miss Margaret, 20 *Gambier-terrace*

*Dec. 12, 1892 Gladstone, Robert, M.A., B.C.L., 9 *Liberty-buildings, School-lane*

Oct. 29, 1917 Grundy, Miss Margaret B., *Liverpool College, Lockerby-road, Fairfield*

Oct. 16, 1922 Hall, Lawrence, 6 *Canning street*
 †Oct. 30, 1922 Hamilton, Miss Ada L., 8 *Westbank-road*,
 Birkenhead
 Oct. 15, 1923 Harbottle, John W., 12 *Kinnaird-road*, *Lis-*
 card, Wallasey
 Nov. 1, 1920 Hay, Alexander, *Kinnaird, Breck-road, Wal-*
 lasey
 Oct. 16, 1922 Hemmons, Alfred, 36 *Huskisson-street*,
 KEEPER OF THE RECORDS
 †Oct. 16, 1922 Hemmons, Mrs. Helen A., 36 *Huskisson-*
 street
 †Oct. 29, 1923 Heyworth, Mrs. Harold, 15 *Marmion-road*
 Feb. 3, 1919 Bodgson, Miss Renée, 38 *Canning-street*
 Dec. 15, 1919 Hughes, William B., B.A., 283 *Walton Breck-*
 road, Anfield
 Oct. 9, 1911 Hutchinson, S. Mason, J.P., *The Marfords*,
 Bromborough
 Oct. 9, 1911 Hutchinson, Mrs., *The Marfords*, *Brom-*
 borough
 Dec. 13, 1920 Ivens, Miss Mary, M.B. M.S. (Lond.), 48A
 Rodney-street
 Nov. 26, 1917 Jacobsen, William H., 36 *Rossett-road, Crosby*,
 HON. TREASURER
 †Nov. 26, 1917 Jacobsen, Miss Elizabeth, 63 *Newsham-*
 drive
 †Nov. 11, 1918 Jacobsen, Miss Florence, 63 *Newsham-drive*
 Oct. 20, 1919 Johnston, Frank B., M.A. (Cantab.), *Merida*,
 Noctorum, Birkenhead
 †Oct. 29, 1923 Johanning, Miss Annie, 108 *Princes-road*
 †Oct. 29, 1923 Johanning, Miss Edith, 108 *Princes-road*
 April 29, 1889 Jones, Morris P., J.P., *Gungrog Hall*,
 Welshpool
 Dec. 1, 1919 Jones, A. Harry, 49 *Evered-avenue, Walton*
 †Nov. 15, 1920 Jones, Miss Hilda Thornley, 6 *Abercromby-*
 terrace, Oxford-street
 †Nov. 1, 1920 Joplin, Miss Ann, *Ruth House, Huyton*

Oct. 29, 1923 Keates, John Willan, 36 *Singleton-avenue, Birkenhead*

Oct. 3, 1910 Keith, Rev. Khodadad, E., M.A., *Selside, Olive-lane, Wavertree, Hon. LIBRARIAN*

†Nov. 3, 1919 Kewley, Miss Helen C., 9 *Cranbourne-avenue, Birkenhead*

†Nov. 14, 1921 Lee, Dr. Mary B., 29 *Ivanhoe-road*

†Nov. 14, 1921 Lee, Miss Annie, 29 *Ivanhoe-road*

*Dec. 11, 1871 Leigh, Richmond, M.R.C.S., L.S.A., *Reitz, Orange River Colony, S. Africa*

*Nov. 12, 1917 Leverhulme, The Right Hon. Lord, *Thornton Manor, Thornton Hough, Cheshire*

*Dec. 13, 1920 Lever, The Hon. Hulme, *Thornton Manor, Thornton Hough, Cheshire*

Jan. 30, 1922 Levin, Miss Eda, L.R.A.M., 76 *Lord-street*

†Oct. 20, 1919 Lewis, Miss Jean, 14 *Cook-street*

Oct. 16, 1922 Lloyd, G. A., L.D.S., R.C.S. (Edin.), 101 *Upper Parliament-street*

Oct. 15, 1923 Macdonald, Rev. A. J., M.A., 108 *Bedford-street*

Dec. 15, 1919 Mathews, Godfrey W., 23 *Holland-road, Liscard*

Dec. 15, 1919 Mathews, Mrs., 23 *Holland-road, Liscard*

†Jan. 5, 1920 Mawdsley, Mrs., *Coppice Leys, Formby*

†Jan. 5, 1920 Mawdsley, Miss Norah H., *Coppice Leys, Formby*

Feb. 25, 1918 McElwain, Miss Louie, 72 *Upper Parliament-street*

Oct. 30, 1882 McMaster, Col. John Maxwell, C.M.G., V.D., *Oak Cottage, The Serpentine, Grassendale, EX-PRESIDENT*

†Nov. 1, 1920 McMaster, Mrs., *Oak Cottage, The Serpentine, Grassendale*

Nov. 8, 1909 McMillan, Miss E., 16 *Ashfield-road*

*Oct. 13, 1911 Mellor, John, *Somerford, Nicholas-road, Blundellsands*

- *Oct. 5, 1914 Mellor, Miss F. E., *Fronderion, Glandwr, near Barmouth*
- Nov. 11, 1918 Mellor, Miss Alice L., *Fronderion Glandwr, Barmouth*
- Oct. 15, 1917 Melly, Miss Eva, 90 *Chatham-street*
- Feb. 28, 1921 Meredith, Miss Jane E., *Lady Superintendent, H.M. Prison, Walton*
- Dec. 15, 1919 Millard, Richard F. (c/o Bushby Bros.), *Old Hall-street*
- †Mar. 17, 1924 Mill, Miss M. (Oversea's League), 14 *Elliot-street*
- Nov. 20, 1922 Moore, Stanley, 30 *Euston-road, Walton*
- Mar. 6, 1882 Morton, George Henry, M.S.A., 14 *Grove-park, Ex-PRESIDENT*
- Oct. 5, 1914 Morton, Mrs., 14 *Grove-park*
- Nov. 12, 1923 Murdoch, Captain Hamilton Ball, 61 *Mount-road, New Brighton*
- Nov. 26, 1900 Narramore, Edward G., L.D.S., Eng., 39 *Canning-street, Ex-HON. SECRETARY*
- Oct. 1, 1894 Nevins, J. Ernest, M.B. (Lond.), 32 *Princes-avenue*
- Nov. 2, 1896 Newton, Alfred William, M.A., 213 *North Hill-street, Ex-KEEPER OF RECORDS and Ex-LIBRARIAN*
- Dec. 15, 1919 Newton, Miss Adelaide C., 143 *Highfield-road, Rock Ferry*
- Dec. 4, 1922 Nickson, Capt. George, *Conservative Club, Dale-street*
- †Oct. 30, 1922 Penlington, Miss Mildred, *Church House, Bromborough*
- Nov. 12, 1923 Pepper, Miss M. C., B.Sc., 98 *Princes-road*
- Dec. 15, 1919 Porter, Charles, C.C., 10 *Wellesley-terrace, Belvidere-road*
- Oct. 9, 1913 Public Library, The, of South Australia, *Adelaide*
- †Dec. 9, 1918 Pye, Miss Hilda, 115 *Oakfield-road, Anfield*
b

†Oct. 16, 1922 Quant, Miss Ethel, 65 *Upper Parliament-street*

Nov. 12, 1923 Rhodes, Miss F. A. W., *Liverpool Eye and Ear Infirmary, Myrtle-street*

Oct. 31, 1881 Rennie, J. W., 38 *Castle-road, Liscard*

Nov. 14, 1921 Rice, James, M.A., *The University, Brownlow-hill*

Nov. 15, 1920 Roberts, John Ellison, *Grasmere, Darley-drive, West Derby*

Mar. 5, 1917 Rollo, Miss Florence, A.R.C.M., *The Park, Waterloo*

Nov. 15, 1920 Rollo, Miss Gertrude, *The Park, Waterloo*

Nov. 11, 1918 Rollo, Miss Katherine, *The Church House, Formby*

*Mar. 25, 1912 Rothschild, Lord, Ph.D., F.R.S., Director, *Zoological Museum, Tring, Herts*

Oct. 30, 1922 Russell of Liverpool, Jean, Lady, 5 *Croxteth-road*

†Dec. 12, 1892 Rye, Miss Ellen L., *Bedford College, Bedford-street*

Feb. 3, 1919 Salter, Mrs., 198 *Wadham-road, Bootle*

†Oct. 18. 1920 Scott, Miss Edith H., *Atholfield, Cressington-park*

†Jan. 16, 1922 Scott, Miss Lilian, *Atholfield, Cressington-park*

Oct. 18, 1897 Shelley, Roland J. A., F.R.Hist.S., *Oceanic House, 1A Cockspur-street, London*

Oct. 30, 1922 Shenk, Miss, 14 *Grant-road, Pilch-lane, Knotty Ash*

†Nov. 2, 1903 Sims, Mrs., *Norwich*

Oct. 16, 1922 Sivertsen, Miss Inga, 16 *Silverburn-avenue, Moreton, Birkenhead*

Dec. 9, 1918 Stephens, Henry E. (Maritime Insurance Co. Ltd.), *Brown's-buildings, Exchange*

Dec. 9, 1918 Stephens, Mrs. Jessica Walker, 9 *Redcross street*

Oct. 31, 1921 Stevenson, Thomas, M.D., T.D., 40 *Rodney-street*

Oct. 30, 1922 Stevenson, Mrs. T., 1 *Percy-street*

Nov. 3, 1919 Swale, Joseph, *Alma House, Alma-road, Aigburth*

Dec. 9, 1918 Thompson, Edmund R., C.C., *Eaton Bank, Cressington-park*

Oct. 21, 1878 Thompson, J. W., B.A. (Lond. and Victoria), *The Knoll, Heversham, Westmorland, Ex-HON. TREASURER*

Mar. 19, 1923 Tillemont-Thomason, F. E., 35 *Cambridge-road, Seaforth*

Nov. 17, 1919 Trenery, Miss Ethelwyn, 8 *Lynwood-road, Walton*

†Oct. 19, 1914 Walker, Miss Isabel E., *Park House, Huyton*

†Nov. 11, 1918 Walton, Miss Helen, LL.A., 27 *Clarendon-road, Garston*

Oct. 18, 1920 Wardle William, 4 *Olive-lane, Wavertree*

†Oct. 18, 1920 Wardle, Mrs., 4 *Olive-lane, Wavertree*

†Mar. 15, 1920 Whiteway, Mrs., 9 *Montpelier-terrace, Upper Parliament-street*

April 1, 1901 Wilberforce, Prof. L. R., M.A., 5 *Ashfield-road, Aigburth, Ex-PRESIDENT*

Oct. 31, 1921 Winter, Harry, *St. Dogmaels, 23 Walton-park*

†Nov. 20, 1922 Winter, Mrs. H., *St. Dogmaels, 23 Walton-park*

Oct. 19, 1914 Wright, Alfred E., *Westby Haigh-road, Waterloo*

†Nov. 8, 1909 Wright, Miss, 29 *Greenheys-road, Princes-park*

†Nov. 8, 1909 Wright, Miss M. T., 29 *Greenheys-road, Princes-park*

Nov. 1, 1920 Ziegler, Mrs., 23 *Croxteth-road*

HONORARY MEMBERS

On the Society's Roll at the close of the 113th Session. For the full list of the Honorary Members from the foundation in 1812, see page xxii.

LIMITED TO FIFTY.

- 1.—1897 Henry Longuet Longuet-Higgins, *Vine Cottage Turvey, Bedfordshire.*
- 2.—1899 Rev. G. H. Rendall, M.A., Litt.D., *Dedham House, Dedham, Essex, Ex-PRESIDENT*
- 3.—1911 Hugh Reynolds Rathbone, J.P., *Greenbank, Mossley Hill*
- 4.—1911 Right Rev. Francis James Chavasse, D.D., LL.D., M.A., *Oxford*
- 5.—1911 Right Hon. Augustine Birrell, P.C., K.C., M.P., LL.D., *70 Elm Park-road, London, S.W. 3.*
- 6.—1911 Sir Dyce Duckworth, Bart., M.D., F.R.C.P., LL.D., *28 Grosvenor-place, London, S.W.*
- 7.—1911 Sir Donald MacAlister, K.C.B., D.C.L., LL.D., M.D., M.A., B.Sc., F.R.C.P., F.R.G.S., *University of Glasgow*
- 8.—1911 Richard Caton, C.B.E., M.D., LL.D., F.R.C.P., J.P., *7 Sunnyside, Princes-park*
- 9.—1911 Professor John MacCunn, M.A., LL.D., *Ben Cruach Lodge, Tarbet, Loch Lomond*
- 10.—1911 Professor Sir Wm. Abbot Herdman, D.Sc., F.L.S., F.R.S., *Croxteth Lodge, Liverpool*
- 11.—1911 Canon John Bennet Lancelot, M.A., *St. James' Vicarage, Birkdale*
- 12.—1912 Right Hon. Edward George Villiers Stanley, P.C., G.C.V.O., C.B., D.L., 17th Earl of Derby, *Knowsley, Prescot*

- 13.—1912 Sir Oliver Joseph Lodge, M.Sc., F.R.S., D.Sc., LL.D., M.I.E.E., *Normanton House, Lake, Salisbury*
- 14.—1912 Sir Wm. Martin Conway, M.A., F.S.A., F.R.G.S., *Allington Castle, Maidstone*
- 15.—1912 Sir Wm. Bower Forwood, K.C.B.E., D.L., J.P., *Bromborough Hall, Cheshire*
- 16.—1912 Stuart Deacon, B.A., LL.B., J.P., *Gorse Cliff, New Brighton*
- 17.—1912 Henry Duckworth, F.L.S., F.R.G.S., F.G.S., J.P., *Grey Friars, Chester*
- 18.—1912 Professor Andrew Cecil Bradley, LL.D., Litt.D., M.A., *54 Scarsdale-villas, Kensington, W.*
- 19.—1912 Professor Edward Jenks, B.C.L., M.A., *9 Old-square, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.*
- 20.—1918 Rev. Edmund Alfred Wesley, M.A., *Benlake, Newland, Malvern Link, Ex-PRESIDENT*
- 21.—1919 His Honour Judge A. P. Thomas, J.P., LL.D., B.A., *Homewood, Holly-road, Fairfield*
- 22.—1921 J. George Adami, C.B.E., M.D., F.R.S., LL.D., D.Sc., Vice-Chancellor, *University of Liverpool*
- 23.—1922 Right Hon. Frederick Edwin Smith, Earl of Birkenhead, P.C., D.L., D.C.L., LL.D., *32 Grosvenor Gardens, London, S.W.1*
- 24.—1923 Right Hon. the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, K.T., LL.D., F.S.A., *Haigh Hall, Wigan, Lancashire*
- 25.—1923 Sir William W. Rutherford, Bart., J.P., *48 Cannon-street, London, E.C.*
- 26.—1924 The Very Rev. W. R. Inge, C.V.O., D.D., *St Paul's Deanery, London*

HONORARY MEMBERS FROM THE FOUNDATION OF THE SOCIETY IN 1812 TO 1924.

The Honorary Members were—prior to 1862—called Corresponding Members. After 1862 they were called Honorary Members only, although an order of Corresponding Members was again instituted in 1867. Many of these Honorary Members, from 1812 to this date, have taken an active part in the Society's proceedings; many of them being ordinary full members, this membership being replete with men of distinction in science, literature, and philosophy.

If more data could be placed on record regarding all the members, a deeper insight into the work of the Society could be given. Many names will be readily recognised in this list of Honorary Members.

DATE OF ELECTION TO ORDINARY MEMBERSHIP IN PARENTHESIS.

- 1.—1812. Rev. Francis Parkman.
- 2.—1812. Thomas Strickland.
- 3.—1812. Professor John Murray, M.D.
- 4.—1812. Alex. Marcet, M.D.
- 5.—1812. William Henry, M.D., F.R.S.
- 6.—1812. Rev. James Corry.
- 7.—1812. Peter Mark Roget, M.D., F.R.C.P., F.R.S., F.G.S., F.R.A.S., F.R.G.S.
- 8.—1812. Benjamin Rush, M.D.
- 9.—1812. Rev. Richard Warner.
- 10.—1814. Rev. William Buckland, D.D. (Dean of Westminster), F.R.S., F.L.S., F.G.S.
- 11.—1814. Gabriel De Lys, M.D.
- 12.—1814. Alexander Blair, LL.D.
- 13.—1815. Robert Roscoe.
- 14.—1815. Edmund Aiken.
- 15.—1815. B. S. Barton, M.D.
- 16.—1815. Henry F. P. W. Hole (1812).

17.—1816. J. Traill Urquhart.
 18.—1816. George Cumming, M.D., L.R.C.P.
 19.—1816. Thomas Stackhouse.
 20.—1816. John Wakefield Francis, M.D.
 21.—1816. Walter Hamilton (1812).
 22.—1816. D. Hosack.
 23.—1816. Lieut. Nicol Spence.
 24.—1817. John Bradbury.
 25.—1817. John Bostock, M.D., F.R.S., F.G.S., F.R.A.S., F.L.S., M.R.S.L. (1812).
 26.—1817. George Cantrell.
 27.—1818. Willis Earle, Junior (1812).
 28.—1819. Le Chevalier Masclet.
 29.—1819. Thomas Campbell (Poet).
 30. 1819. John Stanley, M.D.
 31.—1820. Captain William Scoresby, R.N., F.R.S., D.D.
 32.—1820. Joseph Carne, F.R.S., F.G.S., M.R.I.A.
 33.—1820. Captain M. Cowan, R.N.
 34.—1820. Wolstenholme Parr.
 35.—1820. John Theodore Koster, M.R.A.S. (1812).
 36.—1822. Lieut.-General Alexander Dirom (1818).
 37.—1822. Thomas Rickman (1812).
 38.—1822. James Thomson.
 39.—1823. James Vose, M.D. (1812).
 40.—1823. John Reynolds (1818).
 41.—1824. Rev. Henry Jones.
 42.—1826. J. T. Anderton.
 43.—1827. Rev. William Hincks (1823).
 44.—1828. Rev. R. Brook Aspland, M.A.
 45.—1828. John Ashton Yates, M.R.G.S. (1812).
 46.—1829. Barrow Field, F.L.S. (1827).
 47.—1831. Charles Pope.
 48.—1832. Hon. and Rev. Edward G. Stanley.
 49.—1832. The Right Hon. Viscount Sandon, Earl of Harrowby, K.C., P.C., D.C.L., F.R.S.
 50.—1833. Rev. James Yates, M.A., F.R.S., F.G.S., F.L.S. (1812).
 51.—1833. Thomas Stewart Traill, M.D., F.R.C.P., F.R.S., F.G.S. (1812).
 52.—1833. William McDowell Tartt (1817).
 53.—1835. George Patten, A.R.A.
 54.—1835. William Ewart, M.P.
 55.—1835. Samuel Angell.
 56.—1835. Henry, Lord Brougham and Vaux, D.C.L., M.A., F.R.S.
 57.—1835. The Right Hon. the Earl of Derby, M.R.S.L.
 58.—1835. The Right Hon. Lord Francis Egerton, Earl of Ellesmere, M.P., F.R.A.S., F.G.S., F.L.S., F.S.A., D.C.L.
 59.—1835. Edwin Rickman (1821).
 60.—1836. Lieut. H. B. Robinson.
 61.—1836. The Right Hon. the Earl of Mount Norris, M.R.S.L.
 62.—1836. Le Chevalier de Kirkhoff.
 63.—1836. Professor H. Cavaliere Manin.
 64.—1836. John Rosson.
 65.—1836. His Grace the Duke of Devonshire, K.G., M.A., F.R.S., F.R.G.S.
 66.—1837. The Right Hon. the Earl of Burlington, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., F.R.G.S., F.L.S., M.R.I.A., F.G.S.
 67.—1839. Sir George B. Airy, M.A., D.C.L., M.R.I.A., F.R.A.S., F.R.S., F.C.P.S.

68.—1840. James Nasmyth, F.R.A.S.
 69.—1840. Richard Duncan MacIntosh (1838).
 70.—1841. Charles Bryce, M.D. (1834).
 71.—1842. Thomas Henry Illidge (1838).
 72.—1842. William J. Dixon (1833).
 73.—1844. William B. Carpenter, M.D., M.R.C.S., F.R.S., F.G.S., F.L.S.
 74.—1844. Professor T. Alger.
 75.—1844. Signor L. Bellardi.
 76.—1844. George Chaytor.
 77.—1844. Professor Edward Forbes, F.R.S., F.G.S., F.L.S.
 78.—1844. Thomas B. Hall.
 79. 1844. William Ick, F.G.S.
 80.—1844. William A. Jevons.
 81.—1844. Professor T. Rymer Jones, F.R.S., F.Z.S., F.L.S.
 82.—1844. J. Beete Jukes, M.A., F.R.S., M.R.I.A., F.G.S.
 83.—1844. Sir Charles Lemon, Bart., M.A., F.R.S., F.G.S.
 84.—1844. Signor Michelotti.
 85.—1844. Il Cavaliere Carlo Passerini.
 86.—1844. Robert Patterson, F.R.S., M.R.I.A.
 87.—1844. Professor Montagu Lyon Phillips (1838).
 88.—1844. Peter Rylands, M.P.
 89.—1844. T. B. Salter, M.D., M.R.C.S., F.L.S.
 90.—1844. Professor John Scouler, M.D., LL.D., F.L.S.
 91.—1844. John Tomkinson.
 92.—1844. W. H. White, M.B.S.
 93.—1846. Professor Baden Powell, M.A., F.R.S., F.R.A.S., F.G.S.
 94.—1847. Sir W. Rowan Hamilton, LL.D., M.R.I.A., F.R.S.
 95.—1849. Rev. Thomas Corser, M.A.
 96.—1849. Professor Thomas Nuttall, F.L.S.
 97.—1850. Rev. Canon St. Vincent Beechey, M.A.
 98.—1851. James Smith, F.R.S., F.G.S., F.R.G.S.
 99.—1851. Rev. Robert Bickersteth Mayor, M.A., F.C.P.S.
 100.—1851. Henry Clarke Pidgeon (1844).
 101.—1851. George Johnston, M.D., LL.D., F.R.C.S.
 102.—1852. William Reynolds (1829).
 103.—1852. Thomas Spencer (1840).
 104.—1853. Rev. James Booth, LL.D., M.R.I.A., F.R.S. (1844).
 105.—1857. Thomas Joseph Hutchinson, F.R.G.S., F.R.S., F.P.S., F.A.S.
 106.—1860. Sir William Brown, Bart., J.P.
 107.—1861. Louis Agassiz.
 108.—1861. Sir William Fairbairn, Bart., LL.D., F.R.S.
 109.—1861. Rev. Thomas P. Kirkman, M.A., F.R.S.
 110.—1862. The Right Rev. H. N. Staley, D.D.
 111.—1863. Sir Edward J. Reed, K.C.B.
 112.—1864. John Edward Gray Ph.D., F.R.S.
 113.—1864. Professor George Rolleston, M.D., F.R.S.
 114.—1866. Cuthbert Collingwood, M.A., M.B., M.R.C.P., F.L.S. (1858).
 115.—1867. Sir J. W. Dawson, LL.D., F.R.S., F.G.S.
 116.—1868. Captain Sir James Anderson. (*Laid Atlantic Telegraph Cable.*) (1861).
 117.—1869. Charles Dickens.
 118.—1869. Professor Dr. Richm.
 119.—1869. Professor Dr. Schlotzman.
 120.—1870. Rev. Christian David Ginsberg, LL.D., J.P. (1861).
 121.—1870. Professor Thomas Henry Huxley, LL.D., F.R.S.

122.—1870. Professor John Tyndall, LL.D., F.R.S.
 123.—1870. Professor W. J. M. Rankine.
 124.—1870. Sir Roderick J. Murchison, Bart., K.C.B.
 125.—1870. Right Hon. Sir John Lubbock, Lord Avebury, P.C.,
 D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S., D.L.
 126.—1870. Professor Sir Henry E. Roscoe, F.R.S.
 127.—1870. Professor Joseph Henry.
 128.—1870. J. Gwyn Jeffreys, F.R.S.
 129.—1870. Sir Joseph D. Hooker, O.M., M.D., D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S.,
 F.L.S.
 130.—1870. Professor Sir Charles Wyville Thompson, F.R.S.
 131.—1870. Professor Brown-Segard, M.D.
 132.—1874. Professor Alexander Agassiz.
 133.—1874. Professor F. H. Max Müller, LL.D.
 134.—1874. Sir Samuel W. Baker.
 135.—1877. Professor F. V. Haydon, M.D.
 136.—1877. Albert C. L. G. Gunther, M.A., F.R.S., M.D., Ph.D.,
 LL.D. (1867),
 137.—1877. Alfred Higginson, M.R.C.S. (1836).
 138.—1877. Lord Lindsay, M.P., F.R.S., F.R.A.S. (Earl of Crawford
 and Balcarres).
 139.—1877. Adolphus Ernst, M.D.
 140.—1877. Dr. Leidy.
 141.—1877. Franz Steinachner.
 142.—1877. Canon H. B. Tristram, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S.
 143.—1877. Count Pourtalés.
 144.—1880. Joseph Mayer, F.S.A., F.R.A.S., F.E.S. (1844).
 145.—1881. Rev. William Henry Dallinger, D.Sc., D.C.L., LL.D.,
 F.R.S., F.R.M.S. (1870).
 146.—1881. H. J. Carter, F.R.S.
 147.—1881. Rev. Thomas Hincks, B.A., F.R.S.
 148.—1892. Thomas John Moore, F.Z.S., F.L.S. (1859).
 149.—1895. Rev. James Martineau (1833).
 150.—1895. William Ihne, Ph.D. (1850).
 151.—1896. Isaac Roberts, F.R.S., F.G.S., F.R.A.S., F.R.G.S. (1869).
 152.—1897. Henry Longuet Longuet-Higgins. (1879).
 153.—1898. Rev. G. H. Rendall, M.A., Litt.D., LL.D. (1881).
 154.—1901. Professor Walter W. Skeat, D.C.L., Litt.D., LL.D., Ph.D.
 155.—1901. Richard Garnett, LL.D., C.B.
 156.—1903. Edward Davies, F.C.S., F.I.C. (1866).
 157. 1908. William Carter, M.D., LL.B., B.Sc., F.R.C.P., J.P. (1872).
 158.—1908. Lord Russell of Liverpool. (Edward R. Russell.) (1872).
 159.—1911. Hugh R. Rathbone, J.P., M.A.
 160.—1911. Right Rev. F. J. Chavasse, M.A., D.D., LL.D. (Lord
 Bishop of Liverpool.) (1900).
 161.—1911. Right Rev. William Boyd Carpenter, D.D., D.C.L., D.Litt.
 (Lord Bishop of Ripon.)
 162.—1911. Rev. Charles William Stubbs, D.D. (Lord Bishop of
 Truro.) (1889).
 163.—1911. Right Hon. Augustine Birrell, P.C., K.C., M.P., LL.D.
 164.—1911. Sir Dyce Duckworth, Bart., M.D., F.R.C.P., LL.D.
 (1858).
 165.—1911. Sir Donald Macalister, K.C.B., D.C.L., LL.D., M.D.
 166.—1911. Sir Alfred W. W. Dale, M.A., LL.D., J.P. (1899).
 167.—1911. Sir Walter Raleigh, K.C.B., M.A.
 168.—1911. Sir William Watson, LL.D.
 169.—1911. Mrs. Humphrey (Mary Augusta) Ward.
 170.—1911. Professor John MacCunn, M.A., LL.D. (1882).

171.—1911. Professor Sir William A. Herdman, D.Sc., F.R.S., P.L.S. (1882).
172.—1911. Richard Caton, M.D., LL.D., F.R.C.P., J.P.
173.—1911. Miss Jessie Macgregor (1883).
174.—1911. Canon John B. Lancelot, M.A. (1901).
175.—1912. Right Hon. Edward George Villiers Stanley, P.C., G.C.V.O., C.B.D.L., 17th Earl of Derby.
176.—1912. Sir Oliver Joseph Lodge, M.Sc., F.R.S., D.Sc., LL.D., M.I.E.E. (1881).
177. 1912. Sir W. Martin Conway, M.A., F.S.A., F.R.G.S. (1885).
178.—1912. Sir William Bower Forwood, K.C.B.E., D.L., J.P. (1872).
179.—1912. Henry Jevons, J.P. (1847).
180.—1912. Andrew Commins, A.M., LL.D. (1863).
181.—1912. Stuart Deacon, B.A., LL.B., J.P.
182.—1912. Henry Duckworth, J.P., F.L.S., F.R.G.S., F.G.S. (1856).
183.—1912. Professor Andrew Cecil Bradley, LL.D., Litt.D., M.A. (1882).
184.—1912. Profesor Edward Jenks, M.A., B.C.L. (1893).
185.—1912.—Professor Robert Traill Omund, F.R.S.E.
186.—1912. Rev. John Sephton, M.A. (1866).
187.—1916. Rev. Edward Hicks, D.D., D.C.L. (1906).
188.—1918. Rev. Edmund Alfred Wesley, M.A. (1896).
189.—1919. His Honour Judge A. P. Thomas, J.P., LL.B., B.A. (1897).
190.—1921. J. George Adami, C.B.E., M.D., F.R.S., LL.D., D.Sc.
191.—1922. Right Hon. Frederick Edwin Smith, Earl of Birkenhead, P.C., D.L., D.C.L., LL.D.
192.—1923. Right Hon. the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, K.T., LL.D., F.S.A.
193.—1923. Sir William W. Rutherford, Bart, J.P. (1883).
194.—1924. The Very Rev. W. R. Inge, C.V.O., D.D.

THE LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY OF LIVERPOOL.

Dr. HONORARY TREASURER'S STATEMENT—SESSION 1920-21.

RECEIPTS.	£ s. d.	PAYMENTS.	£ s. d.
To Balance from last Statement, 1919-20	4 13 11	By Royal Institution—Rent	12 0 0
95 Subscriptions at £1/1/-	... 99 15 0	W. J. B. Ashley—Disbursements	20 0 0
46 Subscriptions at 10/6 24 3 0	W. J. B. Ashley—Disbursements	20 0 0
Life Membership Hon. W. Hulme Lever	123 18 0	D. Marples & Co.—General Account...	28 9 10
Life Membership J. Hamilton Gibson, Esq.	10 10 0	Mrs. Ellick—Refreshments	21 4 0
Donation—Robert Gladstone, Esq.	10 10 0	Miss Lena Ashwell—Expenses	5 10 0
Interest allowed by Bank	0 18 3	Librarian—Postage and cleaning of books	0 6 0
Volumes Sold	0 19 6	Lee & Nightingale—Advertising Dr. Freeland Fergus' Lecture	1 5 6
		Prof. F. G. Donnan—Expenses	5 16 6
		Hon. Treasurer—Postages	1 2 11
		Assistant Hon. Treasurer—Collection of Subscriptions	2 2 0
		Cheque Book	0 4 2
		Secretary—Postages	2 11 10
		Secretary—Red book	0 3 10
		Balance—Cash in Bank	35 13 1
			£156 9 8

Audited and found correct,

(Sd.) J. W. THOMPSON,
(Sd.) THEODORE BROWN.

LIVERPOOL, 17th October, 1921.

THE LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY OF LIVERPOOL.

Dr.

HONORARY TREASURER'S STATEMENT—SESSION 1921-22.

Fr.

RECEIPTS.	£ s. d.	PAYMENTS.	£ s. d.
Balance from last Statement 35 13 1	D. Marples & Co.—Printing, &c., including volume of Papers and Proceedings 102 19 4
93 Subscriptions at £1 1/- ...	£97 13 0	D. Marples & Co.—Printing 1 volume 1 1 0
49 Subscriptions at 10/- ...	25 14 6	Mrs. Ellick—Refreshments 25 10 0
	123 7 6	Sir Oliver Lodge—Lecture Expenses 7 10 0
Bank Interest ...	0 19 9	Jasper (Lantern) 1 5 0
Volumes sold ...	1 1 0	Lee & Nightingale 6 7 0
	...	Stamps, etc. 3 11 0
	...	Bank Balance 0 18 0
	...	Royal Institution—Rent 12 0 0
			£161 1 4

Audited and found correct,
WILLIAM WARDLE,
CHARLES PORTER.

Liverpool, 16th October, 1922.

THE LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY OF LIVERPOOL.

CR. HONORARY TREASURER'S STATEMENT—SESSION 1922-23.

RECEIPTS.		PAYMENTS.	
	£ s. d.		£ s. d.
Bank Balance	0 19 0
96 Members at £1 1/-	...	£100 16 0	
48 Members at 10/6	...	25 4 0	
		126 0 0	
Dr. Bickerton	50 0 0
Books Sold	0 2 6
Bank Interest and Unused Cheques	0 12 8
D. Marples and Co.
British Association
Refreshments
Rent
A. Boul (Expenses)
Lanternist
Sundries
Cheque Books
Balance in Bank
Cash in hand
			55 2 11
			10 10 0
			26 12 0
			12 0 0
			5 0 0
			1 10 0
			4 14 1
			0 4 0
			60 3 3
			1 17 11
			£177 14 2

found correct,
WILLIAM WARDLE,
CHARLES PORTER.

LIVERPOOL, 15th October, 1923.

PROCEEDINGS
OF THE
LIVERPOOL
LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

ONE HUNDRED AND ELEVENTH SESSION, 1921-22.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, LIVERPOOL.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the Society was held on Monday, the 17th October, 1921. The retiring President, Sir James Barr, occupied the chair. The Report of the Council was read by the Honorary Secretary, and this, together with the Financial Statement presented by the Honorary Treasurer, was duly adopted.

REPORT OF THE COUNCIL.

The One Hundred and Tenth Session of the Society (1920-21) was presided over by Sir James Barr, C.B.E., D.L., M.D., LL.D., F.R.C.P., F.R.S.E., whose inaugural address, entitled "The Philosophy of Immanuel Kant," and his participation in the discussions on the various lectures and addresses, were of exceptional interest to the proceedings throughout the Session.

The lectures and literary papers contributed by members and visitors have been in every way worthy of the Society's past record.

The steady growth of the Society as regards membership, and its widening sphere of influence in the city are gratifying, and your Council hope that members and associates will continue to use their influence for the welfare of the Society.

The attendance at the meetings averaged 147.

During the year the Society has sustained the loss by death of Sir Alfred Dale an Honorary Member, the Rev. Alexander Connell, and Miss Hetty Wilson.

Officers for the Session were then elected as follows:— Vice-President—Thomas H. Bickerton, J.P., L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S. Honorary Treasurer—John W. Thompson, B.A. Honorary Librarian—Rev. K. E. Keith, M.A. Honorary Secretary—Edward A. Bryant. Keeper of the Records—Alfred W. Newton, M.A.,

The following members were elected to serve on the Council in place of those retiring:—Miss H. S. English, Mr. W. J. B. Ashley, Mr. William H. Jacobsen, Mr. Ralph T. Bodey, M.A., and the following were reappointed to serve thereon:—Mr. Bertram B. Benas, Dr. William H. Broad, Mr. J. Hamilton Gibson, Miss Florence Rollo, Rev. I. Raffalovich, and Dr. H. Grattan Johnston.

On the motion of Mr. A. Theodore Brown, seconded by Mr. W. J. B. Ashley, a cordial vote of thanks was tendered to Sir James Barr for the happy manner in which he had conducted the duties of the chair during his period of office. Sir James Barr having suitably replied, requested the new President, Colonel J. M. McMaster, C.M.G., V.D., to take the chair.

Colonel McMaster then delivered his Inaugural Address, entitled “The War—and After.” A resolution of thanks to the President for his most interesting paper was moved by Sir James Barr, seconded by His Honour Judge

Thomas, supported by Dr. Thomas Stevenson, and carried unanimously. This paper is printed in this volume.

It was at this meeting that Mr. William J. B. Ashley laid down the reigns of office of Honorary Secretary which he had held for eight years, 1913-14 to 1920-21, during which period he gave unsparingly of his time, energy, and thought. Mr. Ashley took office soon after the Centenary Celebrations, and his great interest in widening the influence of the Society was a marked feature.

The deepest and best thanks are given to Mr. Ashley for his work carried on, mainly, through the difficult years of the Great War, 1914-18.

ORDINARY MEETINGS.

II. 31st October, 1921. The President occupied the chair, and introduced our Honorary Member, Sir Oliver Lodge, M.Sc., F.R.S., D.Sc., LL.D., M.I.E.E., who delivered an address, entitled "Relativity." This address, taken down by a stenographer and transcribed from short-hand notes, is printed in this volume of *Proceedings*.

Miss Ida Coventry, Mrs. Amy Apalyras, Dr. Thomas Stevenson, and Mr. Harry Winter were elected members of the Society.

III. 14th November, 1921. The President occupied the chair. Our member, Mr. William H. Jacobsen read a paper entitled "The Plain Man and his Problems." This paper is printed in this volume.

Mr. James Rice, Mr. Sidney Colvin, Dr. Mary B. Lee, and Miss Annie Lee were elected members of the Society.

IV. 28th November, 1921. The President occupied the chair. Our member, Mr. Thomas L. Dodds, O.B.E.,

J.P., read a paper entitled "Queen Victoria and the Victorian Age."

Monsieur Ch. P. Thomas was elected a member of the Society, and Miss Katherine Jones as an associate.

V. 12th December, 1921. The President occupied the chair. Our member, Mr. Bertram B. Benas, B.A., LL.B., read a paper entitled "Leaves from a Musical Note Book."

Upon the proposition of Mr. C. Y. C. Dawbarn, seconded by Mr. T. L. Dodds, and carried unanimously, Dr. George J. Adami, C.B.E., M.D., F.R.S. (*Vice-Chancellor of the University of Liverpool*), was elected an Honorary Member of the Society.

The President made sympathetic reference to our Past-President, Mr. Allan Heywood Bright, who had recently undergone an operation for cataract. To a man of such wide reading as Mr. Bright an eye affliction would be a great handicap.

VI. 16th January, 1922. The President occupied the chair. Our member, Mr. C. Y. C. Dawbarn, M.A., read a paper entitled "The Writings of Sir Francis Bacon as found in Cypher."

Miss Lilian Scott was elected as an associate.

VII. 30th January, 1922. The President presided over the meeting. Our member, Mr. G. H. Morton, M.S.A., read a paper entitled "Industrial Co-Partnership." This paper is printed in this volume.

Miss Eda Levin was elected a member of the Society.

VIII. 13th February, 1922. The President presided over the meeting. The President spoke very feelingly of the loss the Society had sustained by the death of Arthur Heywood Noble, a young man of great promise, son of Henry Heywood Noble a Liverpool gentleman and a great worker for the building of the new Liverpool Cathe-

dral. Mr. Arthur H. Noble was also the nephew of our Past-President, Mr. Allan Heywood Bright. In his remarks the President said, "That Mr. Arthur Noble was a fine type; a splendid soldier (he took part in the Great War and was severely wounded), and a gentleman worthy of the name." These three gentlemen are descendants of a family which for many generations has played an important part in the life and public affairs of the city, including our Society.

Our member, Mr. Robert Gladstone, M.C., B.C.L., delivered an address, illustrated by lantern slides, entitled "The Corporate Seal of Liverpool: its History and Meaning, with suggestions for a New Corporate Seal."

IX. 27th February, 1922. The President presided over the meeting. The President said he had received a letter from our esteemed Past-President, Canon W. E. Sims, which said, "With feelings of great reluctance I ask to be excused from reading the paper, 'The English Essayists,' on 27th March, which I had agreed to give." Ill-health was responsible for the cancellation. The President then announced he had asked Mr. Edward A. Bryant, the Honorary Secretary, to prepare a paper as substitute for Canon Sims.

Our member, Mr. Alfred W. Newton, M.A., read a paper entitled "John Evelyn: his Life, Diary, and Writings."

X. 13th March, 1922. The President presided over the meeting. The President made reference to the departure from Liverpool of Mr. John W. Thompson, Dr. Grattan Johnston, and Mr. J. Hamilton Gibson, three valuable members, whose personal loss at the meetings will be keenly felt. Sir James Barr called attention to the meeting of the British Association to be held in Liverpool in September. The President and Honorary Secre-

tary were deputed to act on behalf of the Society upon the General Committee of the British Association.

Our member, the Rev. K. E. Keith, M.A., lectured upon "Ancient Inscriptions in Assyria and Babylonia (Discovery and Decipherment)," illustrated by lantern views.

XI. 27th March, 1922. The President presided over the meeting. The President gave the thanks of the Society to Mr. William H. Jacobsen for so unhesitatingly accepting the duties of Honorary Treasurer consequent upon the departure of Mr. John W. Thompson from the district.

The President moved that Mr. Bertram B. Benas, B.A., LL.B., be elected President of the Society for the ensuing Session. The motion was seconded by Mr. T. L. Dodds, and carried with unanimity. In accepting the office of President, Mr. Benas remarked that he greatly appreciated the honour, and called attention to the fact that one of his earliest recollections in life was the Literary and Philosophical Society of Liverpool. His father was President for the years 1890-91 and 1891-92. Father and son holding the office of President is unique in the annals of the Society.

The President then called upon Mr. Edward A. Bryant (Honorary Secretary) to read his paper entitled "The Unfolding of Mental Power: from the Earliest Times to the Present Day; with special reference to Greek thought as the Mental Watershed of Civilisation."

Miss L. M. Taylor and Miss M. A. Taylor were elected as associates.

Attendances at the meetings during the Session were:—Annual Meeting, 73; Ordinary Meetings, 720, 75, 78, 72, 47, 51, 82, 55, 95, 92.

ONE HUNDRED AND TWELFTH SESSION, 1922-23.

ROYAL INSTITUTION, LIVERPOOL.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual Meeting of the Society was held on Monday, the 16th October, 1922. The retiring President, Col. J. M. McMaster, occupied the chair. The Report of the Council was read by the Honorary Secretary, and this, together with the Financial Statement presented by the Honorary Treasurer, was duly adopted.

REPORT OF THE COUNCIL.

The One Hundred and Eleventh Session (1921-22) marked the opening of a new decade of the Society's activities, and was characterized by a reversion to the older practice of looking to the members of the Society as the main source of the contribution to the Sessional Syllabus, the whole of the eleven addresses being delivered by our own members.

The Society was presided over by Colonel J. M. McMaster, C.M.G., V.D., whose inaugural address, entitled "The War and After," gained an added interest, having regard to his eminent war service and his long and loyal participation in the work of the Society.

The address by Sir Oliver Lodge on "Relativity" captivated the great assembly present, being proclaimed as one of the most notable intellectual events of the season.

The distinctive place which the Society occupies in the

life of the city was emphasized to the full in the course of a very successful Session.

The attendance was fully maintained.

During the year the Society has lost by death Sir Walter Raleigh, an Honorary Member, a scholar with whom our City and Society were proud to claim personal association, and Arthur H. Noble a promising young member, whose early death is greatly deplored.

Officers for the Session were then elected as follows:—
Vice-President—Thomas H. Bickerton, J.P., L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S. Honorary Treasurer—William H. Jacobsen. Honorary Librarian—Rev. K. E. Keith, M.A. Honorary Secretary—Edward A. Bryant. Keeper of the Records—Rev. K. E. Keith.

The following members were elected to serve on the Council in place of those retiring:—Dr. Mary Ivens, M.B., M.S., Mr. Samuel Brookfield, Mr. Alfred W. Newton, M.A., Mr. William Wardle, and Mr. Walter P. Forster, and the following were reappointed to serve thereon:—Miss H. S. English, Rev. I. Raffalovich, Dr. W. H. Broad, Miss Florence Rollo, and Mr. R. T. Bodey.

The retiring President then gave very warm thanks to two old members who have done yeoman service for the Literary and Philosophical Society, viz., Mr. John W. Thompson, B.A., and Mr. Alfred W. Newton, M.A. Mr. Thompson's membership dates back to 1878, and he has held official positions during the greater part of that time; his departure to live in the Lake District makes it necessary for him to relinquish an official position. Mr. Newton's membership dates back to 1896; he has done invaluable work for the Society.

The Lord Mayor of Liverpool (Alderman Charles H. Rutherford), an old member of the Society, accompanied

by his daughter, graced the proceedings by their presence; the Lord Mayor wore his chain of office, thereby giving civic distinction as well as private affection to the Society.

On the motion of Mr. A. Theodore Brown, seconded by Mr. C. Y. C. Dawbarn, it was unanimously carried that the warmest thanks be tendered to Colonel McMaster for the assiduous care and attention he had given to his Presidential duties during his year of office.

Colonel McMaster, vacating the chair, introduced the new President, Mr. Bertram B. Benas, B.A., LL.B., who thereupon delivered his Inaugural Address entitled "Philosophical Aspects of Sentiment." A resolution of thanks to the President for his address, full of literary charm and philosophy, was moved by the Lord Mayor, seconded by Dr. Glynn-Whittle, and carried unanimously. This paper is printed in this volume.

On the motion of the President (Mr. Bertram B. Benas), seconded by Mr. T. L. Dodds, a cordial vote of thanks was tendered to the Lord Mayor for attending in his official capacity as chief magistrate.

His Honour Judge H. C. Dowdall, Mr. Lawrence Hall, Mr. Kenneth M. Constable, Mr. George A. Lloyd, Mr. Alfred Hemmons, and Miss U. Sivertsen were elected members of the Society; Mrs. Helen A. Hemmons and Miss Helen Quant were elected as associates.

ORDINARY MEETINGS.

II. 30th October, 1922. The President presided over the meeting. A vote of condolence was passed to Mrs. Hamilton, whose husband, Mr. Augustus Hamilton, had passed away since the last meeting. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton's membership dated back to 1911. The Presi-

dent then called upon our member, Mr. R. T. Bodey, M.A., to read his address entitled "Montaigne." A *précis* of this paper is printed in this volume.

Jean, Lady Russell of Liverpool, Mrs. J. George Adami, Dr. John Maurice Ahern, Miss Dora Clarkson, Miss Shenk, Miss Mildred Penlington, and Mr. A. M. Brown were elected members of the Society; Mrs. J. M. Ahern, Miss Ada L. Hamilton, and Mrs. T. Stevenson were elected as associates.

III. 6th November, 1922. The President presided over the meeting and introduced Dr. Adrian C. Boult, M.A., Mus. Doc., who lectured upon "The Appreciation of Music from the Conductor's Standpoint."

IV. 20th November, 1922. The President presided over the meeting. Upon the motion of the President, seconded by Sir James Barr, and carried unanimously, the Right Hon. the Earl of Birkenhead was elected an Honorary Member of the Society. A vote of congratulation was also accorded to Earl Birkenhead upon the conferring upon him of an Earldom.

A vote of sympathy was then passed to our Honorary Member, Sir William Herdman, in the loss which he had sustained by the death of his wife.

The President then called upon our member, Judge H. C. Dowdall, K.C., M.A., B.C.L., to deliver his address entitled "The Theory of the State." Judge Dowdall referred to the fact that his father had given an address before the Society in the same building in the year 1885, the subject being whether philosophers or poets had done most for the country.

Mr. Stanley Moore was elected a member of the Society; Mrs. Cartmel and Mrs. Harry Winter were elected as associates.

V. 4th December, 1922. The President presided

over the meeting. Our member, Mr. Theodore Brown, read a paper on "Sir Anthony Panizzi." This paper is printed in this volume.

VI. 8th January, 1923. The President presided over the meeting. Mr. S. R. Dodds, M.A., LL.B., read his father's paper (Mr. T. L. Dodds) entitled "The Nineteenth Century." Mr. T. L. Dodds was prevented from reading his own paper by his having caught a severe chill.

VII. 22nd January, 1923. The President presided over the meeting. This date marked the revival of the Roscoe Lecture, instituted 50 years ago. The Lord Mayor of Liverpool (Mr. Frank C. Wilson) was present.

The Honorary Secretary, before reading the current minutes, read from an old Minute Book of 105 years ago a descriptive letter in which William Roscoe accepted the Presidency of the Literary and Philosophical Society.

The Lord Mayor then welcomed to the city our lecturer, the Right Hon. the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, whose father was an Honorary Member of our Society.

The President then called upon the Right Hon. the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, K.T., LL.D., F.S.A., to deliver the Roscoe Lecture, which was entitled "William Roscoe and Problems of To-day."

Upon the proposition of Vice-Chancellor Dr. J. G. Adami, seconded by His Honour Judge H. C. Dowdall, and carried unanimously, a cordial vote of thanks was tendered to the lecturer for his delightfully broad and cultured lecture. This lecture is printed in this volume.

Mr. S. R. Dodds was elected a member of the Society.

VIII. 5th February, 1923. The President presided over the meeting. The President introduced Professor P. M. Roxby, B.A. (*Professor of Geography in the University of Liverpool*), who delivered an address entitled

"Some Intellectual and Political Tendencies in Modern China," illustrated with lantern slides.

IX. 19th February, 1923. The President presided over the meeting. The President called upon our Honorary Member, Dr. J. George Adami, C.B.E., M.D., F.R.S., F.R.C.P., to read his paper entitled "Science in Relation to Literature and Philosophy." In his opening remarks the President spoke of the practical help and interest which Dr. Adami had given to the affairs of the Society. This paper is printed in this volume.

X. 5th March, 1923. The President presided over the meeting. On the proposition of the President (Mr. Bertram B. Benas), seconded by Mr. R. T. Bodey, and carried unanimously, the Right Hon. the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, K.T., LL.D., F.S.A., was elected an Honorary Member. The President read a communication received from our Honorary Member and one time Honorary Secretary, Mr. H. Longuet Higgins. The communication put forward ideas that Liverpool is of Hellenic origin.

Our Honorary Member, Dr. Richard Caton, C.B.E., M.D., F.R.C.P., J.P., then gave his address entitled "Comparisons between Ancient Greek and Modern English Civilisation," illustrated with lantern slides.

XI. 19th March, 1923. The President presided over the meeting. On the motion of Mr. T. L. Dodds, seconded by Mr. C. Y. C. Dawbarn, and carried with unanimity, Mr. Ralph T. Bodey, M.A., was elected President for the coming Session. In accepting the office Mr. Bodey expressed his deep appreciation and the honour he felt it was in being elected President of this old and important Society.

Our member, Mr. Harry Winter, then read a paper entitled "Chaucer and his Times."

Mrs. Jessica Walker Stephens, Mr. Henry E. Stephens, and Mr. F. E. Tillemont-Thomason were elected members of the Society.

Attendances at the meetings during the Session were :—Annual Meeting, 110; Ordinary Meetings, 60, 93, 103, 63, 68, 650, 86, 83, 102, 75.

REPORT OF THE COUNCIL, 112TH SESSION.

The Literary and Philosophical Society is able to record a most successful Session. It has regained strength by following the lines of development laid down by tradition. The sessional contributors were, in all but two instances, members of the Society—and in both cases there were family ties which made the link personal, and in one of the instances the Honorary Membership of the ancestor has descended through the participation of the descendant.

The Papers, Addresses, and Lectures covered a representative range of subjects, and the discussions were well maintained. The cordial relationship of the Society with the civic and academic spheres has been reaffirmed by the visit of two Chief Magistrates during their tenures of office and the Vice-Chancellor of the University, the then Lord Mayor, Alderman Charles H. Rutherford, J.P., attending the opening meeting of the Session and proposing the vote of thanks to the President (Mr. Bertram B. Benas), for his Presidential Address, and the present Lord Mayor (Mr. F. C. Wilson, J.P.) attending on the occasion of the Roscoe Lecture, welcoming the Roscoe Lecturer, the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, on behalf of the city. The Vice-Chancellor of the University, Dr. J. George Adami, F.R.S., has actively interested himself in

the work of the Society, giving the Executive most valued help and support in the revival of the Roscoe Lectureship—a revival which has been the outstanding institutional feature of the Session. The Society was very fortunate in the acceptance by Lord Crawford of the invitation to deliver the Roscoe Lecture, a foundation which, after the lapse of very many years, was felicitously revived on the occasion of the Jubilee of its establishment.

One of the most representative gatherings of the local civic and academic life attended on this occasion to hear a discourse which as literature, as history, and as an inspirational force for the betterment of the city has been widely acclaimed and eagerly welcomed as a lofty call to further efforts towards the realisation of the highest ideals of cultivated citizenship. The traditions of the Society have further enabled development to proceed along well-tried paths, and a happy re-introduction of a communication to the Society suggests a useful method for bringing the fruits of current literary and philosophical scholarship, whether from the University or elsewhere, to the notice of the members of the Society.

The membership of the Society shows an encouraging net increase, and valued accessions to the Society are to be noted. Two Honorary Members have been elected—the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres and the Earl of Birkenhead. It is interesting to note that Lord Crawford's father was elected to the Honorary Membership of the Society in the year 1877, and that Lord Birkenhead accepted nomination during his distinguished Lord Chancellorship. Lady Russell of Liverpool joined the Society during the Session, and her membership is greatly appreciated, restoring to the rolls of the Society the name of one of its most distinguished Presidents, the late Lord Russell of Liverpool. His Honour Judge Dowdall, K.C.,

joined the Society, contributing to the sessional syllabus, and participating on other occasions in the proceedings of the meetings.

The Society, by its representatives, took part in the work of the British Association on the occasion of its visit to Liverpool, and cordially co-operated with the local scientific societies in the Soirée of exhibits held earlier in the year, and in the endeavours made towards a more systematic method of associational co-operation.

The name of Sir W. Watson Rutherford, Bart., will be presented to the Society for election to the Honorary Membership. Sir Watson has been a member of the Society continuously for over forty years. His services to the Society in the earlier years of his membership when resident in Liverpool, and particularly his active participation as Lord Mayor on the occasion of the inauguration of the University of Liverpool, will be well recollected.

The Society mourns the loss during the year of two members whose association dates back to 1867 and 1870 respectively, Dr. E. K. Muspratt and Mr. James Smith, both men of marked ability who have used their powers and means for the good of their fellow men, and another esteemed member of the Society in the person of Mr. Augustus Hamilton. The death of one of our Past Presidents, Canon W. E. Sims, has created a deeply-felt void in our ranks. He was President four times; contributed largely and valuably to our published *Proceedings*; was active in the discussions, and gave much time and energy to the well-being of the Society.

During the Session a most valued donation of £50 was made to the Society by its Vice-President, Mr. Bickerton. The members will deeply appreciate this signal testimony of interest in, and affection for, the Society, and the great cause which it seeks to serve and uphold.

THE
LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY
OF
LIVERPOOL.

SOME OF THE
PAPERS
READ DURING
THE 111TH AND 112TH SESSIONS.

LIVERPOOL.

—
1924.

THE WAR AND AFTER.

By COLONEL J. M. McMASTER, C.M.G.,
PRESIDENT.

ON being called to the Presidential Chair of this Society I desire to express my grateful acknowledgments to the members who have conferred on me this honour in recognition not of any merit, but of a long period of membership and interest in the work of the Society. I am following distinguished and learned men, and my only claim is upon your indulgence.

The Great War has been much written about for years past, and it is doubtful if I can add one idea in any aspect that has not already been given expression to from a hundred points of view. But I have chosen it for the reason that I was privileged to take a part in the great struggle as an item in the contribution of Liverpool to Britain's armed might.

It chanced that in the month of August, now more than seven years past (so soon do even big events pass away!), I was in command of an Infantry Battalion of the Territorial Force. On the 5th of that month, waiting in expectation at the headquarters of that unit, I received a telegram bearing the one word "Mobilise."

That order involves the passing of the troops to whom it refers from a peace footing to a war footing. To Territorial soldiers who are citizens following their civil occupations and living at their homes this change involves more than in the case of regular troops in breaking off all their ordinary civilian life.

The arrangements for mobilisation made in advance are elaborate and detailed, embracing directions for the immediate action of every man and every rank.

That order reached my hands about five o'clock on the afternoon of the 5th August, 1914, and already by nine o'clock on the morning of the following day no less than 90 per centum of the men to whom the order related had reported themselves at the Headquarters of the Battalion and were ready for the great adventure, the remainder following in due course. It was a very fine response, remarkable for the alacrity with which the summons was obeyed, and was a legitimate ground for much satisfaction.

From the moment of mobilisation intense military activity prevailed and much movement and great silence, whilst our tiny Expeditionary Force crossed the sea and moved up to Mons to encounter the first wave of the invaders.

As this is not a history of the War, my personal experiences require apology for many trivialities. After mobilisation the Battalion under my command was at once placed on military guard of the Liverpool Dock system and later, when relieved of that duty by a special reserve Battalion of the Liverpool Regiment, of certain defences of the port and was again assembled at Liverpool on Sunday, August 9th. On that day I invited all ranks of the Battalion (who, it must be remembered, were enlisted for home defence only) to offer themselves voluntarily for service abroad. The response was immediate, and that day the offer of the Battalion, complete in every rank, for service in any part of the world was in the hands of the War Office. Needless to say, the offer was accepted, and after service in the Thames Valley and Kent the Battalion received its warning to be in readiness to proceed overseas. The order came one evening at six o'clock, and the

following day the Battalion embarked for France on three transports with all its impedimenta and when darkness fell put to sea under the escort of two warships.

I stood on the deck that night to try and imagine what was in store for the 1,100 men I had under my command. How many of us are destined to return to England? Why are we going? Will our thin line hold? Will the invaders, finding their hopes of rapid and easy victory unrealised, retire and await another opportunity? But muse as one will the flotilla moves on, the three transports, the two escorting warships, the 1,100 men! Then came the disembarkation and the march through a French town where every man felt himself the embodiment of English resolution to deliver France from her despoiling invader. A railway journey of 100 miles brought us to the Belgian frontier, and on detraining at the ancient town of Bethune the sound of big guns booming was the exhilarating evidence that the enemy was close at hand. The French barracks gave shelter that night and a village in the neighbourhood the next, then the trenches and a first sight of the Germans.

My first tour of the trenches was made with the Colonel commanding the 1st Battalion of the Kings Royal Rifles who afterwards commanded the British Forces in East Africa, and the first Germans in sight were the bodies of many lying in the No Man's Land between the lines, the grim relics of a defeated advance. The Battalion I commanded had the good fortune to be incorporated in the 6th Brigade of the famous 2nd Division, then under the command of General Horne, a distinguished officer who afterwards rose to command an army and is now Lord Horne. I state these details in order to make acknowledgment of the most kindly and friendly reception my Battalion received from General Horne and all the regular Battalions

Commanders and officers. I had the satisfaction of serving in that Brigade during the whole period of my service in France.

I can only relate impressions. One is that there was no personal animosity against the Germans as soldiers or as individuals and a firm conviction that man for man they were inferior to the British troops. Fritz and Jerry were then half contemptuous but far from spiteful names applied to the enemy. As a concomitant of those admirable if temperamental opinions was the extraordinary abiding cheerfulness and good humour of the men. It was not the lightheartedness of ignorance or irresponsibility but the serenity of strong, confident men. The exacting duties of trench life were carried out day by day and night by night with a tenacity and doggedness which are perhaps characteristic of our race. Life in the trenches has often been described, and the vivid recollections of it will never be effaced from the memory of those who have experienced it. It was a time of intense and constant vigilance. Projectiles either aimed at definite objects or searching an area methodically fly through the air without cessation, taking toll of life or limb or passing as it may chance harmlessly to earth.

Observation of the German line—a very few hundred yards at most, and generally much less—was kept by day by means of periscopes and by small mirrors placed above the level of the ground on the back part of the trench—the parados—and by night by double sentries, who stood up remaining motionless and silent. In the darkness the lights fired from special pistols provided a firework display in the space between the opposing lines probably never before seen, and certainly not on such a scale. The line from the sea to the Swiss frontier, 500 miles in extent, was the scene of this standing warfare.

The working maps for ordinary daily use in trenches were in the nature of hand sketches and in the British lines were designated by familiar names redolent of home. Harley Street, known by thousands for its field ambulance station, gave entrance to Hartford Street, a long communication trench leading to Liverpool Street, passing by Morphia Street, well named for its dressing station, to Old Kent Road, Seymour Street, Oxford Street, Regent Street, and a host of others.

The French nomenclature was, as may be imagined, much more scientific. Their trenches or boyeaux were indicated by letters and numbers. But trenches did not lend themselves to ready recognition by consecutive numbers, for they ran in all kinds of confused directions, and the British soldiers quickly gave to French trenches taken over by them on extensions of our lines of frontage names they could remember, which were soon recognised officially.

The War has been the occasion of some strange reversions to more primitive weapons. The hand grenade has played quite an important part in the trenches. It is a dangerous weapon for the thrower and carrier. The fuse is released by withdrawing a pin, the explosion following in five seconds. Hesitation or the accidental dropping of the bomb would be fatal to the soldier and perhaps also to many of his comrades. "Hoist with his own petard" was no longer an anachronism. Many acts of heroic sacrifices are on record.

Another curious weapon was the catapult for discharging bombs. The propulsive energy for the catapult was supplied by elastic rubber strings pulled out to the required tension. But, alas! The rubber bands soon became slack and the weapon inaccurate and unreliable. It was soon discarded. I mention it only as one of the curiosities. A

bomb could also be discharged from the service rifle by means of a long rod stem fitting into the barrel—a more effective method.

The British section of the trench line was only 25 miles in extent when I went out, and the Battalion under my command was for a time on the extreme right of the British line, the first French sentry post being about 15 paces from the British extreme right sentry post. As the British forces grew in number, more ground was occupied in relief of the French, and the Battalion under my command moved further southward, and at Les Brebis in the mining district I took over a section of the line from a battalion of French infantry and had the opportunity of meeting the French Commander and his officers and of seeing their plans and arrangements and exchanging mutual courtesies.

I remember telling the French Commander that we had taken 130 German prisoners in the capture of a German trench. He replied, "Far too many!" The meaning, half jocular, was obvious and it illustrates the more bitter feeling held by the French Army and the general population than in our Army.

I appreciate the attitude of France towards Germany since the war. Their land has been desolated (wantonly so to a large extent), and with Germany unrepentant may be attacked again.

That is the nightmare of the French. The British position is far different. Our island home is safe and we want to trade as before with Germany. For this purpose her rehabilitation is to our advantage. This aspect of affairs opens up a much debated problem in economics. I only suggest in passing that as our own Government raised and expended huge sums in loans and taxation, the repayment of even a fraction of those sums for employ-

ment again in our own industries and trading does not appear to spell ruin to those industries and trades, as one school of financiers and economists have insistently urged, nor whilst German internal taxation remains vastly less than our own and that of the French, is it obvious why Germany should continue to devote such an inadequate portion of her resources and taxable capacity to the discharge of her obligations under the Treaty of Peace. It cannot be forgotten that during the greater part of the War, until the German ambitions became plainly hopeless of realisation, the nation was buoyed up and encouraged by the expectation of much plunder and ample indemnities from the conquered world. If success had crowned the German arms the theories alluded to would have been laughed to scorn by that people.

I do not touch on the horrors of the War, which have been burnt into the minds and consciences of every civilised being who hopes for better things, and only resume personal reminiscences for a moment. One of the most pathetic sights was to see, as I occasionally did, an inscription over a lonely grave in or close to the trench lines, "An unknown French soldier" or "An unknown British soldier." One could only salute and pass on. The Unknown Warrior interred in Westminster Abbey with solemn rites is typical of all those known and unknown who willingly gave their all and whose memory will possibly be more revered in generations to come than in this war-wearyed one.

In the early days of the War the Germans were believed to have means of obtaining information of what was going on behind our lines and spy-hunting was consequently much in vogue. Frequent notices were sent round describing men who if seen were to be detained. Often they were stated to be wearing the uniform of

British officers. And officers of our own Army who left their own area and were not personally known to the troops in the area they entered were always liable to suspicion unless they carried permits.

More difficult to deal with were suspected cases of espionage by renegade French natives near the front line in areas formerly occupied by the Germans from which they had been driven back.

I may give one instance. A farm house and buildings a mile or two behind the front line in the La Bassee district were assigned to the Battalion I commanded for billets after a tour of duty in the trenches and I was asked to keep watch on the proprietor, who was under suspicion. He had a white horse in his stables and every day put this horse in the shafts of a farm cart and took it out. The cart was always empty going out and empty when it returned, and on its round the horse was frequently halted, negativing the probability that the animal was taken out for exercise only. A white horse is a conspicuous object and the movements apparently purposeless were suspected to be conformable to a pre-arranged code. It was remarked also that the lady of the house put her table cloths and sheets to dry not on lines as is usual but spread out on the ground, and further, that whilst every other house and building in the vicinity had been destroyed or damaged by shell fire, this house and its building were immune. I failed to solve the problem in the two or three days I was there.

Another instance, an amusing one, in which a solution was soon found, was when a systematic search of all ruined and deserted houses resulted in a man being brought in attired in the uniform of a British artillery lieutenant. He had been taken from a place of concealment

in the rafters of a ruined house affording a good view of the German lines. He proved to be a gunner observation officer of our own Army on duty and the nest in the rafters was his observation post, to which he was promptly restored after suitable explanations.

A very pleasing episode must be my last. One day Lord Horne, passing through our trench, remarked to me, "I hear you are sixty years of age." "No, sir," I replied, "but I shall be to-morrow." He must have circulated this, for on the morrow I received not only from him with a welcome gift, but from many other commanders telegrams and messages of congratulations and good wishes. Where life itself is cheap in the trench zone, such kindly courtesies are not forgotten, and I treasure them. Some months afterwards Lord Horne, with his friendly consideration, suggested to me that I ought to be out of the trenches during the winter, and so in December, after having taken part in three of the major battles of the first 18 months of the War—Neuve Chappelle, Festubert, and Loos—I came home, leaving with regret my gallant comrades (but, alas! not the 1,100!) behind to carry on the contest to the end and win for themselves much distinction.

The following extracts from Field Marshal Lord French's Despatches may be of interest to others, as they were to me.

No. 2, page 129—

I and the principal commanders serving under me consider that the Territorial Force has far more than justified the most sanguine hopes that any of us ventured to entertain of their value and use in the field. . . . Army Corps commanders are loud in the praise of the Territorial Battalions which form part of nearly all the brigades at the front in the first line.

Again, page 186—

In former despatches I have been able to comment very

favourably upon the conduct and bearing of the Territorial Forces throughout the operations in which they have been engaged.

As time goes on, and I see more and more of their work, whether in the trenches or engaged in more active operations, I am still further impressed with their value.

Again, page 263—

In whatever kind of work these units have been engaged they have all borne an active and distinguished part, and have proved themselves thoroughly reliable and efficient.

These striking tributes are worthy of record of a citizen force which contributed one million men to Britain's armed might. It never before had that place in public estimation to which at all times it was entitled.

The purpose of our Army is declared every year in the preamble to the Army Annual Act to be the safety of the United Kingdom and the defence of his Majesty's possessions overseas. Whilst, therefore, it is necessary to maintain a standing Army of men taken from their homes, maintained in immediate readiness in whatever part of the globe they may be serving, these numbers should, as a settled policy, be as low as is compatible with the objects of their service and expansion be provided for in times of national emergency by a trained citizen force, costing the nation in times of peace for each man only a small fractional part of the expenditure required for each regular soldier serving with the Colours.

The War has been well termed a war to end war, and although it must be admitted that our experiences since the cessation of the struggle do not enable us to predict with any confidence the complete fulfilment of that hope for all wars to cease upon the earth, there has been laid a foundation for the gradual realisation of that hope. Is it unreasonable to believe such a consummation possible?—

to foster the idea and to create such a preponderance of opinion throughout the civilised world as will affect every nation in the same way that a municipal law or strong social convention affects an individual? Treaties and pacts have in historical times limited the resort to force and have served each in its time a genuine if limited purpose.

The Hague Convention, most notable effort of the kind prior to the Great War, failed of its great purpose because the ambitions of a great military empire were already in existence, approaching their culmination, and could not either be disclosed or curbed. Thus Germany, whilst subscribing to the aims of the Convention and attending its deliberations, rendered it of no effect by refusing adhesion to the recommendations, as for instance those against aerial bombing of open towns and certain aspects of submarine action.

Those ambitions being now foiled, time has been allowed to the almost prostrate nations to create an enduring corrective against any recurrence of such an appalling calamity. It is the greatest topic that can engage our energies. Disputes which have definite causes and can be stated completely in words may easily be disposed of by reference to impartial arbitrators, or to some existing and previously provided tribunal to deal with differences of that kind.

Even this presupposes reasonableness, peaceful intention and honest willingness to accept the result as disposing of the difference as if it had never arisen.

But where the ostensible dispute serves but to conceal a desire for mastery, the settlement of the dispute does not exorcise the moving cause, and force or the fear of force remains an ever potential danger.

The sudden onslaught, without mediation, without adequate discussion and means of accommodation, is the

danger which a wise prevision may render less likely. Once a blow has been struck, the aim of each contestant enlarges from the original cause and becomes nothing short of the complete subjugation of the other. In the last century and in the one before—the age of chivalry having passed away—many wars were begun without warning or declaration. Having been determined upon, the blow has been struck so as to take the antagonist unprepared and at a disadvantage.

In 1804 the conduct of the Ministry of that day was assailed in both Houses of Parliament who supported their action in an attack without warning on the Spanish fleet by large majorities.

The Earl of Westmoreland, speaking for the Government, said he thought his Majesty's Ministers could not possibly have avoided this War with Spain, and as to their having made it without a previous declaration, it was neither contrary to the law of nations nor unprecedented in modern and ancient history.

The destruction of the Danish Fleet at Copenhagen (1807), and of the Turkish Fleet at Navarino (1827) were in each instance without any warning or previous declaration of hostile intent.

Great Britain has thus not, nor has any one of the great nations, been free from what we would condemn.

The early days of the Channel Tunnel project will be in the recollection of many. Much disquietude arose in this country and the Government stopped the works until the question as affecting our national defences had been determined. Lord Wolseley, then Commander-in-Chief, was a resolute opponent of the project. He maintained that the mouth of the tunnel might be seized in a time of profound peace, without any warning whatever, and our Fleet thus rendered useless to prevent invasion, and that

we were not justified in incurring the risk. The evidence was considered so strong that Parliament consistently refused for more than 30 years to sanction the scheme.

The Russo-Japanese War is a modern instance of war without warning, so recent as to be in the recollection of all.

This apprehension of sudden attack—a tiger spring—has had its influence upon us down to these last days, despite our sea rampart.

Great Britain and America have remained at peace with one another for more than 100 years, although acute differences have arisen between them, bringing us to the brink in at least two instances of situations which might have eventuated in war. There was a desire for peace on both sides, and means were devised for avoiding blows which would have decided nothing. The quarrels settled have been forgotten, and I will not revive them even by restating them or indicating them particularly.

France, too, has been at peace with this Empire and with America for more than 100 years, and no reason can be assigned why this happy state should not continue indefinitely. If the three most civilised and powerful and wealthy nations of the world, all high-spirited, sensitive, and jealous of their honour and punctilious of their rights, can so adjust their relationships and legitimate careers that causes of war no longer require that dread resort for their adjustment, have we not a solid and enduring basis for a combination which will create a world atmosphere or attitude of mind discouraging the employment of force or the threat of it as constituting in itself a menace to the safety and well being of all ordered communities?

As this world does not yet consist wholly of settled and ordered communities, the necessity for maintaining internal order and preventing aggression by irresponsible

neighbours may require every state to have at its disposal armed forces sufficient to ensure those requisites, so that the entire abolition of arms of destruction is not in our present state practicable.

Further, no nation can, in the present state of world conscience, trust that unarmed it would be safe in life, liberty, property and honour. Over all some sanctions must be maintained and in the last resource those sanctions must be in the nature of compulsion.

What those ought to be and how they should be applied are matters not yet ripe for practical solution, but that an enormous advance has been made during the past few years along the lines I have indicated is certain. The education of the peoples of the world to the acceptance of means by which passion or ambition may be kept in the ways of peace and violence minimised has not merely begun. It has, in truth, made enormous progress. It would be idle and perhaps harmful to indulge the hope that even in a generation the ideas of untold ages enshrined in all literature should dissolve by any miracle. It is enough if the nations pursue the path, already entered upon, of combining wisdom and amity in discussing and probing the causes which unchecked might result in war, and giving consent to trial by battle only when all other remedies and sanctions fail.

These considerations have led me naturally to the Covenant of the League of Nations. It is a noble legacy of the dreadful War, and if that cataclysm were necessary to bring it to birth, future ages may think the suffering and agony of it, stupendous as they have been, were almost justified. Woodrow Wilson has earned a lasting fame, and when all attending discords have passed away his achievement in gaining the assent of most of the Powers to the things they have pledged themselves to may well

be regarded by his own countrymen as placing him on a par with Washington for admiration and hero-worship. The American people, in their traditional love of peace, are not willing to be bound in advance by the decisions of others to embark on any war or to take a part in any war that others may determine upon. But, that America would refuse when the time came to add her pressure to that of the other nations in any righteous cause in order to prevent or minimise a war, I cannot believe. I would advocate the acceptance of the co-operation of America on her own terms and with any exceptions or reservations she thought fit to make, bearing in grateful recognition that for the sake of justice amongst far distant nations and to gain no advantage or satisfy any ambition, two millions of her sons crossed the ocean and fought, that justice and liberty might not perish on earth, and fully confident she would do so again if any supreme cause required so supreme an effort. Then why despair because no signature on paper binds her?

The world has staggered under the weight of armaments and, if this were all, the burden might be borne, though grievous. But great armaments have in the past begotten suspicions and fear in others, who in turn have added to their armour until a continent was clanking with the rattle of arms and men by millions were held in readiness to attack or resist, watching their frontiers as a householder might watch his house if robbers were about. This creates and always would create a state of tension and national pride in the excellence or the superiority of their preparations for warfare, offensive or defensive. Thus in every European country arose a military class, composed not merely of fighting men, but of those whose occupations were in the supplying of things required for use in war, the manufacture and fashioning of material,

ships, fortifications and the like. The formation of opinion and the mental outlook on matters of international concern have, too, always been affected by the possession of armed forces, whose numbers, readiness and efficiency have been calculated, tabulated and estimated, and the resources of every country for maintaining a contest were an element to be contemplated, studied and assessed. And so the weight of the counsels of a country tend to be regarded as proportionate to its fighting strength, actual and potential.

Thus the limitation of armaments has become one of the most pressing items in the world-wide desire for security from sudden wars born of that state of instant readiness, to which I have alluded, and made possible by our modern wealth and methods of rapid transport. The principal nations of the world are meeting in conference at Washington on this momentous question, and I do not doubt that a substantial advance will be made in reducing the great burdens still oppressing the nations. And I regard this initiative of America as an augury of her willingness to co-operate in the other measures which may be necessary to accompany a general reduction of armed forces. When all the nations agree that an act of unauthorised aggression against one shall be an offence against all, a moral force of far-reaching and decisive importance will have come into being. Under that protection the hope is that any nation may in safety reduce its arms in reliance on the good faith and power of the general body of guarantors. The policy of America is against any commitment in advance to interference, not of her own volition, but any general agreement would be an earnest of her powerful support in common effort to minimise the risk of sudden war. And any combination having as its objects the avoidance of war is fraught with consequences

of untold benefit. It would be precious seed, bearing fruit in due time. Impatience is greatly to be deprecated in this world movement, for the mental outlook of mankind is not to be changed in a twinkling. A century is but a tiny slice from the immensity of national life, and I have the confident hope that an era of combined effort in the cause of peace has been inaugurated, and that we live in the hope of better times. Tennyson dreamt of the federation of the world, the Parliament of man, and Mr. H. G. Wells has propounded the universal state, and we have taken some definite steps towards the realisation of these visions.

These things may eventuate and for our day and time we shall be worthy of our opportunity if with the enormous power of the British Empire we encourage every resort to the combination we have done our part to establish in the League of Nations. One single act in averting an otherwise impending resort to arms will establish its prestige, and nations may learn to respect its authority and obey its findings as individuals do their domestic Courts.

It has been a happy omen that our own Government was the first to refer a matter in difference to it.

The mighty upheaval in the sea of our domestic affairs has not yet subsided, but there is no reason for pessimism.

I cannot forget that the men who have demanded more pay and more leisure, better conditions of life, in fact, are the same men who voluntarily in large numbers served in our armies, endured the hardships of war, the restraints of military discipline and risked life and limb and health with a constancy and resolution which ought to be weighed in the balance against the restlessness, the reluctance of many to re-adapt themselves to the steady monotone of industrial life. I cherish the simile of the

confused and tossing waves upon the sea after a storm.

Time is the solvent of such difficulties.

Industrial prosperity will surely come again, and within the space of a normal life the Great War and its aftermath will have become historical events to be studied in awe and reverence as the time when great things were done and our mighty Empire justified her past and rose to the very pinnacle of her fame.

If we are on the right road and set out upon the long journey, if only with halting and erratic step, and pursue it with faith and consistency, we of this generation may feel we have been pioneers after much suffering in a nobler future for humanity.

That physical force in the final resource can never be eliminated is a truism as applicable to civil life in an ordered community as to international relationships. It is an adjunct to the most tolerant and humane system of laws, and in this field of view the sanctions have with more and more enlightenment become gentler without loss of efficacy, even to the abolition in some communities of the death penalty. May we not hope that future development in the great nations of the world will tend towards the establishment of world preventives of wholesale slaughter? Idealism soars much higher into ethical realms at present beyond our vision, but not beyond the eye of faith and reasonable hope. Even the present century may be marked by the historian of future ages as the Golden Century of the human race, when the Armageddon convinced mankind of the madness that afflicted it so long and ushered in a thousand years of peace.

RELATIVITY.*

BY SIR OLIVER LODGE.

I FIND that at different times different subjects interest humanity, and the subject of special dominating interest changes from time to time. Half a century ago, or perhaps less, evolution was the word to conjure with. Now it appears to be relativity. And not only the mathematicians and physicists, but many of the philosophers, are dealing with that subject in a comprehensive manner; Lord Haldane in particular is trying to do for Einstein what Herbert Spencer did for Darwin—that is to say, to take a scientific idea, so far treated mathematically, out of the intricacies of physics, and spread it all over life, as the relativity of all knowledge.

In so doing the philosophers occasionally come to grief in their physics in a mild way, just as the physicists come to grief when they deal with philosophy. The subject is sort of betwixt and between, and it is quite easy to make it incomprehensible. Whether it is possible to make it comprehensible—well, that is what we have got to ascertain. As to relativity in general, the use of relative terms and the question of absoluteness about any of them, you know that nearly all our terms are relative. Take right and left. People tell you a shop is on the right-hand side of the street. There is no meaning in that. It depends on the way you are going along the street. But if you say right and left of a river, right bank and left

* Reported by a stenographer from shorthand notes taken upon the evening of the address.

bank, that has some meaning, but of course it is relative to the direction in which the river is flowing. Then there is fore and aft. That is all right with regard to a ship, but the ship may be turning round, and so it is not an absolute direction at all. It is a relative direction; it may correspond to all points of the compass.

Take east and west. That has reference to the earth. Hence you might say that to all people on the earth it has the same meaning. In a sense it has, as when you say that Berlin is east of London and west of Petersburg. Otherwise it rather depends on where you are, when you talk about east and west, unless you are dealing with the abstract east and west. That, however, is relative to the earth, so it cannot be the same for all observers. Now, if a thing is not the same for all observers it is not absolute; it is shown thereby to be relative to something. When we can find anything that has absoluteness about it, it must be very important. Among these relative terms, it is of some interest to ask, is there any absoluteness about any of them? Take up and down, for instance. Is there anything absolute about that? If the earth were flat, up and down would have a definite meaning for everybody, and the same meaning. But it is round, and up and down has different directions for different people. Up and down in New York is at an angle with our up and down; hence evidently it depends upon the place where you are. Up and down, if you are referring to a train on a railway, is relative to the capital city of the country. Up and down a mountain; there is no mistake about that, but it is relative to the mountain.

There are a number of other terms I need not labour, such as far and near—it all depends on whether you have got a motor car or whether you have to walk; high and low, strong and weak, heavy and light, dear and cheap—

all these refer to something human. Then we come to large and small. We say a planet is large and an atom is small, but what do we mean by large and small? What is our standard of size? Have we a standard of size? I think our standard is the human body. Anything much bigger than the human body we call big; anything much smaller we call small, in general. There is nothing absolute about that, and I doubt if we can imagine a limit of bigness, a limit of size. The stars are enormous, far more enormous than most people know. Their size has been measured lately. The star Betelgeux, for instance, in Orion, that red star that is beginning to rise rather late at night now at this time of the year, has had its size measured; and if it were put in the place of the sun the earth could revolve inside it. Its bulk would extend to the orbit of Mars, far beyond the earth's orbit. Its size is enormous, but still limited, and there does seem to be a limit of size possible to a star. Then what about the universe? Is that infinitely big? We simply do not know.

But putting bigness out of mind, what about smallness? Is there a limit of smallness? Is the atom the smallest conceivable thing? The electron is very much smaller. When I was younger, the atom was considered the ultimate thing of which everything was built; now it is a bulky thing comparatively. This shows how little we mean by large and small. We are accustomed in physics to think of the atom as quite large; the electron is the small thing, as small as a flea is to this hall when compared to the atom. Well, is that the end? Is there anything smaller than the electron not yet discovered? Is the electron small, absolutely small, I mean in the eye of Deity, not in the human eye, of course? We never see such things. We cannot see the atom; it is far too small for us to see, even with the most powerful microscope,

because the waves of light are too big. We associate size with a certain complexity or possibility of complexity. We say a planet may have any number of things on it. Is such a thing as that possible to the electron, or is it too small? I do not know; I do not think anybody knows.

Then is there no absoluteness about any of these terms? Yes, strangely enough, about hot and cold. When we say a thing is hot we generally mean that we do not want to touch it. It is hotter than the human body, and when we say it is cold it is colder than the human body. Is there an absolute coldness? There is no absolute hotness. The sun is the hottest thing we know, except some of the stars, which are now believed to be thousands of times hotter. But there is an absolute coldness. We owe the determination of the absolute zero of temperature to Lord Kelvin chiefly. There is an absolute zero, the same for everybody, not only on earth but throughout the universe—one absolute zero of temperature, which is about 500 Fahrenheit degrees below the ordinary Fahrenheit zero. It is known with some accuracy; it is known within a degree, and experimenters have got to within two or three degrees of it, by means of liquid helium. We have not quite attained the absolute zero, but we know where it is, and it was calculated long before it was got anywhere near experimentally.

Now, how can there be an absolute zero of anything? Well, just consider what heat is. It is the irregular jostling of the molecules of matter. When the molecules of matter are vibrating or moving rapidly among themselves—not all together—the body is said to be hot. Heat is that motion, nothing else. If you slow them down so that they are more sluggish, the body is cooling, getting cold. Slow them down until they stop—that is absolute zero. You cannot slow them down any more; you have got to the

zero when you have taken all the heat out of the body. Of course, if you take a man's capital away he can go lower—he can get into debt; but that is not possible with heat. It gets down to zero and then stops. But you might say, "Is not the thing moving?" Yes, it is moving as a whole—locomotion. It may be moving, but that does not matter; the common motion is not heat. Heat is the irregular jostling of the ultimate particles, and when that stops the body is absolutely cold; it is at the absolute zero of temperature. And at that temperature it has remarkable properties. It is a perfect conductor of electricity; so that if you start an electric current it goes on. There is nothing to maintain the moon's motion round the earth, but there is nothing to stop it. The same with an electric current in a body at absolute zero; it goes on because there is nothing to stop it.

Now, I come to the question of Time. Take the words "sooner or later" or "before and after" or "past and future." Is there any absolute meaning for those, or are they relative terms too? At first sight one would say that the past was past, that the future was future, and that the present was the mere slice bounding the two—an infinitely thin partition as it were between the past and the future, advancing, leaving more of the past behind, encroaching on the future; and that we live in that slice of "present." Well, there may be animals which do live in the slice of "present," and have no memory and no anticipation. We are not in that predicament; we do look before and after. But there are certain conditions which have led relativists to hold the dogma of the relativity of time, to say there is nothing absolute about time, that the time for different observers may be different; not merely a difference like difference of longitude, but in a way dependent upon the motion of the observer. Now, here I must explain that

I am not a full-blown relativist. I do not know whether Mr. James Rice is. He may not agree with all I say, and if you want a full-blown relativist to expound it to you, you have one among you. But I want to represent the case fairly, though the relativity of time is not an easy subject, even to those who fully believe in it.

There is a difficulty about simultaneity. When two things happen, can we tell if they happen at the same time or not? At first sight you may say, "Why, yes, I can see them happen. I know if I do something here, something else happens at the same time; I see it." But that does not allow for the time the light has taken to come. Well then I will employ the telegraph, and if a thing happens in New York and I have it telegraphed here, say by wireless or any other method, I can tell when it happens, and can be sure that it happens at the same time as something else. But you have to allow for the telegraphic delay, which of course is very small. The time occupied is the same, or practically the same (if you have a perfect method) as that required by the velocity of light. And there is a real difficulty about determining simultaneity when you come to experiments of great accuracy. Suppose you want to determine whether the observed velocity of light depends on direction, the direction of the motion of the earth. You may send a beam of light and telegraph its arrival. The beam of light takes a certain time to go, and the telegraph takes a certain time going back; so the two going in opposite directions neutralise each other. Whether you use a beam of light to tell you of the arrival, or whether you use an electric wave, comes to the same thing; they travel at the same rate. The reason is that they are both transmitted by the ether.

Moreover, the present moment is more than a slice. There is all that is happening at different places at about

the same time, places at a distance. For instance, take the case of things happening at a great distance. In 1901 a new star burst out in the heavens, in the constellation of Perseus, I think it was. When did that happen? When you saw it? You know well that it did not happen when you saw it. It happened a good time ago, and certain circumstances connected with that star enabled people to calculate, with surprising accuracy, that it happened in the year 1603, just about three centuries before. When you saw that star you would say, "There is a new star now." Well, is it new "now"? It depends what you mean by "now." You see it now. The messenger which brought the news of the new star was light, and we know of no quicker messenger. Had it been any other messenger, such as sound, we could not have heard of it yet. (The lecturer elaborated his meaning by diagram, illustrating past and future.)

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

It is obvious and simple enough that the past controls the present; but intelligent beings are controlled also by the future. I sometimes think that that is the difference between life, especially animal life, certainly human life, and the inorganic world. The inorganic world—the atoms, the matter—is pushed from behind. It is controlled entirely by the present and not by the future. But that is not the case even with an animal. A dog is controlled in his actions by his anticipation of dinner. He, too, looks before and after. He has some memory and some anticipation, just as we have more memory and more anticipation. Take for instance an eclipse. It is going to happen; it has not happened yet; you will not see it until light has had time to travel. That eclipse has caused an expedition to start now; at a certain date it started

in order to see the eclipse. That is a case of anticipation. It caused the fitting out of a ship, the collecting of a number of instruments, and the travelling to a place where the eclipse would be visible after the lapse of a certain time. In that sense the future controls the actions of the present. It is only one example of the fact that our actions are largely controlled by the future.

Now, a great deal can be said about the relativity of time, but I must be satisfied with saying this: that in relativity you have to consider different ways of dividing up space and time. It might be a common mode of expression to say that the French Revolution occurred so many hundreds of miles and so many years away. Distance and time can be put together. Time and distance are related. For instance, you can say truly that a kilometre is ten minutes' walk. Or, again, if you are at York, you can say that London is 200 miles away, or if you are going by train you can say it is four hours away. You very often use time as a measure of distance.

It depends on the vehicle you are thinking of. It is velocity that unifies space and time, and you can practically use time as another dimension of space; not exactly as a dimension of space, but treated much as if it were. It is sometimes called an imaginary dimension of space. You see there are three dimensions of space. There is right and left, fore and aft, up and down. (Illustrated by diagram.)

Those are the three dimensions of space, and what room is there for a fourth dimension? I wish I could draw a fourth dimension on the blackboard, but I cannot. How did I get over it when I drew three? Only by a perspective dodge in which you acquiesced. I did not really draw even three. If you are to have time in the diagram as well you must dispense with drawing one of the space

dimensions. But whether you can draw it or not, you must imagine it; you must imagine progression in time. I cannot draw it, and I cannot tell you what it is doing, because it is an imaginary figure and it may be changing in time. It may be changing as an expanding circle; it may be changing even as a shrub; or as a seed which, beginning as an acorn, grows into a big tree. What is it diagrammatically doing? It is advancing in the time dimension. Here is a thing which you will admit is the same thing, it has got an identity, just as the tree has, but it can go through all sorts of changes as it advances along the line of time, and then it can decay. Somewhat in that way the motion of planets, motion of anything, can be treated. You can speak of it as motion in a plane, or you can speak of it, if you like, as an advance in another dimension of space; and if you have already got three dimensions, as we have, in length, breadth and thickness, then time must be a fourth dimension—not accessible as a dimension, but imaginable, as if we were going through a process of development. It is development, evolution; development by travelling along the inexorable stream of time. To us it is inexorable. We cannot hurry it or slow it or stop it. Whether there is anything absolute about that flow of time—well, that is the question. Is it a human limitation, or is it a Divine reality?

You see we are getting into philosophy and metaphysics now. I am not trying to give you the answers to these questions, but to indicate the kind of things meant when we talk about time being a fourth dimension, and the way in which time can be thus represented and thought of. One of the things that relativity asserts to be absolute is the completely specified interval between two events. People may differ as to how far apart they are. One will say "so much space and so much time," and another

will divide up the space and time differently. Different observers, according to the theory of relativity, will split up the interval in different ways. They will say so many miles and so many seconds separate the Coronation of George V from, say, the death of Charlotte Corday. They may not agree about the miles, and they may not agree about the seconds, but they will all agree about the interval compounded of the two; which is absolute, an invariant, that is, a thing that remains constant and independent of the observer; the space-time interval is absolute. When relativity admits the interval between two events as absolute—the same for all observers, no matter how fast they are travelling nor where they are—it has important consequences. That is one basis of the mathematical theory.

Now, why do relativists claim that all the separate spaces and times depend upon the observer and are not absolute? To explain that, I must take another pair of terms, quick and slow. When we say a thing moves quickly—say a cannon ball moves quickly and a snail moves slowly—is there anything absolute about that? Is a cannon ball really quick? Is a snail really slow? It depends upon our estimate of space and time. Ordinary motion, as we know it, is certainly relative. You walk about on the deck of a moving ship and there is a bewildering turmoil of relativities. There is the motion of yourself relative to the ship, there is the motion of the ship relative to the earth, there is the motion of the earth relative to the sun, and there is the motion of the sun relative to the stars. At what rate are you moving? At what rate are we moving now? I know we are moving 19 miles a second, because that is the rate at which we are going round the sun. In the time taken for a pin to drop from the ceiling to the floor we have travelled 19 miles. We do not look like it; it is not obvious; we think we are at rest,

but we are not. We may be going very much faster, since the sun is moving too.

Is anything at rest? Motion is relative as far as we have ascertained. We do not know at what rate we are moving nor where we are going. We do not know the direction nor the magnitude of our direction at this moment. We have no idea. You may say you have some idea, that you are moving with the earth, that the earth and you are moving round the sun and the sun is moving with reference to the stars. Yes, with reference to the stars; but what are the stars doing? What do you mean by the stars? You mean our visible cosmos, what we can see with a telescope, but that is not the whole. It is now thought that our system of stars, the Milky Way, our cosmos, is but one of many. Far away in the depths of space there are others, called Island Universes—other cosmoi, other Milky Ways, other systems of stars—and some of those are moving at a terrific pace, 200 miles a second. What is our pace? We do not know. But what do you mean by moving? We can move with reference to the walls of the room or with reference to the earth, but what do you mean by moving, absolutely? What is your standard of rest?

Here is where I differ from relativists. They would say, "You have not got a standard, and to talk of absolute motion is meaningless." I would say, to talk of absolute motion with reference to nothing at all, is meaningless, but I think that we have a standard, and that that standard is the ether of space—the medium in which we are moving, the medium which extends throughout the universe, a medium which it would be absurd to suppose was in locomotion. I say that is our standard of rest for all practical purposes; and they would agree, if it exists, but as to that they differ among themselves and do not

say much about it. They are quite reasonable about it, but some of their early writings make people think they have abolished the ether. Eddington does not say that, and Einstein does not. Eddington told me he had asked Einstein in Berlin recently, who said, "No, I have no objection to the ether; my system is independent of the ether." That is all right; I agree; but that ignorance does not abolish it. When Laplace was asked by Napoleon in reference to his System of the World "Where is the Deity?" he replied, "I have no need of that hypothesis." His system had no need. If he was always to be invoking the finger of God to regulate the planets it would indeed be a poor system! He had to explain their motions on simple mechanical principles; and that is what he did.

But that does not exclude the Deity from the universe. It simply means He is ignored; He is not essential for the mathematical theory. So it is with the ether. They ignore it because it is not necessary to their system, and they are quite right. If we differ, it is because they prefer to say absolute motion has no meaning, whereas I should say that absolute motion has a meaning with reference to the ether, but that we have not yet ascertained what that meaning is. In other words, we have not yet ascertained what that motion is. Shall we ever be able to? Here comes the point—and this was the beginning of relativity—the proof, or shall I say the failure, the failure to find any motion through the ether. If you try to ascertain how quickly you are moving through ether, what do you find? Many people have tried to find it in the last half century, and they have completely failed. Professor Wilberforce knows a lot about it, and about the attempts made to measure the virtual stream of ether in which we exist. If the earth is moving through the ether it

is the same as if the ether is streaming past the earth, relatively. You can illustrate that by reference to the air. It does not matter whether you are rushing through the air or the air rushing past you.

People have asked, "How does the earth manage to move through the ether? Does the ether stream through the earth like wind through a grove of trees?" They tried to discover the process and failed. They could not find any phenomena that depended on that. Then there was the famous experiment of Michelson, so often mentioned that I suppose you are tired of it, but he is a great experimenter, now or recently at the University of Chicago. He was partnered in this classical experiment by Morley, and they thought they could find our motion through the ether by its effect on the velocity of light. They said, "If we are living in a stream of ether, light must go slower against the stream than with it." They devised an ingenious method for measuring the velocity of light in different directions. They had to send it to and fro. The simple thing would have been to measure the velocity first one way and then the other way, but that you cannot do because you do not know when it starts. You can send it across the stream, and simultaneously along the stream; but you must send it to and fro in either case.

Now, you can time those actions with enormous accuracy, and although there is compensation in the coming back the compensation is not complete. I do not know whether it is obvious to you which would take the longest, to go a mile with and against a stream, or to go a mile and back across the stream, but if you do the arithmetic of it you find it takes longer to go with and against. You are assisted with and retarded against, but the coming back takes longer and allows more time for retardation. You are not helped or hindered in going

across the stream; at least, you are not hindered very much. That experiment of Michelson's apparently ought to have shown that we were living in a stream of ether, and it did not. It showed nothing. That was the beginning of the trouble. That is the experimental foundation for all this relativity. The velocity of light appeared to be the same whether going with the ether or against it, consequently it seemed to say, "There is no motion through ether at all. So some people went further and said, "You may just as well say there is no ether at all." But to say that, they could not have thought what light was, because they could not have waves of light if they did not have a vehicle or medium for them. All it really proved was that the virtual stream of ether, depending on the earth's motion through it, did not show itself.

Why did it not show itself? Was it because the earth carries the ether with it, or carries some ether with it, so that near the earth it is stagnant? That would explain it. but then there was the experiment performed by me at the top of Brownlow Hill a quarter of a century ago, when I was Professor up there, which puts that out of court. I whirled steel discs at a great rate till they nearly burst and sent light round and round between them, that way round and this way round, and comparing the time taken to go round with the discs with the time required to round against the discs; for if the ether had been carried round with the discs the beam one way would have been accelerated, and the other way retarded. There would have been a small effect. There was none. The ether was not carried round with discs. This proved that ether and matter are mechanically independent of each other, there is no friction; matter moves without the slightest resistance, and the motion does not affect the velocity of light in its neighbourhood. The possibility that

the Michelson and Morley experiment could be explained by the carrying of some ether along with the earth was clearly disproved. Was there another explanation? Here were two experiments, both undeniable; nobody controverted either of them. They seemed to be contradictory.

The explanation was suggested by my friend, Fitzgerald of Dublin. We were discussing this, and he said, "Well, I believe the thing which holds his mirrors (with which the experiment was made) shrinks when it is moving." The starting point and rebounding point of the light were on a great slab of stone. If there was a stream of ether it would be flowing through this stone. Light ought to have taken longer to go to and fro along the stream. It did not. Why? Because that stone shrank longways, and the contraction made it a shorter distance, so that that longitudinal beam is at an unfair advantage as regards the transverse beam. If the shrinkage occurred, the beam of light might take just the same time as the one that went across. We considered it, and perceived that it would do what was wanted; and soon afterwards H. A. Lorentz, of Leyden, the great Dutch Professor of Physics, carried it a little further. He took it up, or started it independently, and showed that on the electrical theory of matter, shrinkage ought to occur, if matter was composed of electrons. It ought to occur, and, calculating the amount of shrinkage, he found that it just compensated and neutralised the Michelson-Morley experiment.

You may imagine the carefulness of the Michelson-Morley experiment when I say that the amount of shrinkage needed to counterbalance, to compensate, the retardation, is only about three inches in the whole diameter of the earth. The earth is eight thousand miles in diameter, but if it is moving along, in that one direction

it is three inches shorter, and when it comes round to the other direction it gets its three inches back again. Hence a relativist will tell you that if I hold a stick so, it is one length; while if I hold it so, it is a trifle shorter. The shape and size of bodies change according to their position. A relativist would tell you so; and I ready and willing to tell you so too.

How can I tell? If I measure it I shall not find out, because the measure shrinks too. How do I know I am 6ft. 3ins. if I stand up, but if I lie down I have lost something—got a bit longer or shorter, whichever it is? Do I know how much? I don't. It depends how fast you are moving through the ether. I do not know how fast we are moving. Very well, then, you do not know how long you are. We live in a queer world of ignorance, and there is no mode of testing it; so that we not only have relativity of motion, but of size and shape. A sphere is not a sphere. The effect is small, or believed to be small, because the Michelson-Morley experiment only tested the motion round the sun, not through space. We could not test that. The motion round the sun changes in six months, but the motion of the sun through space you cannot change. You can make no experiments on that; it is hopeless. You cannot measure that; therefore we do not know what size we are, or what size anything is. Everything is relative; not only time, but velocity, motion, size, shape, mass, even matter; that is a consequence of the electrical theory of matter. A pound of matter would be rather more, if it were moving quickly, than if it were not moving quickly; so that mass is not constant, as Newton thought it was. Relativity says the same. It is consistent with relativity, but it is a sequence of the electrical theory of matter. My view is that the ether affects all these things. Motion through the ether is

changing the length and size of the body, the shape of the body and its mass. Ordinarily there is no means of ascertaining these things, and hence they are all relative—nothing absolute about them. They may differ for different observers, and whether they have any absolute meaning, a relativist would say he did not know.

But is there nothing absolute about velocity? Why may man not travel through the ether at the rate of a million miles a second? Here we come across something new, something absolute! Curious! A relativist would admit it. There is a velocity—he would not call it a velocity in the ether; he might say a velocity in space; there is a velocity which you cannot exceed. If you try to move at 180,000 miles a second the ether will just let you go; it will get out of the way, but with such reluctance that you find it extremely difficult. If you try to go 190,000 miles a second, it will not get out of the way, and you cannot go. A bullet cannot go through air quicker than the velocity of sound proper to the heated air in front of the bullet. Sound has the velocity at which air will get out of the way. When dynamite explodes, the air declines to get out of the way. The air is made to get out of the way, but then the building is made to get out of the way too. One resists as much as the other.

The velocity of light is the velocity at which the ether will not get out of the way, and consequently no piece of matter can move quicker than that. That is a maximum velocity. There appears to be something absolute in the velocity of light. And this is a most remarkable conclusion of the relativist. He would say—I would not say it—that whether there is a stream of ether or not, light takes the same time going with the stream as against it. Suppose you are travelling to meet the source of light, surely you will get it quicker than if you sit still, or if you run away.

They say no: whether you are going faster or slower, you will get it at what seems precisely the same time.

So that there are two things absolute, the interval between two events, when you take both space and time into account, and the speed at which light moves. How does that come out of relativity? It comes out of the composition of motions. I cannot stay to explain fully how we get the composition of motions, but if you have two velocities they compound together. Supposing you are in a boat on a river; you are going, say, four miles an hour and the river is flowing three miles an hour in the same direction. What is your velocity with reference to the earth? What is your actual velocity? Your velocity is four miles relative to the river, that of the river is three miles relative to its banks, so you get seven miles altogether. If you are going in the opposite direction you get one mile. Is not that common sense? If you have two velocities U and V you compound them into $U+V$, but when you apply the relativist doctrine, mathematically, taking into account all that I have tried to sort of skim the cream of, that is not the composition, that is not the law. The resultant velocity is not that, but

$$U+V \text{ divided by } 1 + \frac{U V}{C^2}$$

where C is the velocity of light. This unexpected denominator is $1 +$ the product by the square of the velocity of light. That fraction of $U+V$ gives W , the resultant velocity. That denominator is introduced by the theory of relativity, it is introduced by the Fitzgerald contraction, by all the different things I have been explaining, and I admit it is there. It is a very curious thing, it is a very odd formula for the velocity. If the velocity C were infinite, the whole thing would be common sense again—the resultant velocity would be $U+V$ simply—but as the

velocity of light is not infinite, there is a very small correction which has to be applied; which, strangely enough, has to be applied in actual practice when things are moving quickly enough. Some of the planets are moving quick enough. Mercury is moving quick enough, and it affects the motion of Mercury slightly.

Now go further and suppose that I am compounding something with the velocity of light itself; instead of only the motion of the earth relative to the sun, and the sun relative to the stars, which you might take as U and V , or instead of any other two motions that you can think of. Take my experiment with the revolving discs. I was trying to modify the velocity of light by compounding that velocity with another one, that of the discs, or the velocity of the ether between the discs. I was looking for a velocity $C + V$, trying to compound C with another velocity V , somewhat as in the Michelson and Morley experiment. I was sending light down the stream and up the stream, aiming at $C + V$ and $C - V$; trying, in fact, to see if the velocity of light increased up stream and diminished down stream. Neither they nor I found anything. Why not? Because that is not what could have been found. Look at this equation. It expresses the new law for compounding velocities, and algebraically the result is C .

$$W = \frac{C + V}{1 + \frac{CV}{C^2}} = C.$$

They did not know it, I did not know it, but that is the law of composition according to this formula, when one of the velocities is C and not U . Work that out algebraically. Give it to your boy and he will tell you the result is algebraically C . It comes out the velocity of light and nothing else. You have tried to increase the velocity of

light by putting V into it, but you cannot. It is unchangeable. Hence, the experiments were all bound to give negative results, without any talk about the ether, without any talk about the Fitzgerald shrinkage, because of that law of composition which is the law appropriate to relativity.

I am coming to the end of my programme, though I have still got to introduce gravitation. When we introduce gravitation all manner of other things happen. You begin to doubt Euclid, and to talk about the nature of space; relativity is supposed to do away with gravitation. When you come to look into the matter, as to what you really observe, instead of only what you think you observe, you find a difficulty. You think you observe an attraction of one body for another. The earth attracts the moon. How can it attract the moon when it is not there? There is a great distance between the bodies. How can any body act directly at a distance? Newton knew it could not, but he did not know enough to explain how it happened. He could surmise, as we can and do, that both the earth and moon act on ether, and that the ether presses them together. But statements like that are of no value until they are worked out.

Einstein's is an attempt to work it out, using different language. He would say: Here is a particle moving by itself in empty space. Here I put in its path not exactly an obstruction but a curvature, a pucker. Let this thing be moving in a sheet. Let us have a stretched plane, and let us make somewhere in that plane a pucker, and let the thing have to go near that pucker, which we will call a mountain. Suppose you want to go the easiest way, you won't go like the land crabs and other animals do, straight up the mountain or the house or whatever the obstruction is—up and over and down. You will prefer

your path diverted, you will try and go round it. Your path will become curved, to get as little of the pucker as possible. You will stretch the apparent length of your path to get an easier shorter-time path. Your path will be curved with reference to this pucker. But you might also express the motion by saying that the moving thing is evidently attracted by the pucker and so curved round. It is something like the hyperbolic orbit of a comet attracted by the sun. Space seems warped.

What is that warp? A warp in space has caused the path of a body to be curved in order to get the line of least resistance. No longer would you call it an attracting force. You would simply say it is the effect of a warp in space. What is the warp due to? You might say, to an atom or mass of matter at its centre. You might claim that matter warps the space all around it, and accordingly that the gravitational behaviour of bodies is as it is. We live in the warped space.

Now, is it right to say that matter causes the warp, or that the warp is matter? A full-blown relativist would say that that is what you mean by matter. These warps in the centre rise not only to a pucker that can be got round, but to one that *must* be got round; so that if you try and go through it you are up against the impenetrable. You cannot get through the centre.

The impenetrability of matter follows, therefore, as well as the attraction of matter. I do not suppose I have made that clear at all, but still I have indicated roughly the kind of way in which these warps in space simulate and replace the effect of gravitation. Only to me a warp in empty space is meaningless. An effect on the ether is full of meaning, and I believe the sun and all the planets do really affect the ether in such a way as to produce their actual paths, which we may likewise attribute to

a pressure on them all towards the sun. You may as well call it a warp as anything else; and by calling it a warp you avoid the necessity not only of gravitation but of matter itself. Everything becomes reduced to geometry, and Euclid's propositions are not strictly true. In the warped space you have a different kind of geometry.

Now, strangely enough, the geometers of the past had invented a hypergeometry that was not Euclid's, and seemed to have nothing to do with anything but imaginary and ideal laws. Einstein had the genius to perceive that this hypergeometry would do what he wanted in the physical real world. By using that geometry he could work out the whole of the universe, so to speak, on geometrical lines; dispensing with physics, force, matter—with any of those things that we have lived on—and reducing it all to pure mathematics. It was a *tour de force*. It is a wonderful achievement, very brilliant, and I do not wonder mathematicians are enamoured of it. But the end is not yet, and we shall come out into common sense later on, with the addition of those great and notable discoveries which have followed from this method of treatment. For, mathematically considered, relativity is a splendid instrument of investigation, a curiously blindfold but powerful method of attaining results without really understanding them. There have been several of such methods—second law of Thermodynamics and others—but they ultimately have to be explained by physics. They are not a substitute for physics, they are not a philosophy. If pressed unduly you can manage to express things rather absurdly, but the method is a way of arriving at real results and of dealing with abstruse and hidden problems. It is not a replacement but a supplement of Newton.

(Here followed a number of illustrations by means of equations, showing the slight differences from Newton.)

Lastly, consider for a moment the relativity of human knowledge. Eddington says, towards the end of his book, *Space, Time and Gravitation*:

The theory of Relativity has passed in review the whole subject of physics. It has unified the great laws which by their position hold a proud place in knowledge, and yet this by itself is only an empty shell. The reality is in our own consciousness. There are mental aspects deep within the world of physics. We have only regained from nature what man has put into nature. Everything is relative to human perception.

This may be understood, or misunderstood, as meaning that there is no objective reality at all, that things are as it were brought into existence by our conceptions of them, that a subjective existence is all the existence they have. Any such interpretation as that I repudiate. Our perceptions enable us to disinter from nature some part of what is already there—and which we certainly did not put there—but the phenomenal aspect which reality assumes to us, in other words its appearance does depend on our modes or channels of perception and on our interpretative human mind. Objective reality exists, but it is we who interpret it. The universe is incapable of being completely comprehended by any finite being, it must be interpreted; and the way we interpret it depends on ourselves and on our faculties. Absolute reality might presumably be apprehended and formulated and perceived in a great number of different ways; we apprehend it in a human way, and our science must be conditioned by the human mind; it is therefore bound to be relative to the human mind. But the human mind is not a constructor of nature—only an interpreter. Objective reality exists, and makes an impression on us. The impression it produces depends on

what we bring to its perception. For example, a man perceives one aspect of a work of art, an animal perceives another—in so far as it perceives it at all. In that sense, and in that sense only, we get from nature what we put into it. We do not doubt that man sees it more truly than the animal. How God perceives it, or what it is in ultimate reality, we do not know. Our interpretation is relative to our own consciousness, even to our own individual consciousness; but there are levels of consciousness, and science seeks to raise our conceptions above what is merely individual, and aims at universal truth—truth acceptable to all humanity.

And so, concerning all the discoveries which have been flooding in on us of late about the Universe, humanity can say, as Eddington eloquently says at the end of his remarkable book:—

We have found a strange footprint on the shores of the unknown. We have devised profound theories to account for its origin. At length we have constructed the creature that made the footprint, and lo, the footprint is our own.

THE PLAIN MAN AND HIS PROBLEMS.

By W. H. JACOBSEN.

FOR several reasons I rather hope that the plain man is not present this evening, at least in the audience, for I feel sure he is about tired of being preached at and lectured and made the subject of many articles in many journals. It is indeed probable that reputations—I mean the reputations of the superior people—have been made in the process. If he be present at all he will be tempted to use terms not as a rule attached to either literary or philosophical speech, and I believe he would be exonerated by any capable jury on the ground of justifiable self-defence.

Of course, he exists and he forms the large majority. He is to be found in all classes of society, and indeed, in that very big class commonly supposed to be no class at all. It may possibly be—I speak with caution—that he is represented in the membership of this learned and philosophic society—as G. B. Shaw said on one occasion, “ You never can tell.”

As a matter of fact, Mr. President, the identity is very elusive, and the definition suffers in consequence. I am sadly afraid that in the search, something or somebody may gently whisper that those who live in glass houses should never throw stones.

Someone once said that in public life one ought never to apologise and never define. I question the wisdom of the latter injunction, for definition is indispensable, though apologies may be veiled. It is well, however, to bear in mind that a definition does not necessarily express the

whole or even a part of the truth of the merits of the thing concerned. It is only as it appears to the individual mind and with regard to one particular aspect. There is, too, the temptation to present a definition having as its chief characteristic a kind of accommodating quality. Thus we find in *Lothair* a certain character saying, "What he admired about the Aristocracy was that they lived in the open air, that they excelled in athletics, that they only speak one language and that they never read." I came across another definition the other day—a modern one. "The Prime Minister (1921) never opens a book, and the members of the House of Commons only open their letters." Such definitions do not carry one very far, for the generality interferes with the particular. And, further, it is applicable to others besides aristocrats, for people who live in the open air, excel in sports, only speak one language, and never read, do not all live in Mayfair or Belgravia, or even Sefton Park.

Experience and study combine to form judgments, but after all, the experience is personal and the study may be quite individualistic.

John Morley once remarked, "It is impossible to define a Jingo, but I can always tell one when I see him." On these lines many of our judgments run. We have to rely upon an inner vision for reliable information, and the reliance is by no means of an infallible nature. And therefore, to confess to a certain difficulty in precision is to throw no discredit upon our intelligence. Nor must the search for some degree at least of appreciable certainty be deemed impossible. We are continually setting up in our minds forms and types from which we classify the incidentals and accidentals of daily experience. Probably the average results will approximate to realities, while here and there failure will have to be admitted

During such research work we shall have to depend to a considerable degree on what we may term a comparative judgment. Life is a series of comparative judgments. Under this influence we form our opinions, and under another we seek to revise the formed opinions. The whole realm of our intellectual activity is, as it were, shadowed by a certain conscientiousness which demands self-criticism, revision and sacrifice. Perhaps there is nothing quite so sensitive as an enlightened impression of mental responsibility as illustrated in our definitions. We may, of course, take cover or seek refuge in various ways: the clever retort, the plausible answer, the ready wit may suggest means of escape, but it is apt to be very poor and pitiful.

"What is a Pessimist?" one asks. "One who lives with an Optimist." And so the questioner is amply satisfied. One wonders!

Now probably you will agree with me that it is almost time we tried to form some definite ideas about the plain man—we can talk about his problems a little later. Various definitions are applicable, though I reserve to myself the right to take a certain point of view. The popular idea—and I was almost going to say, and therefore the most erroneous—about the plain man, is that he is one who calls a spade a spade and not an agricultural instrument. We know the species. Its members sometimes masquerade as business men. Dr. Jacks says that the plain man may be, and often is, part of the philosopher himself—a kind of dual personality I had better read Jack's own words on the subject. I begin with his preamble.

Philosophy, like religion, has to endure opposition from a law in the members which wars against the law of the mind.

Perhaps after this we may get certain confessions from certain philosophers here this evening.

He goes on to say—

When we turn from religion to philosophy (which I venture to think is at bottom rather an experience of life than a set of doctrines cut and dried), we find that philosophers have less to tell us about their misgivings. Perhaps they do well to keep silence, for their work is to exhibit the truth as true. Judging philosophers from the atmosphere of their works we should scarcely suspect that they were subject to grave misgiving and sinkings of the heart, when they feel their systems turning hollow, their arguments losing relevance, and the very meaning of their work on the point of vanishing into thinmost air.

We know that between the philosopher as exhibited in his works and the philosopher as we encounter him elsewhere there is a difference: sometimes a difference which we welcome and sometimes a difference which we deplore. And having observed the contrast we can hardly doubt that for him, as for the religious man, there are times of eclipse, times when his philosophy slips from his grasp and fades away, times when it is only by the greatest effort of mind that he can apply his philosophical insight to his present condition.

“My philosophy,” he will say, “did ultimately help me on the occasions to which you refer; but it was only after a very severe struggle with my unphilosophical self.”

“This unphilosophical self,” says Dr. Jacks, “appears as a person with whom our author has a purely external or bowing acquaintance, and the name given him is ‘The Plain Man.’”

Now we had better listen to the Principal a little longer.

We are left to suppose that the plain man is some person whom the writer, as he looks up from his desk, sees passing in the street; or he is some butcher, baker, or candlestick-maker. We are left, I say, to suppose this. *But the supposition is seldom true.* Nine times out of ten the plain man is just the philosopher himself in one of those not infrequent moments when he is overtaken by an eclipse of his philosophic faith.

That is one aspect of the matter; an aspect not at all

lacking in honest and vigorous treatment. It is, however, one with which I am not at the moment much concerned, for though it has subtle, not to say fascinating, points, yet it hardly represents the special characteristics of the plainness I want to consider. What is plainness? One turns to that perennial source of England's intellectual greatness, or shall we say, that ever present help in literary troubles—the dictionary, for light and leading. We find that "Plain" stands for "smooth, even, level, open, clear, easy, manifest, obvious, void of ornament, not rich or highly seasoned."

Really one is forced to exclaim that if one half of the implications can be attached to the Plain Man, some of us will be a trifle envious of his character.

It might seem from the article of the Editor of the *Hibbert Journal* as if the world were divided into two classes—the philosophic and the unphilosophic. Under such an impression one naturally turns once again to the dictionary to get the authorised and orthodox meaning of philosophy. "The science which investigates the causes of all phenomena; the general principles belonging to any department of knowledge; a calmness of mind" This is the philosopher's creed, and it is calculated to make humble folk feel the bitterness of their humility. It is, therefore, with a special relish that the humble folk learn that even which tends from time to time to bring him to a level the philosopher may possess an unphilosophical mind, with themselves—the knowledge is grateful and comforting. . And it is because of this, if only on account of the least shade of suspicion, that perhaps the Plain Man may from time to time possess the philosophical spirit, in, say, the off moments of his very plainness. We have to ask ourselves whether such a plainness described by Dr. Jacks is relative to the moral or the mental condition—happily

we can rule out all reference to the physical. It would seem as if the parable of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde had a very wide application. This dual presentment of human conduct is true to life and experience. It is just a question, however, as to the relativity of what we term plainness, to the moral and mental. Dr. Jacks speaks of the philosophical and the unphilosophical as forming part of the one personality. It seems to me that in any classification, any which appeals to, say, direct action, we require a more concise rendering and a more concrete objective. To call the philosopher sometimes one thing and sometimes another somehow seems to interfere with a definite conception of the whole. One, of course, can understand moral lapses and temporary accidentals, but it is likely that the judgment of the world would not allow such an innocuous term of plainness to be used. Something more in keeping with conventional prudery would be demanded.

And all this, I beg to submit, is a kind of challenge to our idea of a clean-cut definite issue; not necessarily severely correct, or even strictly logical, but one which appears to suit our purpose. Therefore we have got to construct some kind of a working hypothesis. What is it to be? I know not what judgments will be pronounced this evening, but I give you as my own that the Plain Man is one who has his thinking done for him, and deliberately accepts second-hand intellectual garments. Thinking by substitution, if you like, thinking executed on a vicarious system, thinking accepted on simple—very simple—trust, and so on. There may, of course, probably there will be, certain variations that in any scientific analysis would necessarily have to be taken into account, but the condensation as it were, practically amounts to a statement of a condition of intellectual servitude. Such, then, is the heritage or pos-

session of the Plain Man, and as such I think is worthy of our careful consideration. We might preface the study with the admission that our Plain Man is in an overwhelming majority—that he always has been, and as far as one can judge, always will be. And further, that he is limited to no one class or condition of men and women; that he may be scientist, philosopher, divine, statesman, merchant or dock labourer. In parenthesis one may say that in this view Dr. Jacks' philosopher is more understandable. It is not that the scientist, philosopher, divine, statesman, merchant or dock labourer are conscious of their own plainness, or that for a season the outside world is conscious of it—that doesn't count. What does count, is the real solid fact of a plainness revealed by some chance or accident in word, thought and deed. For there are even scientists who have forgotten to be original; statesmen with no saving grace of statesmanship; philosophers who exist upon past reputations. Professionalism is singularly opened to be attacked. Its very dogmatism renders it an easy victim. Yet, in the main, it is not the professional man as such I want to deal with; it is rather, if I may so put it, the professional Plain Man I have in view. Who is the professional Plain Man? Not only is he one who accepts other people's thinking, but also is somewhat proud of the action. In fact, it is in his eyes an imputation of righteousness. He is a man who believes in the prestige of majorities, and the larger the majority the more convincing the prestige. He is one who, according to some writer, believes that if you can chant a recitation of a formula often enough its truth is so much more established. He trusts in the sacredness of numbers and in the influence of moral arithmetic. Your Plain Man has a great attachment for superlatives. He can be positive without the possible weakening of the comparative, but

he glories in the superlative. It seems to him to save such a vast amount of energy and time when the force of the superlative is near at hand. He is strong for consistency, disregarding the dictum that it is the hobgoblin of small minds. He would tell you that the quotation came from an ill-assorted and badly regulated mentality. Your Plain Man is a strong supporter of law and order and consistency as applied to the attributes of the mind. To anything which bears even the semblance of novelty he is a declared enemy. He terms it subtle and after that there is nothing more to be said. The usual, obvious, regular, literal, commend themselves; outside of these, lurks danger. He shuns the imaginative if only on account of the introduction of a strange element. Indeed, if ever he became imaginative, he would cease to be plain. It is because he belongs to the tribe of the Peter Bells of primrose fame that he is imprisoned in a world of literalness. The flower in the crannied wall has no significance; the primrose by the river has no message. There are no fairies to be found because there is no title for the search. The sunlight dancing on the meadows, the rustling of the leaves on the trees, the measured action of the running brook, the open message of flowers and grasses, appeal in vain for the appreciation of the inner vision. It is absent. Is it too much to say that in a certain sense it is the myopia of the soul that is in evidence? The Plain Man is plain even to ugliness because he lives in a plain world. It is a world with correct boundaries, distinct measurement, precise limitations, and therefore it is plain. No one has a right to live under such conditions; it amounts to an infraction of the housing plans belonging to the City Beautiful. The Plain Man never heard of the City Beautiful. Let me tell you a story.

Once upon a time—I believe all stories commence like

this—once upon a time, the daughter of a prominent member of a certain Exchange asked her father who was Whittier. The merchant didn't know, but said he would enquire on the following morning. But in the evening he had to confess his failure. He had enquired, but was told that no such person was known on the Market.

The City Beautiful does not exist for the Plain Man, and is not known in the markets where the plain men congregate.

I want to turn for a moment to the Plain Man in the aggregate to try to discover his attitude to three of the great dynamic forces: politics, morals, spirituality. And I think it may occur to you that at once we are touching upon the fundamentals of history. For surely history, if anything at all, is bound up with the interests and conduct of the Plain Man. The Plain Man has had to do with history to a very large extent. Action and reaction have followed one another, sometimes in a state of comparative lethargy; sometimes in a state of startling rapidity. But whether slow or fast, the potentiality of force has seldom been absent. Take, if you will, three very important epochs of English history: the Reformation, the Restoration, the Revolution. Primarily in proportion to the great issues involved such upheavals were comparatively bloodless. Such upheavals carried the plain man, so to speak, off his feet, but he persisted; the kind did not perish. I submit that these three earthquakes could not have happened save with the connivance and support of the majority of the people—themselves for the most part being Plain Men. What did the Plain Man think—if he thought at all—about the coming of a new society? What gave him the necessary stimulus to consent to a new dispensation whether in Church or State? I think we shall

have to attempt some little analysis in order to arrive at some accuracy of conclusion. And to do that, the aid of psychology will have to be invoked. What we really have to examine is the mind of the crowd! For that is what an aggregate of Plain Men presents! It is a strange and subtle study, for the crowd offers strange and subtle points of view. Seemingly influenced by various motives, it is, as a rule, under the spell of only a few. I think there are in the main two principal ones: self preservation as representing the concrete; emotion as representing the abstract. If I were asked as to the principles or virtues almost entirely ignored I would, without hesitation, mention (1) anything of the nature of a scientific enquiry (2) anything of an impartial judgment. I pause to suggest that these characteristics are evidenced in the Plain Man. Multiply the causes and you get a multiplication of effects. Self preservation to the crowd has its personal and impersonal aspects. There is a self preservation as touching personal wants and needs, comfort and pleasure, safety and confidence, and there is a self preservation as touching old customs, conventions, rules and ceremonies. And the driving force behind the energy is emotionalism. Surely one of the most uncertain and illogical elements in human life. But it rules, and rules with a high hand. The Plain Man may be, and often is, a hapless prisoner in the hands of emotion; the crowd owes the whole of its unifying strength to the same source. The Plain Man welcomes emotion because it supplies him with a moral and physical stimulus; the crowd surrenders itself to emotion as a justification for obedience to passion. Emotion serves to focus feeling. It banishes the sense of indecision and leaves no alternative. Any study, however superficial, of human nature reveals that feelings and convictions are not necessarily identical. Passion takes care of the one, judgment

the other. It must not be thought, however, that the crowd—the assembly of plain folk—is continually under the influence of strange and strong excitement. This is not so. The normal condition is one of an almost bovine character—patient, unassuming, inoffensive, satisfied. And all this to a large extent owing to the presence of plainness. Recall, if you will, our dictionary definition, “smooth, even, level, open, clear, easy, manifest, obvious, void of ornament, not rich or highly seasoned.” Yet one has to recognise that the Plain Man in multiple is responsible—in part—for the great convulsions in religious and political society. How reconcile the smooth, even, level, open, clear, manifest characteristics with the dynamic action and the revolutionary spirit? If we regard the matter of the Reformation—and let me assure you I have no intention of discussing its merits—we shall find that hundreds of thousands of ordinary people, our plain folk, simply without fuss or bother, consented to the establishment of another phase of theological thought. You saw the spectacle of a myriad Vicars of Bray—lay and ministerial—in full action. Take again the period of the Restoration—quite an arbitrary example, history teems with them—the plain folk hurrying to the standard of another Stuart. Was this the effect of deep, political thought and study?

Had some new reflective power intervened? Possibly to some extent, and yet after you have accounted for this influence you have by no means solved the problem. Suggest, if you like, education, but at once you are in the presence of a new dilemma, or, shall we say, under the stern necessity of supplying a new definition to education itself. Education of or by the senses? Will that do? Yet surely the educated instinct suggests that education, if of any intrinsic value, exists in order to educate the senses, and certainly not to receive orders from them.

Why does the crowd oscillate so continuously and so consistently between marked limitations of definite policy? Take the record of the General Elections and incidentally the bye-elections! Is it not true that once a certain party has established its majority that it also establishes the corrosion of that majority? The pendulum is ever on the swing! And remember that the swing owes its impetus to the crowd—the plain folk who live in plain manner. The inducements, blandishments, promises and prospects held out by the Parliamentary candidates and others—I except the candidates for your honourable council—speak volumes for the estimation with which impartiality and judgment are regarded. When you find on election day a carriage in which two diminutive children are sitting with a large printed device, "Vote for Daddy," well, you think things. What is the Plain Man, the plain crowd, thinking to-day about the merits of the great current questions? Ask the man in the street his opinion, and when he commences to give you a duplication of the remarks of his favourite newspaper, check the flow and demand an unbiased reply. Will you get it? The intellectuality of the man in the street is easily worked upon by exterior influences, and it is the susceptibility to the influences which chiefly determines action. This forms the supreme driving force.

I touch in a tentative manner on the relationship of the Plain Man in the aggregate towards the higher matters of life. I speak, of course, in no dogmatic way, for indeed the subject disarms all pretence of dogmatism. But I feel I am right in saying once more that it is in the attitude towards the higher things of life that really determines the place and position of the really Plain Man. I hope to show later that the plainness is often concealed, but at the moment I am more concerned with the natural

unconcealed relationship ; and this it is which provides the acid test. Let us get to very close quarters ! Does or does not the man in the street appreciate art, science, or literature ? You see I am only taking the man in the street as a representative, though by no means does he monopolise the field.

Shall we return to illustration ? Go into any average cinema and observe the effects of the respective films on the disposition of the audience. Does Venice by moonlight attract more than Mr. Charles Chaplin ? I will leave it at that.

I desire to enter into a new phase of our discussion and to entitle it, to borrow from Dr. Jacks, " The Bitter Cry of the Plain Man." Dr. Jacks, writing on the attitude of the Plain Man in relation to the philosopher makes the former say—

Is it surprising then that many of us have come to think of you with some bitterness of heart ? For to you, we often think, is owing much of the sorrow that afflicts us in these modern days. First and foremost there is the burden of all this weary unintelligible world. We deny it not. We see it waiting for every man at his appointed hour. But who has tied it upon our backs for ever as a thing from which there is no mistake ? Who has brought it to pass that the weary weight never leaves us ? Who has put a question in the mouth of every fact, and plied us with riddles till we reel and stagger and are at our wits' end ? Gentlemen, you have overdone all this. You have forced your riddles in season and out ; and not content with those the world will furnish, you have invented others of your own. It is you who hold us to the question night and day. Have you not dealt too hardly with the plain man ? Is it none of your doing that this bad dream never leaves us—the dream that we carry on our backs, the weary weight of an unintelligible world ? Have you not made of life a blacker mystery than you need ?

And again—

If, as some of you profess, there is no reality but thought, or

process, or experience, what could have started the notion, common to all plain men, that there are many realities besides thought, process, or experience? If all we can think is thought, then nobody would ever have been able to think of something else which isn't thought. How did we first manage to do that, and how do we manage to keep it up or carry it on? Who once more is the deceiver?

In quoting this I may seem to have committed the awful crime of begging the question, and indeed it does represent a certain line of reasoning—correct and apt—yet one I am not specifically dealing with. My Plain Man is hardly so advanced as Dr. Jacks' specimen, and I am afraid he hasn't got into such an advanced class. Wasn't it said of Dr. Johnson that if he could make fishes speak, his little herrings would pose as great whales? My plain man is just one of those little herrings, and he doesn't understand whale talk. None the less, the bitter cry does come—now and then—even from my Plain Man. He does sometimes wake into the consciousness of the existence of a world he would like to enter, and yet from circumstances—at least he thinks so—is utterly debarred. Sometimes he is visited by a stray gleam of high imagination, and in its light is revealed a new and glorious universe. Sometimes the perfume of the incense of the romantic is wafted hard by and visions of a beauty strange and subtle come before him. Sometimes an insight—minute but intensive—is permitted into the region of the city beautiful and his eyes are dazzled with wondrous illumination. Sometimes he can, or thinks he can, detect the faint tokens of an atmosphere of truth, beauty and goodness, and somehow, something he cannot nor dare not explain, whispers a mysterious joy. These things happen. Or it may be that the pure semblance of an ethereal mysticism suddenly lights up his surroundings, and in the seeing of the mystical, a sense of reality is conveyed in all its

splendour. Again he is met by his own problems. The very flush of things troubles and perplexes his spirit. He is conscious of being a mere plaything of incidental circumstances. He seems to be always shifting his position according to the dictates of some tyrannical command. His outlook becomes blurred ; his certainties become uncertain ; his fixities become loose. Everything appears to be uncertain. In self defence he insists upon the duration of the concrete and the absolutism of events, and somehow, loss and disappointment seem to wait as natural, logical sequels. He is as one on the seashore, grasping in his hands a measure of sand, only to find that the result is emptiness. He is startled by the insidious power of growth. He sees moments developing into minutes, hours, days, generations. And all the time he appears to be a helpless, passive spectator. He may not, probably never does, become entangled in the problems of subtle philosophy, where personality and identity and consciousness, and much else besides, trouble and perplex. But he is not free from problems all the same. He knows he is always on the brink. And he has an idea he is just playing a part in his world of indifference, carelessness, defiance and stupidity. His perfect self assurance and absolute certainty are known to him to be at their best but pitiful assumptions. He is like the schoolboy whistling as he passes along the churchyard after dusk.

Life does put on an inscrutable appearance from time to time, and the Plain Man is frankly puzzled. And of course he cannot escape the arrows of the questioning spirit. He may, he does, put the creditor off with this or that specious excuse, but he knows the bill is unpaid and he is at his wits' end to meet the liability. The Plain Man is quite satisfied as long as everything around him is plain, usual, regular, clear and obvious. Nay, he is more

than satisfied as long as authority and tradition are willing and able to take upon their shoulders the burdens of intellectual and spiritual problems. To him this is a Heaven-ordained contrivance, and exactly meets the difficulties of the situation. When, however, he is forced to realise that authority and tradition fail him, he feels that to take away the props which doth sustain the house is in truth to take away the house itself.

To quote again from "The Bitter Cry of the Plain Man"—

"Gentlemen," this is an address from the Plain Men to the philosophers. "Gentlemen,—You are the helpers of the world; you prepare the harvests which feed mankind. Plough not the hungry sand, we beseech you. Give us bread, not husks, to eat, and we will come to your tables. Cleanse your threshing-floors from the chaff of past harvests. And look to your storehouses, for there is famine in the land."

So we see that the Plain Man is face to face with his problems, though they take upon themselves so many vestiges of philosophical disappointment. Call it disillusionment, if you like; it is the beginning of disintegration. It comes as a call to burn what was previously worshipped, and worship what was previously burnt.

Crises find the Plain Man very lonely. It is just then that he requires—nay, he demands—a measure of understanding. Shall we say we want to know exactly how he stands, if indeed he stands at all? On such occasions he naturally falls back on his favourite formulas; his experience of the world; his pet confidential maxims; his cherished will power. These things have counted in the past in the markets, on the Stock Exchange, and in the busy haunts of commercial activity. But somehow they seem to altogether fail in the presence of something

rather away from the ordinary, the plain and the normal. In short, the plain man fears the mystical and he fears it because of an intuition that the mystical may be far more real than the so-called realities.

A writer says, "Not only all religious experience is full of it, but every poet, every painter, every musician knows the shock of contact with reality." Surely even the Plain Man is aware of it. The same writer adds—

"The vision of absolute beauty while it lasts is actually a laying hold on eternal life."

INDUSTRIAL CO-PARTNERSHIP.

By G. H. MORTON, M.S.A.

EMERSON, in his *Essay on Compensation*, writes :—

All infractions of love and equity in our social relations are speedily punished. They are punished by fear. While I stand in simple relations to my fellowman, I have no displeasure in meeting him. We meet as water meets water, or as two currents of air mix, with perfect diffusion and interpenetration of nature. But as soon as there is any departure from simplicity, and attempt at halfness, or good for me that is not good for him, my neighbour feels the wrong; he shrinks from me as far as I have shrunk from him; his eyes no longer seek mine; there is war between us; there is hate in him and fear in me.

This extract from Emerson's well-known essay seems to me to fairly describe the present relationship between capital and labour; there is undoubtedly a mutual distrust, an impression that what is good for one is not good for the other; a state of war; a growing feeling of hate and fear.

In the good old days the employer was a master of his craft, a leader of his workmen and a father to his apprentices, but, when machinery came into being and works necessarily assumed larger proportions, this personal interest disappeared and an industry itself became a sort of machine—soulless and inconsiderate.

Capitalism asserted itself and labour lost those closer ties with its employers that formerly existed, resulting in what is sometimes described as the friction, but more often, and perhaps more correctly, as the conflict between capital and labour. The consideration of, and our obliga-

tions to, the worker, ignored in the past by the strict economist, can no longer be neglected, but must now be taken into account. As Mr. Hitchins said, at the meeting of the British Association last year—

The fact that wages postulate a willing buyer and a willing seller of labour does not justify the employer in driving the hardest bargain he can. The interpretation of this law must be consistent with the higher moral law of our duty towards our neighbour, and the many shortcomings in our industrial life may, in my opinion, be attributed entirely to the fact that we have failed to apply the moral law. It is not the system which is wrong, but those who work it—employers, employed, and consumers alike; it is the hearts of men that must be changed, not the forms of industrial organisation, if we are to cure industrial unrest.

This conflict between labour and capital is probably the most vital subject of to-day. It is causing an immense loss, almost impossible to estimate, not only to the capitalist and the worker, but to the whole community. The wealth of the country is seriously jeopardised, vast sums are squandered which should be used for industrial developments, for the increased employment of the workers, and as a consequence for maintaining a high standard of wages. The loss or decrease of capital produces unemployment, and both in their turn result in the reduction of wages.

The coal stoppage last year is only one of many instances of the gigantic loss that the struggle between capital and labour entails. In this dispute alone, probably, no less a sum than £200,000,000 was lost. It was stated at the time that the three months' strike resulted in a loss of £80,000,000 by the industry, £60,000,000 by the miners, and that the cost of exports, transports, railway guarantees, the calling up of a reserve force, etc., would

not be far short of £50,000,000, besides the losses, less direct, sustained by tradesmen.

It is imperative, therefore, that some scheme should be devised which will end this state of things and substitute a higher "positive ideal of industrial fellowship between employer and employed"—"a new spirit of fellowship in which capital and labour will work together for the prosperity of the country and a more equitable distribution of its rewards"; some scheme that will bring about a different, and a better, relationship between the employer and the employed, based on a mutual interest, and demonstrate that the old methods of force, by strike or lock-out, are not only antiquated and out of date, but are ruinous to the community and all concerned.

The workman, unfortunately, is under the impression that a strike, if not his only weapon, is at any rate his most powerful one. He forgets, or does not take into account, that there are limits even to strikes. In addition to the waste and loss they entail, and the misery they cause, the stoppage of a particular industry may create a substitute for the commodity it produces or limit the future demand for it; as would be the case were oil and electricity largely substituted for coal; with the result that coal might be no longer required, or the demand for it be considerably reduced: in such cases fewer workers would be employed, or the works and factories be closed completely. In work of all kinds similar disastrous effects may ensue, or work be postponed indefinitely, as has occurred in the building trade, and others allied to it, resulting in the serious unemployment at present experienced. But perhaps the worst feature of a strike or lock-out is that they create a spirit of antagonism between employers and employed, and strikes continue longer than they ought to do, simply from the combative

spirit created: for when once these last resorts of force occur neither side willingly gives in. In a book by an American, Mr. Sam Crowther, *Why Men Strike*, the author states—

That men strike not only for specific grievances which can be remedied, but also as a result of general mental restlessness, largely stimulated by false economic teaching. Numbers of wage-earners in all countries are obsessed by the crude idea that wages finally come out of the employer's pocket, and that he has large stores of gold locked up in a safe. To such men the idea of a strike presents itself as a proposal for relieving the employer of his superfluous wealth for the benefit of underpaid workers. They rarely get as far as realising that the whole of the employer's wealth, if divided among them, would only make a minute addition to their wages.

These delusions, as Mr. Crowther quite justly and very usefully points out, are due not only to Socialist teaching, but also to the attitude of the less intelligent employers and of many members of the wealthier classes. In particular, he condemns in language none too strong the arrogant tone adopted by members of the comfortable classes towards working men who try to enlarge their standard of comfort by buying pianos or indulging in motor rides. The implication that the wage-earner is always to be content with a low standard of life in order that the wage-payer may have a high one may be well described as a direct incentive to revolutionary action. Another phase of the same attitude is the conduct of certain types of employers whose only conception of reducing the cost of production is to cut down the rate of wages. Their folly is reinforced by that of the Socialist agitator whose patent device for raising wages is to reduce the output of work, and so increase the cost of production. In Mr. Crowther's happy phrase: "Bourbon

and Bolshevik are equally dangerous, and differ mainly in bathing habits and choice of language."

Much as we may desire to make strikes and lock-outs impossible, it seems to me that in the present relations of capital and labour they are inevitable; but they should be regarded as a serious last resort, and every effort should be made to avoid them by a clearer vision, or insight, than is often evinced by the labour leader or the employer. A strike would be justified, for instance, when the work-people were clearly underpaid and the employers ignored, or would not entertain, demands for increased wages. To strike might be the only way for labour to achieve its rights. A lock-out would be justified when wages were so high and "ca' canny" and tantalising stoppages so prevalent that the industry could only be carried on at a loss. In this case, of which, unfortunately, there are possibly many at the present time, the only alternative to the lock-out would be to close down and discontinue the industry altogether. This was strikingly demonstrated by the action of the Yarrow Shipbuilding Company at Scotstoun a few months ago, who announced that—

Owing to repeated strikes, reduction of output and demarcation disputes, the cost of shipbuilding has become excessive, and we have decided temporarily to close our works.

It should, however, be possible to put an end to strikes and lock-outs on the grounds that they result in such gigantic losses, are a menace to society, and cause much unemployment. That strikes are a serious danger to the country was remarkably demonstrated by the evidence of Mr. J. H. Thomas, M.P., in his recent action for libel against *The Communist*. Mr. Thomas, referring to the coal strike, stated that—

This strike had in it all the germs of revolution, and that there

would come a moment when he would have left the movement—when, he said, that it meant bloody revolution and the rest.

Mr. Justice Darling remarked—

It showed how thin was the partition which divided this Trade Union dispute from a dispute which might have become in a moment a bloody revolution.

Arbitration in the ordinary way has failed and there is little possibility of any real progress in industry through it, but compulsory adjudication and settlement by the Government should not be impossible, and the time seems opportune, for both employers and employed are questioning the benefits of strikes and lock-outs. Mr. Hitchins says—

An important step in the right direction had been taken by the Government having given powers to institute an enquiry into any trade dispute and calling witnesses.

At the Trades Union Congress, held in Cardiff last September, an appreciable section decided that the strike weapon is out of date, and that the benefits which it is supposed to produce are not commensurate with the heavy losses which it inevitably entails.

Mr. A. Pugh (London Iron and Steel workers) proposed that adequate machinery should be provided through the Trades Union Congress whereby, in the event of any serious industrial dispute being likely to lead to a stoppage of work, opportunity must be provided for consultation, so that the power of the Labour movement might be brought to bear to obtain an equitable settlement of the dispute without a stoppage of work. He asserted that the present methods of trade unions were out of date, and had no regard to the changed conditions of industry. Not one per cent. of industrial strikes were justified by the results obtained, which were becoming more and more disastrous to the Trade Union movement.

Mr. John Hill (Newcastle Boilermakers) said they wanted some machinery for co-operation between trade unions before a stoppage takes place.

When, in a dispute, employers and employed fail to agree then the Government should step in, hear the claims of both sides, and decide what is fair and equitable, economically sound, and for the benefit, not only of the industry, but for the community. The Government's decision should then be final and binding. It cannot be objected that the Government represents a privileged class only, for it consists of representatives of both capital and labour. At any rate, the committee appointed to settle disputes might have an equal representation, headed by a chairman appointed by both sides. In short, strikes and lock-outs should be made illegal and abolished, for while they continue, disputes become aggravated and no system of profit-sharing can be successful.

There are, of course, three main elements essential to produce a successful industrial concern: capital, management and labour, and all three require encouragement to secure the best results. Capital must have adequate inducements to attract it. Management must be liberally rewarder for the constant thought and brain effort that are essential to all industrial success; and labour should have a larger inducement than it has had in the past to encourage it to that greater effort and keener interest associated only with the capitalist and brain worker. In addition to these three elements there is the employer, who may not necessarily be the capitalist. He, especially in small industries, is a capitalist and manager or brain worker, combined in one individual, usually possessing considerable technical knowledge and practical experience of his craft.

Labour is essential to all industrial development. No raw material is of any use until labour has been applied to it. Most commodities, before they are of any service, pass through many complicated processes, each of which necessitates much complex labour. The fact that nothing

is of any use without labour seems to have given some workers the notion that they should solely benefit by their work and receive all the profits. They forget or ignore the fact that they must be fed, clothed and housed before there can be any result from their labours; and these all require the application of labour upon them. A fund has therefore to be reserved from previous labour to sustain those engaged in future production. This fund is capital, indispensable to all industry, without which no business could be established, or exist, or continue. It not only provides the factory, the plant, the machinery and stock, but also the wages for the workers and the initial expense and outlay essential to start and carry on a business. It is the result of saving, and assists, or makes possible, future production and is entitled to a "living wage," as labour is entitled to a living wage. But what is left over belongs, not to capital alone, "but to both capital and labour in such proportions as fairness and equity and reason shall determine in all cases." In the past capital seems to have received all the benefits of prosperity. The capitalist, as distinct from the employer, generally speaking, is only an investor, simply lending his money, but taking no part in developing a business or influencing its success or its profits. He therefore frequently receives a larger return, in dividends or interest, than he has a right to expect or ought to have. He should be satisfied with a reasonable interest, "a living wage," on his loan and share the profit that remains with those who have been instrumental, by their work, in obtaining it—that is, with the workers, both hand and brain. Capital can no longer monopolise large profits, but must recognise that those who produce them have also a very real claim to participate.

It is essential, however that in order to bring about that mutual interest between capital and labour, that the

capitalist must not be limited to the minimum rate of interest or "living wage" any more than the labourer, but receive with the workers a share in the profits so as to induce him to invest and risk his capital in commercial developments and compensate him for any losses in unsuccessful ventures.

Many industries are, unfortunately, over-capitalised. The history of many business concerns is that an individual or individuals establish an industry. It increases, and is, for various reasons, converted into a limited company. The original proprietors sell this business to the company and receive the value of their factory, plant, machinery, stock, debts and other assets, with which they were able to carry on satisfactorily; but in addition they often receive a large sum for goodwill. The new company is, consequently, saddled with a capital amount which it does not require and pays a large amount in interest, or dividends, upon it. As time goes on, it frequently happens, that more money (or capital) is needed, and further shares are created, usually having preference over those already existing! Now, very often, neither the original goodwill nor the increased capital is really justified and seldom balanced or secured by assets of real value, and to my mind should not be considered as capital, in the strict definition of that term. Capital is usually, I think, divided into two kinds: first, "fixed" capital, represented by buildings, machinery, stock, etc., the value of which could be realised in case of "winding up," and secondly, "circulating" capital, which has not this concrete representation, is necessary to carry on a business, but should be no more than is absolutely essential for that purpose. Capital in an industry should therefore not include money paid for goodwill, or any inflated, or excessive amount in shares in excess of the amount needed or required. The

values of goodwills and excessive or inflated capital is not the same as the fixed and circulating capital. They should be regarded in the nature of a loan or a tax upon the industry, and be paid off or wiped out as speedily as possible. The interest or dividends on them should be limited in amount. The real or essential capital of an industry at any rate should be the only capital considered in any division or share of profits with labour. Many firms that show small, or no profits, would be successful were they not over-burdened and weighed down by the excessive capital created. Large amounts have been paid for goodwills, to the original proprietors of a firm, who retire or withdraw. The management is then often left to less capable successors and the new company is not only taxed with the interest on the amount paid for the goodwill, but with the cost of the new management. The subject of inflated and excessive capital is fully recognised by the Labour Party. At the Trades Union Congress held at Cardiff last September Mr. Ben Tillet, M.P., moved a resolution that—

In view of the large percentage paid on fictitious capital, the company laws being powerless to prevent the misuse of capital, that it be an instruction to the General Council to make a serious enquiry into methods of investment and the inflations of capital.

He said that “Capital had become an international machine.” At a meeting of the Labour Party held in Glasgow last September a member speaking on unemployment said—

The outstanding feature of the last few years was the inflation of capital, the creation of credits, building up mountains and mountains, all bearing interest.

The prejudices of labour against capital seem to me to be largely due to this inflation of capital, rather than against capital itself. At a meeting of the Yorkshire

branch of the Industrial League, Mr. Andrew Daglish, a workmen's official, said—

The objection was not to capital as such—it was obvious that industry could not run without it—but it was in the wrong hands: the hands of the few instead of the many.

Mr. Crowther, the American writer, to whom I before referred, considers that—

A much more hopeful prospect of industrial peace lies in the development of the capitalistic instinct among the wage-earners themselves.

Quoting his own words—

You cannot take away the desire to rail at capital as such unless you destroy the mystery surrounding it. The best way to destroy that mystery is to have every man, woman, and child a capitalist. If there is such a thing as a capitalist class, then let us all be members of it.

He goes on to add, "the great enemy of Bolshevism is the bank account." Mr. Harold Cox states in a review of Mr. Crowther's book—

If the workman is to become a capitalist he must attain that status by his own efforts and on his own responsibilities. The various devices for creating special workmen's shares are only another form of that paternalism which is the principal vice of profit-sharing. The workman must make his own saving in his own way and invest them as he likes, not necessarily in the particular firm for which he is working. If he does invest in that firm he must be on exactly the same footing as other shareholders. The two functions of investor and worker are in fact essentially different, but both are necessary to the maintenance of industry, and happily both can be simultaneously exercised by the same individual. The ideal is that every man should be both a worker and a capitalist. That idea has been almost universally attained by the middle classes; there is no reason why it should not prevail throughout the whole community.

The most extreme Communist is beginning to recognise

that capital cannot be dispensed with, for even were a Government to take its place that Government becomes the capitalist instead of the individuals, and the workers themselves would have to largely subscribe to the Government capital fund. The case of Russia affords a conspicuous example that labour cannot do without capital. Its leaders now recognise this. Lenin, in an article in the *Labour Monthly*, states that Russia "must pass through a stage of State capitalism on its road to Communism," and explains that especially in small industries, the necessity of having large stocks of corn and fuel and to replace the worn-out machinery by new. All this means capital, whether provided by the State or by individuals. That Russia is reverting back to capitalism, by the play of natural forces, is further emphasised by an American, Senator France, who had been some time in Riga. Lenin, Trotsky, and other Soviet leaders, he declares, are now framing their laws accordingly.

By their voice and action in legitimising the seizure of land by the peasants, the Bolchevists have laid a new, and infinitely broader, foundation for the capital they were striving to overthrow. They see that now, and are prepared to act accordingly.

"We want to open our country to foreign capital," declared Tchitcherin in an interview with a special newspaper correspondent.

Capital and labour cannot exist without each other. The one is as important as the other, and any sudden violation of the deep-seated instincts which produced the capitalistic system would lead to disaster. They are both engaged in the successful development of industry and therefore there should be no antagonism between them. On the contrary, there should be a community of interest, a common aim. The workers of the Fiat Motor Works in Italy, during a strike, took possession of the factory and

tried to "carry on" themselves. They failed utterly, and after a few weeks of confusion, riot and bloodshed had to beg their employers and managers to return and resume their leadership and management. There have been cases where employers have offered their businesses to their employees, who wisely refused the offers, knowing, full well, that they could not successfully work them. Where the experiment has been tried the result has, almost without exception, been failure. The choice seems to be between a bureaucratic Government managed method or private enterprise, and the experience of the war period proves that private enterprise is by far the most satisfactory, for almost all Government controlled industries, as we all know, have resulted in extravagance, with consequent loss and the upsetting of the industries interferred with. The withdrawal, or serious diminution, of capital curtails industries and hinders the establishment of new ones: for it is only when capital is abundant that the investment in new ventures will be risked to any large extent. When there is any shortage of capital, large interest is demanded and obtained, just as when there is a plentiful supply it can be obtained on lower terms—a reason why it is in the interest of the workman to assist in the accumulation of capital. The cost of the war has caused a tremendous loss in the amount of the capital of the country which would otherwise have been available for industrial purposes at a low rate of interest. This shortage is possibly the cause of much unemployment and will ultimately result in reduced wages.

In considering profit-sharing—a subject that has for its object the improvement of the relations between capital and labour—the first essential seems, obviously, to devise some scheme that will be advantageous, and for the benefit of both. This will be best attained by a mutual

interest in the profits of the particular industry in which they are both concerned; as is evidenced by the many schemes advocated and adopted, of which the settlement in the coal strike of last year is a conspicuous example. This settlement was practically determined on the profit-sharing plan and is probably the largest scheme in existence, for it is not confined to one colliery only, but to practically the whole industry. The result may prove disappointing if there are no profits, and consequently there are none to divide. The working of the scheme is being watched with interest. In a profit-sharing scheme the employer is usually quite clear in his reasons for adopting it. If his workpeople are interested in the profits he anticipates greater efficiency, keenness, interest and economies for which he is willing to pay. It is simply a business proposition, to secure greater prosperity and larger profits. The aim is not philanthropic or to provide a "soothing syrup" for what is called labour unrest. He knows, as every employer of labour knows, that very large sums are lost through carelessness, inefficiency, lack of interest, and lost time. He deplores all this waste and hopes that by sharing the profits with his employees he will to a large extent, if not altogether, put an end to it.

Though manifesting a restless and ambitious discontent, the worker is not so optimistic, but rather the reverse. He is obsessed by a long-standing prejudice, and the conviction that if the employer benefits he must necessarily lose. Labour has, therefore, to be educated and convinced that he benefits proportionately, with the capitalist and the employer, by sharing in the profits, which will allow him, while earning a normal wage, to receive in addition what may be termed an appreciable over-wage and thus reward him for the share he has taken in securing the profits, toward the obtaining of which his

labour has contributed. But a new element is now generally recognised by employers, and that is the human side of business and industry. As Lord Leverhulme states—

And this new departnre can only come evolutionally from the man at the top—by the adoption of a wise statesmanlike policy on the part of the employers and managers who control our industries. If this is not possible of achievement from the men at the top, then it will come like a destructive, uncontrolled volcanic upheaval, revolutionally, from the man at the bottom. Our great assurance that all will go wisely and well is to be found in the fact that both masters and men are in the twentieth century becoming more and more concerned with the human side of business, and less wholly absorbed in the machine.

Before adopting any profit-sharing scheme it is essential, therefore, to foster a more considerate spirit and to get rid of old prejudices on both sides. To create a confidence that can only result from mutual respect and trust. There must, in Emerson's words, be no "attempt at halfness, or good for me that is not good for him." The feeling of distrust so palpable in many negotiations of the past—the impression that one side was watching every opportunity to gain some advantage over the other—must end. This feeling was very one-sided, but now the Labour leaders are so able, skillful and know their subject so thoroughly that employers require all their wits to keep pace with them and hold their own. The old idea, of the Capitalist, that he should be the sole "beneficaire" of prosperity must give way to a more considerate spirit, so that it will not be forced upon the worker to fight for his share, to which he is justly entitled, by having to strike for increased wages.

It is equally essential that the new labour claims, which practically amount to labour receiving all the

profits, be disposed of, and still more, the extreme labour demand, that the workers should receive even more than the profits of an industry.

“ This theory that an industry can live on somebody or something else than its own hard work, progressive methods and financial soundness,” is absurd, and in the end would prove disastrous. Lord Leverhulme stated at the meeting of the Worlds Service Exhibition that—

Subsidies were pernicious and only meant the destruction of all business. The country could only pay subsidies to particular trades so long as other trades were able to carry on, and pay their excess of taxation and can hold their own against competitors in more fortunate countries not similarly handicapped.

Even when large profits are realised in a particular industry it does not follow that a permanent increase of wages is justified, the profits may only be temporary, but it does seem fair and equitable that the workers should participate, in common with the capitalist, in this temporary prosperity that they help to realise. This share in prosperity has been a common cry of labour during the past few years, though often much more than a fair share was demanded, and then, not in the form of a bonus, which would automatically end in unprofitable years, but by increased permanent wages, which once given are very difficult to reduce without trouble, as by a lock-out or strike. The mistaken idea of labour seems to have been that the bubble prosperity during the war period would continue; and the workers are now faced with the unpleasant fact that a reduction of wages seems inevitable, or, there will be no wages at all and unemployment will not only continue, but increase. The worker generally ignores the fact that he is not the only employee receiving payment for his services. “ The organisers or managers are also entitled to payment: it is on their brain power that

success largely depends," and "the man who provides the machinery is as much entitled to payment for the service his capital renders as the man who provides the labour, and both stand to gain if the product is increased, because there will be more to divide."

In schemes of participation of profits by capital and labour there appear to be three methods or main divisions: Profit sharing; payment by results; co-partnership.

Though the combination of two, or the three, may be adopted in one industry or business concern, profit sharing provides that the workers receive, in addition to the standard rate of wages, a share in the final profits of a business.

"Payment by results" is, I think, generally understood to be the sharing of the profits on one particular job by the workers employed upon it. As, for instance, in the erection of a building where the contractor has calculated to pay £10,000 to labour. The workmen are informed that should the amount paid in wages on the completion of the work be less than this £10,000, the difference will be distributed proportionately among them as a bonus. If the wages only amounted to £9,000, then £1,000 would be paid to them.

"Co-partnership" goes further. It involves that the worker accumulates his share of profits, or part thereof, in the capital of the business, thus gaining the ordinary rights and responsibilities of a shareholder; or co-partnership certificates may be created and distributed among employees, who would then receive dividends in common with other shareholders, after such shareholders have been paid a minimum rate of interest in dividends. In profit-sharing schemes all employees should participate and be encouraged to save, so as to be able to meet any special expense and to provide for old age. To be acceptable it

should not interfere with existing conditions of either the employer or employed. Many schemes have failed because their object has been to interfere with the freedom of the workman in preventing him from remaining in, or joining, his union, or from leaving his employers, compelling him to invest his share of profits or part of it with the firm by whom he is employed, and other kinds of unfair conditions.

Failure has also been due to want of appreciation or apathy, on the part of the employee, and real interest has only been evinced in the case of foremen and others occupying positions of trust or leadership. Schemes have been abandoned through trade depression, resulting in there being no profits to divide. Workmen generally do not understand this, but expect a share once given, as permanent, an annual reward or bonus.

A profit-sharing scheme to be attractive to the workers ought to ensure a large sum for distribution, but, unfortunately, this would not always be forthcoming, because many industries show very variable profits. Even a considerable amount would only yield a comparatively small sum to each individual. To be appreciated by the employee it should produce at least ten per cent. on his wages. Anything less than this has been found insufficient to yield good results. It must be substantial in order to weigh with the workman as against demands for increased wages, and encourage him to greater interest and enthusiasm in his work. The worker, however, should recognise that there will always be periodic times of depression, when little or no profits are made, and be content when there are none to divide. The present serious trade depression in almost all industries will test many profit-sharing concerns.

Perhaps the chief opponents to profit-sharing and co-

partnership schemes are the workers themselves, or rather the extreme element who view them with distrust and suspicion. In a discussion on the subject at a conference of the Social Democratic Federation on August 1st last they were referred to as frauds generally promoted to avoid industrial disturbances.

Comrade T. Kennedy opened a discussion on "The Co-partnership and Profit-sharing frauds." Profit sharing schemes, he said, were generally promoted to avoid industrial disturbance. Fortunately in the past the workers had been sufficiently astute to avoid the pitfall prepared for them. No scheme of co-partnership would get over the fundamental antagonism between employers and employed, and Social Democrats must retain their uncompromising opposition to profit-sharing and the appointment of workers on boards of directors, realising that such a thing would create a conservative tendency among the workers, and would undoubtedly be harmful from the point of view of industrial organisation. Guild Socialism, too, had misled many people who ought to have known better. It was reactionary and cut athwart the Social Democrat conception of social production for social purposes.

There was little discussion, and the executive was instructed to prepare a leaflet or manifesto on the subject.

Another form of objection, from the capitalist side, is that so many schemes have failed. Last year a Government Report was issued on profit-sharing schemes in the United Kingdom. Mr. Harold Cox, in commenting on this subject, stated—

Out of 380 schemes that had been started up to October, 1919, only 182 survived. Many of these surviving schemes were still quite young. Their chance of life, if we may judge by the record of their predecessors, are very small. Out of 194 schemes, started before the present century began, only 36 were surviving in 1920.

The reason for these failures is not far to seek. In reality profit-sharing is, from the very start, economically unsound. It is, as Mr. Crowther puts it, a form of disguised charity. In the large majority of industrial undertakings the extra industry of the manual worker has far less effect on the final balance sheet than

the skill of the commercial branch of the concern in buying and selling at the right time at the right price. Therefore, to give the workman a share of the profits is to give him something he has not himself earned. In practice workpeople who receive a share of profits look upon it, not as a reward of their merit, but as manna dropped from heaven. They often spend their anticipated bonus even before it is paid to them, and they regard it as an obligation of the firm to pay the bonus even if there are no profits. According to Mr. Crowther American experience shows that on the average only 20 per cent. of industrial concerns make a profit in any given year; the idea of profit-sharing under such conditions is an obvious absurdity. Based upon a fiction, it is bound to end in failure.

These objections do not seem to me very convincing. "Comrade Kennedy" condemns himself. He says, "Profit-sharing schemes are promoted to avoid industrial disturbance." Surely the very thing we want to avoid. The capitalist objection of Mr. Crowther, that they are "economically unsound" and "a form of disguised charity," is hardly correct. If profits are partly due to the efforts of labour, then the worker, by participating, is only sharing in what he has contributed to produce, and there is no economical unsoundness or charity about it—the workers having earned their share.

The ideal scheme of profit-sharing supported by many, perhaps most of its advocates, is that every man should be both a worker and a capitalist. This is co-partnership, the principal of participation "by the wage-earners in industry by which they not only share profits, but also hold shares in the capital of the concern in which they are employed. In this way they share the losses too." The workman must be allowed to make his own investments, but surely it is a good thing if some of them are in the business in which he is engaged. He should be encouraged to thrift and to save and invest, not necessarily in the

business in which he is engaged, but also in any other concerns. In some firms it is common to issue employees' shares by which the worker suffers some restrictions; but he should be placed on the same footing as any other shareholder and have no difficulty in realising if he desires to invest in anything else, or buy his house, get married, or incur any other liability or start business on his own account.

The advantage of saving would soon be demonstrated to him by the growing dividends or interest, and be of great benefit to him in his old age or to his widow and children in case of death.

The encouragement and interests of the employer and the capitalist have also to be considered as well as the employee. When the employer is also the capitalist he should be encouraged to develop and bring his work to a successful issue, and must receive, in addition to interest on his capital, an adequate remuneration, but having attained it should share the remaining profits with his employees. In a limited company it is different. Instead of the employer there are directors, managers and others who also receive fixed remunerations. They would naturally be included in the profit-sharing and co-partnership scheme, have all the privileges, and be on a proportionate footing with other employees—hand or brain workers. The case of the capitalist who simply invests his money is different. He does nothing to make the business a success or influence the profit in any way, but frequently receives a larger share of the profits than he deserves, and certainly does not earn, at the expense of the workers. The interest or share dividend of the investor should therefore be limited to a minimum rate and the remaining profit shared proportionately with labour. Prof. Muir recently stated that—

In Limited Companies the shareholders are given a security and an advantage which justifies the limitation of the dividend or interest compared with the old styles of business which suffered greater risks.

It has been suggested from the labour side that the standard rate should be fixed at, say, five per cent, or the Bank rate, and that all profit after this fixed rate is paid should be divided among the employees. For the workman to receive all these profits seems to me as unfair as for the capitalist to receive them. The arrangement would be unjust to the capitalist and certainly offer no inducement for him to invest his money in industrial enterprises, and cover him for the risks to which all business ventures are subject.

To the capitalist the sharing of profits might appear that he was acting the philanthropist and giving away what he himself was justly entitled to, on the ground that the business would never have been created or carried on without his capital. Very little consideration is needed to destroy this fallacy. Capital is, of course, essential, but so is labour. Without it capital would be impotent and of no account. But the point is, would capital lose anything in the "long run"? Undoubtedly larger profits would be realised in consequence of the workers being interested in making them, so that though the capitalist appears to give away a considerable sum, his share in the increased profits might compensate him for his apparent generosity, and he would still receive what he anticipated on a non-profit sharing plan, and in addition, to some extent at least, be insured against loss, in consequence of the workers being as interested as he is in the prosperity of the business.

Though profit-sharing schemes are open to many difficulties I can conceive no better or fairer method of avert-

ing great industrial troubles and securing an improved relationship between capital and labour. Labour in the future will not be content solely with a living wage, but will always demand a fair share in the profits resulting from the joint contribution of both, after capital has received a reasonable interest. Profit-sharing enables this to be done automatically. By it the interests of both capital and labour seem identical. The labourer receives the standard rate of wages, or a "living wage." Capital receives a minimum rate of interest or a "living wage." The remaining profit is divided proportionately between them. Over and above this economic business arrangement, however, there must be a more humane and sympathetic interest on both sides than is common in most business relations. Then the basis of goodwill and harmonious working will be securely laid, and given such ground, a well thought out scheme of profit-sharing should not only be beneficial, to both capital and labour, but do something towards ending the present antagonism between them and bringing nearer that consummation devoutly to be wished—"Industrial Peace."

PHILOSOPHICAL ASPECTS OF SENTIMENT.

By BERTRAM B. BENAS,
PRESIDENT.

SENTIMENT has brought us together. Certainly it is sentiment which has helped to place me in my present position as your President. You have recognised, I feel, a sentiment on my part of affection for the Society, of pride in its traditions, of faith in its purpose—furthermore, you have, with a tender sympathy, observed that this presidential office possesses for me the closest personal memories, an intimate sentiment. I share with you the recollection of its tenure by many valued friends. You, either through record or by experience, share with me the memory of its tenure by my father.

My father brought me first to the Society before my school days—long before I was eligible for membership—but if I was ineligible for election, I was being prepared for candidature. I was brought up in the intellectual faith of the Literary and Philosophical Society—brought up in the belief that the aims it sought were of the things that really mattered—that its barter of thought and ideas constituted a Stock Exchange in which all transactions resulted in profit—where, to paraphrase a sentence of our centennial historian, a late and honoured predecessor (Mr. Hampden Jackson), “we learned and unlearned”—where, to recall Robert Louis Stevenson citing the words of a Belgian, after being “employed over frivolous mercantile concerns during the day, in the evening we found some hours for the serious concerns of life.”

This contrast of the material and the spiritual exchange

is a recovery, rather than a discovery, in the pages of Stevenson. Allowing for the higher colouring of the imagery of the Orient, the same idea runs through an epilogue read at the close of each Talmudical tractate—it is a thank-offering that the lot of the scholar has been cast among those that dwell in the houses of learning, and not amongst the occupants of the markets. They (the scholars) arise early, and so do the men on 'change. The scholars arise to the words of learning, the others to the words of vanity. The scholars strive and the men on 'change strive. But the scholars receive their reward, while the men on 'change strive in vain. The scholars pursue the imperishable, while the men on 'change pursue the perishable.

We may remember the happy lines* which seek to express the Oxford outlook—

No room is here for loud material clatter,
Thought, mind, ideas, these are the things that matter.

But the early Talmudists, like those of to-day, realised that action as well as thought was necessary, and they laid it down that an "excellent thing was learning when combined with some worldly occupation"†—an Hebraic parallel to the Aristotelian

ἐνέργεια ψυχῆς κατ' ἀρετὴν ἀρίστην
ἐν βίῳ τελείῳ.

perfect realisation of the true soul and self in a complete life—the active life of a rational being.‡ So that the ideal Talmudist was at once a man of action, as well as of thought, at home in the workshop or in the open as in the House of Learning, just as the ideal philosopher of

* *Everyman's Education*, by C. Myles Mathews and Wilfred C. Mathews. *Morality Play.*

† *Pirké Abo:h.*, II, 2. ‡ *Eth. Nic.*, I, 7, 14.

Aristotle was the complete citizen. The spheres were complementary, not antithetical—and such an ideal inspired William Roscoe, pre-eminent among our spiritual founders, who had grouped around him those who felt that these ancient ideals—which in different forms had found such rich expression in the old-time Italian city states and the guild craftsmen in Central Europe—should be realised in Liverpool—and Athenaeum, Literary and Philosophical Society, and Royal Institution are monuments of their own building. Of these foundations, our Society has been perhaps the most active—the Athenaeum has given us books, the Royal Institution a home, but to our Society has been entrusted the handing on of the humanist tradition by creative effort.

The members of the Society were as members of a "Collegium"—a college—which ante-dated, as often, the "Universitas"—the Royal Institution. The members of the Council were the Fellows or the Benchers, and every year or alternate year one was elected its President. Graduation in this Society was felt to be in reality a Degree, and election to its Council a Fellowship, and to be chosen its President a Prize which, in the realm of Liverpool spheres of things of the mind, was valued deeply and widely.

Like philosophy itself, its progress made for ramification and the Society has a large family of descendants.

Those of us who were scientists and had a benevolent leaning in favour of the humanities, and those of us who were humanists, and humanists all the time, held firmly with Virgil—

Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,

as Matthew Arnold turned it, "He was happy, if to know causes of things."

Our register—the monumental rolls compiled by Mr. Hampden Jackson—gives us a record of the members of our Society—a record in wealth of biographical detail unique in its completeness. But that record is not merely for us. It will form the indispensable source from which the future historian of Liverpool as a centre of cultivated thought and trained endeavour must necessarily and thankfully draw.

An admirable map of the intellectual territory we have explored during the first 100 years of our 111 years of activity is available in the profoundly interesting Centenary Index. If you will scan that map you will see what areas we have covered, in some cases covered over again, in not a few cases discovered. But we can also, if we scan closely and with vigilance, endeavour to find some tract of land still open to the explorer—not an easy task to find a “terra nova” on the map, still less so, to carry out the expedition. But nothing ventured, nothing done.

I believe I have discovered an uninhabited place, so far as our map of the territory shows, and I am going to peg out a claim. It is the territory of Sentiment. Many have, no doubt, skirted upon its boundaries—have even looked around—but have returned to the main road. Not that I would suggest that sentiment has left them alone. They were all Literary and Philosophical men and women and to be of the “Literary and Philosophical” is to be of those of whom each can say with whole heart, “*Humani nihil a me alienum puto.*” And sentiment is of the essence of humanity.

But they have been perhaps somewhat frightened, somewhat shy, of sentiment. Greatly daring, I take it as the theme of my presidential address, viewing it from this place from a philosophical aspect, so far as my vision enables me.

I make no attempt to define "Sentiment"—I could, of course, make the well-known gesture, the last resort of an examination candidate when at his wit's end to answer a question, and say that "definition belongs to the end of knowledge and not the beginning"—a convenient and ever-blessed escape—not unknown even to technical writers in the various arts and sciences—but I do endeavour to justify my reluctance to define sentiment—for it is my fervent belief that sentiment cannot be defined—definition is the very negation of sentiment—and the proof of the pudding is in the eating thereof. Sentiment never comes to a full stop—never ends—never says good-bye—is immortal—lives on very actively—is existent from the beginning of things, coming down to us in the form of what we include under the term "tradition." "Tradition and life" form the fountain-head of the real, the true sentiment—whose waters, like the everlasting torrents, shall flow on quenching yet unquenchable "until time shall be no more."

The sight of beautiful waterfalls prompts the thought that these have been going on for all time—the eternal urge to rhythm, to vitality, to movement—and sentiment urges to vitality with rhythmic movement. Like those waters, it rushes down in torrents to slake the thirsts of countless generations, to fill the rivers, to water the lands and to help the work of the annual miracle of spring—and yet "though all the rivers run into the sea, the sea is not full," the Hebrew thinker of Ecclesiastes tells us. Nor can humanity be so filled with sentiment that it need no more—like the sea, rivers of it cannot give it too much of the living waters. A new reading can be given to his words, "The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing." It is the heart of humanity which is ever hungering, and sentiment, to change the metaphor, is the

one manna from heaven which is its imperishable food—perishable alone when the material minded hoard it instead of renewing it daily. How beautiful, too, is the imagery of its retained sweetness over the Day of Rest—that the Day of Rest shall have its due measure of “sweetness and light”—that “sweetness and light,” sentiment, the heavenly gift, shall be no mere aftermath of the day’s labour, but that a whole day shall be lived when labour and toil and winning matter shall not be all in all, but that there shall be the heaven—sent gift abounding, and life shall consist of the sheer joy of living, of happy thought, of inspiration, of communion with reality.

Try to define sentiment by any process and you will find it indefinable. You know full well that what gladdens and heartens you cannot be described, although there can be any number of attempts at depicting the outward manifestations. A view of King’s College, Cambridge, in the moonlight, All Souls at Oxford in the full flush of a summer sunset, the promise of spring in the Temple Gardens, a May morning in Lincoln’s Inn, a rainbow over the Dee by the Welsh Hills, a David Cox vista where the three rivers meet and the counties of Carnarvon and Denbigh stand by, a Turner sundown viewed from our Lancashire sands by the neighbouring shore, some dance rhythm or march-step which alters the beat of your pulse, the sound of a trumpet, the glint of an eye, the music of a voice or the trill of a laugh—every one of them speaks in a language which, like music itself, is a universal language. It is the mother-tongue called sentiment, common to all humanity. That mother-tongue can become the cultivated exponent of the most subtle and delicate thoughts, or, undeveloped or misdeveloped, can be the vehicle of the sudden ejaculations characteristic of untutored mankind. Yet, again, turn

that mother-tongue over to the grammarians and we shall get nouns and adjectives and verbs and adverbs and all the parts of speech—but the dove of poetry will have flown from the ark.

Let me take an illustration from the art nearest to me. Nothing is more fascinating and yet more baffling than the pursuit of the theory of music. Musical analysis—the technique of it—is well within the reach of anyone devoted to it. But you only reach the means thereby—never the actual message. There is, for instance, a very beautiful chord on the sub-dominant of the relative minor. Converted melodically into its component notes, it has a particularly heart-reaching effect. Hear it, and then recline, I hope, with satisfaction that it is a chord on the sub-dominant of the relative minor. It is a very good thing to know, and a still better thing, after knowing it, to send it back to the harmony book and revel in beauty for beauty's sake. It is important to know that the rolling eloquence of Lucretius is cast in the form of Hexameters, but it is much better to realise that Lucretius made the Hexameters, and not the Hexameters Lucretius.

To cultivate the mind that the heart shall enjoy the more fully is a noble exercise—to cultivate the mind and leave the heart untouched is to make of humanity ready reckoners, directories, dictionaries, encyclopædias—none of which, like faith, can bring forth new hope—and faith is a venture just over the horizon of reason—and there can hardly be any faith whose roots are not watered by springs from the fountain-head of sentiment.

Most of us are much more full of sentiment, more actuated by sentiment, than many of us care to admit. Our reluctance to admit the fact is partly due to the mischief caused in this and in other matters by question-begging epithets. Sentiment as a valued force in life has

been heavily discounted by the adjective sentimental, and more so by the abstract noun sentimentality. But in considering sentiment, remember that there is no merit nor quality in the world which by a like process cannot suffer a degree of discount. Question-begging epithets, like portmanteau words, put a premium upon mental inertia and lead to the adoption of ready-made ideas, and, like much ready-made clothing, very often fit badly. Let us be candid and admit that sentiment is a vast and a powerful factor in our thoughts and actions, and, my submission is, rightly directed, the essence of humanity.

If we try to disclaim sentiment our actions belie us. When we devote ourselves to the service of faith we deck our places of worship, each in its own way, with the symbols of sweetness and light—we entwine around them the emblems of sentiment. When we wish to do honour, to please anyone, we offer that which appeals to their sentiments—we greet them with music, with flowers, with poetry, or eloquence in prose, or we give them products of the plastic arts—in other words, we tender them Beauty—beauty of form or matter or manner, so that when we exalt cold reason or asceticism or hardness we are either inconsistent in our tributes to others—do we offer them as gifts illustrations of these ideals?—or we are inconsistent in our philosophy. The ceremonial occasions of life are so many symphonies of sentiment—sentiment is their life, their very being—from the coronation of a king to the wedding of a peasant. Our association of sentiment with these ceremonies is the fullest testimony to the place which sentiment occupies in the soul of humanity. But these events serve but to crown sentiment—not to confine it.

A capacity for enjoyment is the real test of the appreciation of life. There is one kind of wealth in abundance in the world which lies before our feet and above our heads

if we have the vision to behold it. It is to be found in the quest for things of the heart, of imagination, everywhere. The life of organised fellowship, represented in our oldest universities and in the Inns of Court, was decked throughout in a rich garb of sentiment. Go to Oxford and to Cambridge and see scholarship and wisdom set amid all the beauty which wrought stone, trim garden and stained glass can set forth. The finely-adjusted college loyalties, inspired and maintained by an unescapable heraldry, spell sentiment, like the chimes peal it from tower to tower. Leave the busy Strand and Fleet Street and go down Middle Temple Lane, and enter into the domains of the Bar of England, where legal learning has reigned supreme for centuries. There amid the splash of the fountains, stands the venerable Inn of the Middle Temple with its gardens and dream-laden trees, its rows of quadrangular courts of chambers, a veritable oasis of inspiration—the inspiration of thought and culture and tradition—set amid pathways of beauty and peace, an oasis but a few yards from the hurly-burly of material life. Flowers, music, the play, the dance, all in due season have found here, as in the other Inns of Courts, a home—a home for the graces of life; to quote Ben Johnson, “the noblest nurseries of humanity and liberty in the kingdom.” A few steps brings you to the sister Inn, the Inner Temple, and beyond the boundary the Thames flows on in its imperturbable continuity. Leaving the Temple area, and on the other side of the desert of traffic, lies Lincoln’s Inn, the home of the Chancery Bar, a serene oasis, matched by Gray’s Inn, the other of the Barristers’ London homes, a restful beauty spot, tucked away behind the roar of Holborn’s highway.

No one can reasonably suppose that it is mere accident that these Inns have from olden times housed some of

England's greatest poets and men of letters, of those who have practised the art of life and not only the science of law. No one can reasonably suppose that the Benchers, the legal heads of these Honourable Societies, have regarded such men as anomalous, and not of the very essence of the Inns. As Maitland observed, "The Inns of Court are the most purely English of all English institutions and the influence they exercised over the current of our national life could not easily be over-rated." Those of us who have been privileged to belong to these stately homes of Englishry know that sentiment is something which has made the English Bar what it is in English life—the sentiment of humanism which the Inns of Court express and impress upon all who come under their influence. Our circuit messes develop the sentiment of comradeship, and thus the cold reasonings and disputations of the law are warmed by the genial sentiments of tradition and fellowship. Two French terms, "camaraderie" and "esprit de corps," express characteristics of army life which are nothing if not sentiment consciously raised to a principle—and those of us who have had associations with the nautical world know what sentiments attach to a ship and to a crew—how a life at sea exercises an imperishable fascination. Organised fellowship begets sentiments of loyalty and whole strata of these loyalties may be possessed by one who has belonged to school, college, University, Inn of Court, or unit in the Navy or Army, or, taking other spheres, City, Borough, County, Society, Club.

Given tradition or eager aspiration and a setting of beauty, the sentiment will be self-impressive—the entity will impress of its own strength. But when not so endowed or favoured the sentiment must be cultivated, if it is to exist and flourish. It is here where we need the

capacity to discover the richness in sentiment which life presents to us at every turn, if we are only alert enough, eager enough, sensitive enough to draw of its riches.

To value sentiment at its real worth, to see its possibilities for good, to appreciate the blankness of existence in its absence, it is necessary to reflect upon the great enigmas of human life on earth.

We are such stuff as seafarers are made of and our little voyage is rounded off by a harbour. We call at ports and view the scenes and dance on board and make merry dalliance. We are very critical of this and very critical of that—but when we pause to think, the ship and all aboard are a speck on the ocean, and when that speck has floated its course we and our baggage will disembark and take our places in the custom house, passports ready, and go through the turnstile of a new territory. The one thing that is more difficult to rationalise than the *being* of humanity is its *passing*. Spirituality alone solves the problem, more by faith than by thought, more by hope than by reason—by the trustful heart rather than the questioning mind. The desire to “cast one long lingering look behind” upon “the warm precincts of the cheerful day” is testimony to the belief that humanity, made in the Divine image, has, like its Maker, seen everything that has been made “and behold it was very good.” The philosophy of Gray’s Elegy, as Dr. Johnson said, “abounds with images which find a mirror in every mind and with sentiments to which every bosom can return an echo.” How necessary it is for enjoying the possession of life to reflect upon its nature. In order to value possession we must contemplate dispossession. Youth is so conscious of possession that it cannot envisage its deprival—and we carry that right on into later life until at some given

moment our certitude comes to a halt by a loss. Then we make a real account of the estate of our departed—a real valuation of what they were—and the account we present to our own hearts and minds. Our whole method of calculation has altered—it cures us of talking of “passing the time.” Passing the time? What would we not give to get back some of it! Passing the time? Are we so certain that we have such a large stock of it that we can throw it away? Modern life tends to strengthen still more our fragile certitude. We think of life in terms of trains. We shall go by the 5.20 and come back to-morrow by the 5.55—all being well, we will—and in our hurry to catch the train we have no time for our fellows because, of course, we shall see them to-morrow or next week. But can we be certain? The train will come back perhaps—but shall we be travellers? It is when we lose (if only even temporarily) that we can measure our gains—and by even temporary loss we can learn to value the inspiration of sentiment. I travel away from those dear to me—and each mile is a conscious distancing which can be felt. I return, and as each mile brings me nearer I feel a different movement, a gladdening, heartening movement. How much richer, how much more generous, is life made by the conscious experience of these feelings, these emotions? And each distancing makes one the more eager to make the most of the nearing, the welcome meeting, the presence, the re-union. We never perhaps fully value what we have until we have not—loss is the real measure of possession. Let us value what we have—let us remember that every loss was once a possession. To value what we have to the full, sentiment, cultivated and well directed, is the key. “What is our life” says Lamartine in the *Méditations Poétiques*, “but a series of preludes to that unknown song whose first solemn note is sounded by death?” But

he promptly adds: "Love forms the enchanted dawn of every existence."*

Some of us will recollect that noble "Symphonic Poem" of Liszt called, after this Meditation, "Les Préludes," from which the composer derived its inspiration.

How can we enjoy life to the full, enjoy by giving as well as by getting, if we leave sentiment for to-morrow, for next time? "*Pallida mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas regumque turres.*" "Pale death with impartial foot comes knocking at the huts of the poor and the palaces of kings." But these lines of Horace can be read in the light of a saying of Herbert Tree: "It is death which opens the door to love." And the value which these writers would have us derive from the contemplation of *loss* is the greater appreciation of *possession*; the contemplation of *passing* should give us a deeper appreciation of *being*. For as Solomon sang in his song, "Love is strong as death"—"many waters cannot quench it—neither can the floods drown it." We can get all of this philosophy reviewed in anticipation. We can find it in Ecclesiastes with its humanity edged by a comforting note of spirituality lacking in the post-Biblical quotations I have just cited. Ecclesiastes, looked at from the standpoint of literature, is not a book, but a whole philosophy—a synthesis of the ideals of Hebraism, tintured by currents characteristic of Hellenic thought at its best and with notes anticipatory of much that is noblest in Latin culture. We are bidden to remember that there is a time for everything—that "the light is sweet and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun"; to remember "the days of darkness (XI, 7, 8), and "that He hath made everything beautiful

* "Notre vie est-elle autre chose qu'une série de Préludes à ce chant, inconnu dont la mort entonne la première et solennelle note? L'amour forme l'aurore enchantée de toute existence."

in its time," and "that there is nothing better than to rejoice and to get pleasure so long as they live (III, 11, 12). Guided by the ethical teachings of the whole book these pleasures will be ennobling—with a leaning towards the joys of the earth, of the joys of simple, wholesome life. The more cultivated is the sense of sentiment the more can we extract pure joy from all around us.

We need an extension of much that is spontaneous in the child heart right into later life. I recall with no regret, when as a child being taken to London, an ardent desire to thank the engine driver for having brought us there. I believe if my fellow-travellers and I had the courage to do so to-day—and we have not—we should do something to bring a better spirit between labour and the rest of society.* The incident was brought vividly before my mind when on holiday in Wales. I was travelling on the route of a single line of railway and at a wayside station the engine driver slipped and sprained his foot. We had to wait at the station until another driver walked from the previous station, since, owing to the safety regulations, no other engine could bring him on the single line. The injured driver was placed on a seat and bore his evident pain with stoic cheerfulness. When the new driver arrived our train proceeded on its journey and all of us in our corridor observation car, as we passed our incapacitated friend, raised a tremendous cheer. The poor man, forgetful of his pain, was wreathed in smiles and gave us a splendid salute. A slight incident, I admit, but very meaningful. He was then not a "labour man" and we "capitalists" or "exploiters" or "shareholders" or "passengers"—we

* Since writing the above my attention has been called to an illustrated poster, issued by the Great Western Railway, depicting a passenger shaking hands with the engine-driver, adding, "A splendid run! Thank you .

were all just *humanity*—we just wanted to make each other as happy as possible—an object which should be in the “memorandum of association” of every human company—the greatest “object clause” which we frequently forget. Such incidents in practice are often more helpful than any amount of economic theorising—for heart can readily move when head cannot convince.

We are at times too neglectful of the inspiration of the highways and by-ways—they are highways and by-ways full of sentiment as of humanity and of nature. Read, for instance, Dixon Scott’s *Liverpool*, and awaken to the romance and glamour of our own city. Each page evokes a thought of some street, some corner, some building, some vista. Each of these are linked with memories, impressions, emotions,—ideas. They stand for more than what they appear. They live. We are the better for the richer life we derive from these experiences. I have two books in my library which testify that there is glamour everywhere if we have eyes of the heart—a heart’s eye as well as a mind’s eye—one is called *The Glamour of Oxford* and the other *The Glamour of Manchester*. There is plenty of glamour in Manchester, if we see through the smoke the ideal of aspiration and betterment which have made the Owens’ College, the several libraries, and the Hallé Orchestra memorable institutions throughout the world, and as for the glamour of Oxford, I can envisage quite clearly the type of mind that exists which it escapes, the type which on beholding Magdalen Tower, would consider the feasibility of installing a lift or a semaphore system to direct the traffic at Carfax. As for me, I am on the side of the Angels, and I prefer to be uplifted in Magdalen walks than to be lifted up to Magdalen Tower.

Our pilgrimages when we visit places of historic interest often testify to the supreme appeal of sentiment.

Intimate personal associations will naturally predominate—but after their demands have been satisfied we go not where mind dictates but where heart directs. Magdalen and All Souls at Oxford insistently call—Magdalen, by the beautiful setting in its cloistered detachment, and All Souls by the spell of its own beauty and the associations of its treasured fellowship. When at Cambridge, is it to the laboratories that the visitor in search of the Cambridge atmosphere betakes himself? By all accounts the road to Cambridge's Magdalene—the “love of a little college,” as a Cambridge writer terms it—has become the pilgrim's path since its Master, Dr. A. C. Benson, has recorded that mellow view of life gained *From a College Window*. I admit that Downing drew me because it was the home of Maitland. Not just because Maitland was a learned jurist. That is only one facet. It was because Maitland linked *law* with *life*, made of the study of English law a warm-hearted, *human* study—because he clothed the dry bones of legalism with the sinews and flesh of human life, because, in the words of the late Master of Balliol* “behind the writer and thinker there was the man.” At the home where that beautiful nature spent its busy life of inspiration, at the home of Maitland the humanist, the artist, whom the law claimed but never monopolised, there one caught something of the sentiment that gives law its essential humanity. And then all roads lead to Grantchester, which Rupert Brooke has made immortal. Mr. Birrell has charmingly told us that Cambridge boasts its pre-eminence in poets, told so many of us who have thought of it as a place of Wranglers. “King's” speaks its own message—a message eloquent in its easeful certitude—a message of rich tradition in humanist fellowship and ever active aspiration. There is

* A. L. Smith.

no part which has not the "magic of place," to borrow the happy paraphrase of Herbert Coleridge Watson.

The recent publication of a set of views of our own University must have given to many a realised appreciation of the "magic of place," of the call of "Alma Mater," of "Domus"—of the halo which humanity can confer. One recalls the request of a classical scholar at Oxford to accompany him over his old college, unvisited since his graduation—the place was charged to the full with the emotions of an earlier day—the safety valve of companionship was necessary—a protective alliance to meet the unescapable pressure of memories.

Sentiment does not take kindly to solitude, although solitude is often provocative of sentiment. Sentiment is associational—essentially attachable.

The passionate appeal of the sound of any historic language, of a city, of a town, of a village, is this short-hand transcribed to the speech of life. The pulling down of an old building has a pathos all its own—and a ruin has a moving eloquence. There is encouragement in the flag flying, and the last day's service of an old worker is a day instinct with a vivid feeling. There is a conscious fellowship in a crowd, for one hearty laugh or lump in the throat makes the whole world kin.

The appeal of the Arts forms another testimony of sentiment's power. Music, architecture, sculpture, painting, and all forms of pictorial craft appeal to us first through the emotions, secondly an intellectual process may explain the obscure, or (by throwing light on the less obvious) add to our range of observation—and ultimately the appeal to the emotions returns. Professor Reilly's recent book upon Liverpool architecture* will serve as an

* *Some Liverpool Streets and Buildings in 1921*, by Professor C. H. Reilly. Published by *The Liverpool Daily Post and Mercury*.

illustration. In the first place we may admire a building—we may then (after reading the book) not only find a technical reason to explain the bases of the art manifested but also our eyes may be directed to features we did not observe—finally on viewing the building our gathered knowledge will sink back in the mind and reinforce the elemental emotional appeal.

Our desire for public buildings of beauty, for town planning, for spacious parks and be-flowered gardens, for an array of pictures and sculpture, for renderings of music, all these are so many testimonies to our belief in the cultivation of sentiment, of cultivated sentiment—for sentiment in the last analysis is *feeling*. An age, a nation, that stands for sentiment, for beauty, for the attainment of an ideal of perfection, endears itself to all, for all time. The Age of Pericles in Greece, the hey-day of Italy's cultural opulence, Elizabethan England, have won an imperishable place in the hearts of the world. The Jewish people (whose aesthetic tendencies have never been fully realised) look to the Spanish period of their history as their Golden Age since the Dispersion—not because of its material prosperity, nor its civic opportunities, but because then the Jewish heart and mind found rich expression in a veritable outburst of prose and poetry, of philosophy, of literary art, of passionate imagination. It was then that Jehudah Halevi sang his heart out for his beloved Land of Israel—a Jewish Dante with Jerusalem as his Beatrice. Halevi fired the mind of Heine, who by his poem has brought Halevi into the general currency of cultivated European thought.

I shall not stray into the fascinating by-path of Israel's work in the Renaissance—Jewry emphasising the community of humanity in the glorious efflorescence of humanism. I have mentioned it to show that it is common

to humanity in its heart of hearts to love best its kith and kin at its golden age—an age not of metallic gold, but of the purer gold of the spirit, of the heart and soul. As with ages and peoples, so with writers and artists and leaders in action. The most human is the most loved. Plato is nearer to most than Aristotle—not because Plato spoke more of beauty, but that he spoke *beauty*—because he voiced sentiments that some of us have felt innate in ourselves, confirming his own view that we have seen the vision before. (*Phædrus*, 250 B.) With all his mysticism, his transcendentalism, it is his *humanity* that reaches us—that makes the “*Republic*” eternally current. The sentiment of matter as much as the beauty of manner makes the Greek anthology a flower garden. When we turn to Latin literature, there is no author so beloved as Horace—Horace, who utters with silvery eloquence the very thoughts which come haltingly to our mind. It is not only his humanity but his kindly humanity, his homely sentiment, which reaches us. No one can deny the humanism of Juvenal. What finer preface to any book than those lines—

Quid agunt homines, votum timor, ira voluptas gaudia
discursus nostri farrago libelli est.

The whole gamut of man's doings, wishes, fears, angers, desires, joys, business, that is the hotch-potch, the pot-pourri of my book.

I give you the rendering of one of my classical teachers, the late Professor Strong, whose fame and personality will be recalled with gratitude by those in whom he inspired a love of the humanities and an appreciation of the ideals for which humanism stands.

Juvenal, when his pen is not dipped in vinegar, is preaching *at* us—his satire bites—his indignation, not always well-informed, is often excessive and out of scale.

But Horace sits in an armchair and talks not *at* us but *to* us—*with* us. To change the metaphor, he is in the same boat with us—and that is why Horace in every age takes his place among the contemporary poets. I expect that Mozart owes his perennial freshness to his good humour, and Beethoven to his capacity for fun as well as for the serious moods of life. Bach is growing into favour because at last his liveliness is being realised—and, when all is said and done, the Wagnerian Valhalla is nearest to us, not with “the entrance of the gods,” but with its inhabitants on earth. It is the humanity of the “Meistersinger” which will outlive all the polemics of the composer’s career. It is the one work of Wagner in which humanity has full play. How much worthier it would have been for Wagner if instead of writing “Judaism in Music” he would have written of the “Music in Judaism.” The great movement to-day to develop musical appreciation is not so much a movement *on behalf of* technique as a movement *away from* it—to spread the desire not to play a little, but to *feel* much—not to know, but to *understand*—not to listen, but to *hear*.

“How many of us are doomed to go through life with eyes that see, ears that hear, minds that admire, spirits that reverence, but not with hearts that enjoy?” These are the words of Herbert Coleridge Watson a writer and a valiant soldier, whose literary legacy has been preserved in a volume of collected papers.*

That hearts may enjoy—that is the mainspring of all that is hopeful in our endeavours of to-day. We are less afraid than formerly to confess our love for things human than in days gone by—another hopeful sign. At one time we thought so much of soul that we forgot body. “To conclude ascetically,” says Robert Louis Stevenson, “is

* *Selected Essays and Reviews*, published by F. R. Hockliffe, Bedford, 1921.

to give up and not solve the problem." Then there came a time when there was too much thought of body and soul was forgotten.

Stevenson says—

But the demand of the soul is that we shall not pursue broken ends, but great and comprehensive purposes in which body and soul may unite like notes in a harmonious chord. The soul demands unity of purpose, not the dismemberment of man; it seeks to roll up all his strength and sweetness, all his passion and wisdom, into one, and make him a perfect man exulting in perfection.

You will find this and other passages set forth in Professor Muirhead's lecture on "Stevenson's Philosophy of Life."* "R. L. S." is a beloved figure in English literature, and largely because he was a man of sentiment—of sentiments. Sentiments are not always made to melt in the mouth—there are hard chocolates as well, very tasteful when successfully negotiated. If Stevenson had a sensitive palate, it was sensitive only in that it enjoyed to the full—it relished—it did not want a diet of delicacies alone. That is where sentiment has suffered—it has been incorrectly associated with the wafers of life, whereas it alone can extract the taste out of a sailor's biscuit.

One endowed with this capacity to get the best out of things can enjoy the simplest meal as well as the most sumptuous feast. In fact, those who can enjoy a banquet most are just those who can rhapsodise over the homely fare of the country cottage, the country inn—the zest of enjoyment which can extract delight out of all demands not luxuriance nor abundance, but excellence—and the scent for the excellent, for the essence of things, is the hallmark of the artist in life. The unappreciative will not

* *Philosophy and Life*, published by Sonnenschein, 1902.

taste the sweetness of the simple meal—its very attributes are unobserved.

No one in English literature has expressed this sentiment for the simple things of life more aptly than Stevenson.

A writer in the *Times Literary Supplement*, in an article entitled "Pure Literature," describes this quest for the rapturous. "The desire for an absolute," he observes, "is not an abstraction—it manifests itself to those who desire it passionately in a face, an attitude, a symbol, some moment of experience." I would emphasise these words "desire it passionately." For the highway of humanity is flowered with the roses of ardent life if we but turn to behold them—we must desire them passionately and not have our eyes fixed straight ahead on the market-place alone. Nature and humanity (in themselves and in the work they have wrought) form the richest assets of our life, and how often do we neglect to bring them into account, except when they become valued in terms of material thought? The open road, whence Nature in all its grandeur its mystery and its simplicity may be viewed, is either an open "tube" or a standpoint from which to catch a glimpse of reality—which it is, depends upon ourselves. There is the eye of *sight* and the eye of *vision*—the mind's eye, the heart's eye, the soul's eye.

Wordsworth gives us the whole philosophy in the *Prelude*.

Clutton Brock declares that—

Music itself is the creation of a new state of being. . . . You feel when hearing it you are living a new existence; you have gone a point further than you have ever imagined possible. The inusician when he makes his music is not copying something out of his mind by the very process of making notes, he is making a new kind of life for himself.

John Henry Newman, an artist as well as leader in spiritual thought, said—

Yet is it possible that that inexhaustible evolution and disposition of notes, so rich yet so simple, so intricate yet so regulated, so various yet so majestic, should be a mere sound which is gone and perishes? Can it be that these mysterious stirrings of heart and keen emotions should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial and comes and goes and begins and ends itself? It is not so: it cannot be. No. They have escaped from some higher sphere; they are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound.

Dr. A. C. Benson observes—

I always feel that the instinct for beauty is perhaps the surest indication of some essence of immortality in the soul; and indeed there are moments when it gives one the sense of pre-existence, that one has loved these fair things in a region that is further back even than the beginnings of consciousness.

I think this experience of realised Platonism must have been felt by many—that curious feeling of ease and familiarity when hearing some great music for the first time, or seeing some great sight a—feeling of inevitability—a feeling that *art* should be spelled *ought*, and *nature*, *must*. This had to be—it is of the very stuff of life.

To quote Dr. Benson again—

There is, I am sure, in the hearts of many quiet people a real love for and delight in the beauty of the kindly earth, the silent and exquisite changes, the influx and efflux of life, which we call seasons, the rich transfiguring influence of sunrise and sunset, the slow and swift lapse of clear streams, the march and plunge of sea-billows, the bewildering beauty and aromatic scents of those delicate toys of God which we call flowers, the large air and the sun, the star-strewn spaces of the night.

It is the sense of sentiment which translates the appearances of nature into the reality of human experiences—of human experiences which can move, can

inspire, can comfort, can appeal. Well might they all be explained in terms of logical precision, of scientific accuracy. Yet not in this light will the heart be quickened—but the mind alone set at rest, or at doubt. It is the vein of sentiment that adjusts the focus of the eye, and there is not merely *sight* but *vision*.

The charm and magic of place, the moving eloquence of still and silent vistas, the grandeur and beauty of nature, from all we have drawn inspiration—but there remains the great link of kinship—the infinite fascination of personality. The “trottoir mobile” of life presents to us an ever-changing panorama of humanity passing to and fro on the journey which mankind takes through the pathway of the world. Are we quite sure that we are sympathetic spectators? We know that mankind was made a little lower than the angels—but are we not prone to emphasise the *lower* and forget the *angels*? I may here quote the Master of Magdalene, Dr. Benson—

The only beauty that is worth anything is the beauty perceived in sincerity, and here again the secret lies in resolutely abstaining from laying down laws, from judging, from condemning. The victory always remains with those who admire rather than with those who deride, and the power of appreciating is worth any amount of the power of despising.

How human these words are can be tested by each of us.

In another place he observes—

The talks that remain in my mind as of pre-eminent interest are long, leisurely *tête-à-tête* talks, oftenest perhaps of all in the course of a walk when a pleasant countryside tunes the spirit to a serene harmony of mood, and when the mind, stimulated into a joyful readiness by association with some quiet, just, and perceptive companion. Then is the time to penetrate into the inmost labyrinths of a subject, to indulge in pleasing discussions as the fancy leads one, and yet to return

again and again with renewed relish to the central theme. How such hours rise before the mind. Even now as I write I think of such a scene on the broad yellow sands beside a Western sea. We spoke of all that was in our hearts and all that we meant to be. That day was a great gift from God. I like to think that there are many jewels of recollections clasped close in the heart's casket.

Humanity is the greatest of all fellowships and to enjoy it to the full there must be a give and take. A broad, genial tolerance is the pre-requisite. When we come to analyse sentiment, we will see how largely the Aristotelian principle *τὸ μέσον*, the golden mean—gauges its accurate dimensions. In the sphere of humanity we see the excess in the hero and heroine, and the *bête-noir*. Hero-worship which can see no spots on the sun is sentiment degenerated into sentimentality. Similarly, there are those who can never see the sun for the spots. This is but inverted sentimentality.

Thereby we miss the good that is to be found in the worst and ignore the thorns in delight at the rose. Sentimentality sees nothing but merits—prejudice nothing but defects.

But a delicately adjusted sentiment will realise that the very charm of personality, the very humanism of humanity, lies just in that tinge of variousness which is the essence of the human spirit. To have an ideal is very different from hero-worship, for it is of the nature of an ideal not to be on earth, but there is joy in its approximation. The beauty of a sky-scape is not seen in a perpetual azure, but in the passage of flecking clouds, and the sunbeams emerging. Again, there is the subtle magic of mood and manner—how infinitely various and rich are those manifestations of the human soul! There is the wondrous music of voice, of utterance, which no

musician can write down except upon the tablets of his heart. There is the divine gift of grace, which gives those endowed with it the power of perpetual, pervasive influence. They can round all the square corners of life.

To me it seems that the occasional lack of smoothness gives a chance for artistry to plane the roughened surface. Music again gives us a helpful illustration. We play now-a-days to a scale slightly imperfect in its tonal disposition. It is called "equal temperament," because the slight discrepancy in the intervals spread over the whole gamut gives a range which taken as a whole is concordant. Under the old system the intervals were in perfect adjustment for a span, but as a whole the scale was unworkable. Is not this typical of humanity? Here and there slight discrepancies are inevitable if the whole keyboard of life is to be brought into play.

That in reality we all admit sentiment is proved by our desire for keepsakes—those concrete treasures of memory, actually unnecessary for remembrance, as testified by our very desire to possess them. But the metaphorical keepsakes of our recollection afford still stronger evidence. Do we not all cherish the turns of phrases, the favourite gestures, the mannerisms, and almost reproduce the accents of a personality that has meant, that means, much for us? Their very weaknesses gain a certain strength. We can find all this aspect of the philosophy of sentiment in Robert Browning's *Evelyn Hope*, in Elizabeth Barrett Browning's *Sonnets from the Portuguese*.

The difficulties are of our own creation for we are too busy misunderstanding each other, instead of trying to understand ourselves. Let us remember Juvenal's lines—

E coelo descendit γνῶθι σεαυτὸν figendum et memori tractandum pectore.

From Heaven came the bidding "man know thyself," to be taken to heart and implanted in the mind.

For if we try to understand ourselves we shall become more generous to our fellows—more appreciative of their difficulties, more conscious of their efforts, more sensitive to their feelings. Perhaps something like this suggested the eulogies of epitaphs—they are not all insincere—there is a concentration, perhaps for the first time, on the good points in the life—it is at the root of the saying *de mortuis nil nisi bonum*—too many in life get *nil nisi malum*.

Personality invests with the glamour of association places here, there and everywhere. There's some corner at some given spot that is for ever someone. We are our own "historic society" affixing tablets at places we have grown to love, places made precious by association. They greet us as we pass—pass ever so slightly slower—and waft to us memories of days that, though they have gone by, have not gone. There is the magic of sentiment in the fellowship of joy and sorrow. Fellowship in joy is a self-evident manifestation of the hunger of humanity for feelings of gladness. Fellowship in sorrow is rather a manifestation of the human impulse to sympathy. The exercise of this sympathy is a very sure gauge of feeling. One can be impelled by the natural tendency to help in distress, dry-eyed, stolid, like the certificated police-officer, one is at hand to bind the wounds, to keep a level head among a crowd of the distraught. The work done, the onlookers disperse, and the policeman continues on his beat. On the other hand, fellowship in sorrow may make quite another wire of feeling alive. Transcending the consciousness of duty there arises such a quickened sense of sympathy that the comforter realises that he himself is grief-stricken—that here is no objective sympathy but a very full partnership in the assets of sorrow. To borrow a musical analogy, he finds himself in the minor key, and realises that he can only modulate therefrom in accordance

with the harmonies with which his own part is sounding. Another facet of personality is disclosed to him—the facet which perhaps most fully discloses the inner consciousness. Sentiment bids us hearken to humanity's demand as well as to personality's appeal. But I would emphasise here that sentiment is a sure guide to enable us to follow the bidding—*γνῶθι σεαυτὸν*, know thyself. In sorrow we know whether we are just lifeboatmen, firemen, ambulance men, ready to bring to shore, to pitch the escape, to render first-aid, and then get back to our stations, or fellow-pedestrians on the walk of life, ready to give a helping hand with the impedimenta of the day's journey. Although weeping endure for a night, joy cometh in the morning, and the capacity to share joy is a very human test. It is my case that humanity has progressed very far in its readiness to give first-aid—to stand by in the storm—but in fair weather, unless personality links us, so far as regards humanity in general, there is too great a tendency for "every man to go his own way," to forget that "a word in due season, how good it is." We are so scientific in these days that we have *condensed* the milk of human kindness. Let us get back to the fresh milk—warm from the source. I adopt as my aspiration culture's ideal of human perfection, as Matthew Arnold stated it—

An inward spiritual activity, having for its characters increased sweetness, increased light, increased life, increased sympathy.

It is a profession of faith expressing the creed of sentiment.

Historically, sentiment appears early on the scene—the Pentateuch is full of it—from the romances of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob to the home-sickness of Moses for the Promised Land. It is at the root of all Utopias—the constant passion for betterment. The Jews expressed

it in their yearning for a Messianic era; the Greeks, both in a Golden Age of legend and in the theoretical synthesis such as Plato's Republic; the Romans, in the vision of a world ordered and regulated by the instrument of Empire. This sentiment for betterment inspires all these vistas—looking forward or looking backward to ideal prototypes. Throughout the ages there have appeared kindred spirits saying with Omar Khayyam—

Ah! love, could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry scheme of things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits and then
Re-mould it nearer to the heart's desire!

Omar Khayyam expresses his wish in terms of rebellion, but an appreciation of sentiment might have turned many *revolutions* into *reconstructions*.

In Greek literature sentiment in its flow was regulated by the Hellenic sense of realism. In Plato we find a stream of romantic emotion and mystic symbolism, which is attributed by scholars to Eastern influences, but the level is preserved by Aristotle. In Latin literature there was the Roman spirit of "gravitas" (inadequately translated "dignity"), which welled up to dilute any tendency to excess—but in the European writers the æsthetic appreciation of the joys of life was often piped to the themes of sentiment. The Aristotelian reaction in the Mediæval era was offset by the rich vein of Semitic poetry (Hebrew and Arabic) composed in Europe, and the Renaissance, with its Humanistic faith in expression and emancipation, re-awakened the sense of beauty and re-kindled the fires of emotion. Spenser and Shakespeare testify to the full. But if political and theological conflict still raged, the burning bush of sentiment was ever aflame, and in Rousseau, in Goethe, in Victor Hugo, in Beethoven abroad, and in Richardson, Sterne, Goldsmith,

and Byron at home, the sentiment of humanity and the humanity of sentiment as conscious forces in the outlook upon life found exponents who were protagonists of a new era.

There remain to be considered the philosophical aspects of sentiment, in the stricter sense of the term. I do not assert that sentiment is a philosophical system, but I submit there is a philosophy of sentiment—that a philosophy can be sentimental. A sentimental philosophy upon analysis will generally disclose three distinctive elements: a Platonic element, an Aristotelian element, and an Epicurean element.

Idealism, Teleology and Hedonism are all component parts of the philosophy of sentiment—not any one of these, but a synthesis of all. There is the Platonic love of vision, tinged with the atmosphere of mysticism—there is the Aristotelian belief that there is a purpose, an end, an aim in life, and not only the pictures sentiment paints of Utopias testify to this (which would be equally attributable to Platonism), but also the sentimental adhesion to a belief in happiness, in full human life, in “eudaemonism”—“and they lived happily ever after” transferred from the fairy tale to life. And ultimately there is the Epicurean delicacy of appreciation. In other words, there is a union of idealistic aspiration and Epicurean discrimination.

Not any one of these alone could have developed the philosophy of sentiment. Platonism becomes too transcendental for a sentimental philosophy as represented in modern life—for time and again Plato admits that his republic is a vision only, a Kingdom of Heaven, whereas the Utopia of a sentimental philosophy is a Kingdom on Earth—an earthly paradise, a realisable humanist ideal. The Aristotelian element has contributed to

sentimental philosophy essential constituents, but it either converges towards another path or stops short. Aristotle's philosophy of art subordinates emotion to the rôle of a function in a manner to which the spirit of sentiment is quite unakin. If one ponders for a moment over Coleridge's saying that "Every man is born a Platonist or an Aristotelian," then there can be no doubt that a whole-hearted believer in sentiment is not likely to be a thorough-going Aristotelian. For the Aristotelian temperament is an admirable brake upon the run-away Platonic chariot—but somehow brakes are things over which no enthusiasm can be spent. Aristotle stops short just at the time when sentiment's wheels are beginning to gain momentum. But his positive contributions to the philosophy of sentiment are the emphatic assertion of eudaemonistic teleology, a purposeful happiness, and in the application of $\tau\ddot{o}\ \mu\acute{e}tov$, the golden mean as the criterion of real sentiment, distinguishing *sentiment* as the golden mean between mere sentimentality on the one hand and immovable hardness on the other. Not that Aristotle establishes this distinction—but the philosophical instrument by which this equilibrium can be established.

Again, Epicureanism, as represented by Lucretius and other atomistic and materialist philosophers, is sundered from the sentimental standpoint by its opposition to a purposeful outlook upon the world. It is essentially individualist, and its pursuit of pleasure seems more a consolation than a delight—a quietism secured by a selective process of exhaustion. Where, however, it has fertilised the sentimental philosophy is in its cultivation of the appreciative capacity—the education of the æsthetic taste—the tuning of the human soul to the highest pitch of sensitive judgment. So that with the Platonic vision and symbolism, the Aristotelian golden mean and purposeful

outlook, and the Epicurean refinement of feeling, a philosophy of sentiment can find its developments traceable from the elements of historic systems of thought and action.

We have considered philosophical aspects of sentiment from an historical standpoint. Let us now have regard to their ethical value. The classic distinction of the Hellenic and the Hebraic idea of the good may find in sentiment a reconciliation. For while the good to the Hebrew is "right," while the good to the Greek is "beautiful," we, who are heirs to both philosophies, can see that there is a conscious *pleasure* at the victory of right, a *delight* at the doing of a good deed—the pleasure in duty which comes from a sense of due subordination to a higher force. Contrary to popular belief (which so often is popular error), the Jews had this sense of the sentiment towards the good, which is preserved in the Talmudical phrase, "The joy in the observance of the Commandment." It was this joy which sustained the long line of Jewish and Christian martyrs, this joy which has fired the patriotism of countless heroes and heroines throughout the ages—this sentiment which hearkens because it loves, and loves because it hearkens. A modern Jewish thinker, Sir Charles Walston, has set forth a system of philosophy which he terms Harmonism—a system, in effect, reconciling the historic contrast in asserting a kind of universal eurhythmics; which makes all the world step to a regular metre and get into tune by attraction to the general harmony, as illustrated, for instance, by a haphazard crowd bursting into popular song. There is a centre of harmonic gravity to which all the voices tend, impelled by a sense of Harmonism. The illustrations are my own, but if I understand Sir Charles Walston aright, it is neither the Hellenic "beautiful"

alone nor the Hebraic "right" as popularly understood, but a subjective yearning towards an absolute concord—analysable mathematically in terms of the just measure of Hebraic "right," analysable æsthetically in terms of the Hellenic "beautiful."

Let us see the other side of the representation. The Platonic indignation at injustice is forecasted by the prophetic wrath in the Hebrew writings. There is joy in the right—there is sorrow, anger, with the wrong. To cultivate a sentiment for the right, a delight in it, is to cultivate a sentiment against the wrong. In effect the sentiment for the right has as its correlative the sentiment against the wrong—the ear that senses discord demands resolution into harmony. A sentiment effects a willing surrender to an external influence—we grow to like rule, rather than rebel against it. No one who realises the meaning of sentiment can remain indifferent to the call of patriotism—one can enjoy one's own, and respect one's neighbour's—even one's opponent's. Such chivalry as warfare knows has its roots in this—such phrases as "my friend and opponent." The only cosmopolitanism worth having is a capacity to appreciate one's neighbour's loyalties—to respect another's loyalty as one's own—and one must have a loyalty to be able to respect another's.

A sentiment presupposes a fondness—and we grow to recognise that we all have our own points of view. It is a common contention against barristers that they can argue both ways—but the contention is in fact a high compliment, for most of the acrimonious controversies of the day are due to a certain incapacity to realise that something can be said for the other side.

I have referred before to the power of sentiment in making smoother the relations of capital and labour. Once let employers think of labour in terms of human

sentiment, once let labour realise the common humanity which they share with their employers, and at once a higher plane of relationship is attained. I am here neither to commend nor to justify the economic adventure of co-partnership—but I believe if something of the spirit rather than the letter of co-partnership entered into industry, a better era would begin. Happiness in labour, happiness in citizenship, happiness in fellowship depend largely upon a sense of sentiment. This sense of sentiment can be *explained* by reason but must not entirely *depend* upon it. It is important to know why a common chord sounds harmonious—but all the reason in the world will not make you feel its harmony unless you feel it spontaneously or are encouraged to discover the sensation. And thus with the right, the good, and the beautiful—you may know the reasons why these are what they are, but you must *feel* them or be encouraged to enjoy the sensation. This is the cultivation of sentiment at its best.

Reason must not be allowed to dethrone imagination—for reason is not always right, else why do theories become superseded? Let us remember that Joseph the Dreamer was the most practical of men. To dream dreams, to be ever dreaming, may give closer glimpses of the ultimate realities. The Germans at the summit of their material power called the dreamers—“luftmenschen”—airmen; but when the Germans were metaphorical “luftmenschen,” living in the heights of idealism, they enriched humanity and impressed the world, but when they became actual “luftmenschen,” airmen, they impoverished humanity and depressed the world.*

“To develop soul is progress,” observes Dr. Marrett, the social anthropologist (*Progress and History*, p. 41).

* An illuminating comment upon the great World Crisis, suggested by the late Rabbi S. J. Rabinowitz, the learned Liverpool Rabbi.

"The idea that aesthetic experience gives a profounder clue than logical thought to the inner meaning of things was as old as Plato," says Professor C. H. Herford. "Beauty," said Ravaissón, "and especially beauty in the most divine and perfect form, contains the secret of the world."

To develop the capacity for sentiment is to sharpen the ear, to make clearer the sight, to refine the taste, to make more sensitive the touch, to make more subtle the scent, to make more ready the heart to receive the omnipresent appeal of beauty.

Herbert Watson, in the book I have previously quoted, has an essay entitled, "Do You Like Music?" His own answer is—

Could we always at the moment of our need have in our ear the music of our choice, it seems we should never want an inspiration for living. In the morning hour it would lift us in an ecstasy of dreaming to lie in its sunlit heaven, or set us all conquering to ride nobly the steed of our desires: in the darkest night no message could come winged more caressingly.

Watson speaks of music of your choice, and I would add that choice can be yours if you look to music as Wordsworth did to nature, full of its static inspiration, or as Rupert Brooke to life, full of its dynamic strength. There are those who hold that colours have sounds and sounds colours. There are souls set in flowers and whose very language is music. Can they be said just to *like* flowers and *like* music? To them music and flowers—sound and sight and scent and savour, seizing the soul of all, are as the air they breathe—the condition and the sphere of their whole life. That sentiment *sanctifies* feeling, the mystics, by their sanctification of all the normal incidents of life, abundantly testify. But sentiment also *humanises* feeling—lifts it above mere activity or passivity. Senti-

ment makes "heart and soul and sense in concert move" when "the blood's lava and the pulse ablaze," to quote the flaming lines of Byron.

You may write me, perhaps, an Epicurean—but remember that it is no unworthy title, unless one is unworthy of the Epicurean ideal at its highest. The Hellenistic-Hebrew "Apikouros" was a term which carried with it the character of the *travesty* of Epicurean doctrine—a travesty which so many who baselessly acclaimed the doctrine, by their reading of it, so made it.

It was not Epicureanism that my forefathers denounced, it was the *travesty* of Epicureanism. The "moral mental arithmetic" which my Master in Philosophy, our Honorary Member, Professor John MacCunn, described as the genuine Epicurean way of thought was not so far asunder from the Jewish teaching of the "joy of life well-lived"—the actual happiness which was the product of accordance with the precepts.

You may perhaps write me as Leigh Hunt described Abou ben Adhem, as one that loves his fellow-men, and if you do, then I would reply that sentiment keeps the lamp of love alight.

I shall persist in enjoying the silent eloquence of a library, the melody of an open page, and the harmonies of choruses of books in close rank around me. The sound of the thrush on a May morning in Lincoln's Inn (Watson's words) will whisper to me the secret of equity—the password which all the learning cannot of itself pronounce.

I cherish my Alma Mater—the University of Liverpool—and I am happy to know that Oxford regards it as "the home of intellectual, literary and scientific prescience and culture." But I am quite sure that is not the answer I would give to you if you asked me why I cherish it. If you asked me why, I could pile up a whole load of adjec-

tives and would probably cap it all by saying "it is a wonderful place." I am fondly attached to the Middle Temple—and I am glad to be assured that Shakespeare played in its Hall, and that Queen Elizabeth danced there. I am glad to know from history and experience that Middle Templars have a warm heart for music, for poetry, for literature as a whole, for the drama, for flowers, for beautiful gardens and for everything that makes life pleasant and delightful. I am proud to belong to this Inn of Court which keeps the lamp of learning alight in one hand and the lamp of humanism alight in the other. All this I feel—but I think if you were to ask me why I am so fondly attached, I could just tell you no more than that "it is a wonderful place." I love music most passionately and intensely. If you ask me why, I could tell you that "music symbolises my fondest dreams"—that music is beautiful, is soothing, is inspiring, is reality—but ultimately my reply would come to my saying that music is just wonderful. This word, although the last resort of sentiment, vainly trying to justify itself by reason, is instinct with meaning.

Theodore Watts Dunton, in one of his prefaces to *Aylwyn*, explains why he gave to it the sub-title "The Renascence of Wonder." It was, he says, the heart thought of his book.

It is used to express that great revived movement of the soul of man which is generally said to have begun with the poetry of Wordsworth, Scott, Coleridge, and others, and after many varieties of expression reached its culmination in the poems and pictures of Rossetti. . . . The phrase . . . indicates there are two great impulses . . . the impulse to take unchallenged and for granted all the phenomena of the outer world as they are, and the impulse to confront these phenomena with eyes of enquiry and wonder.

But I would add, wonder still persists after enquiry—

for mind can seek the absolute, but heart ever yearns for reality. Have we seen sights or *beheld visions*? Have we listened to sounds or *heard music*? Have we appeased hunger and slaked thirst or *tasted nectar and ambrosia*? Have we inhaled a scent or *breathed the perfume of fragrance*? Have we just acted or suffered or have we *felt*? Sentiment has determined and sentiment is on the left side closest to the heart—and the heart is the main-spring of life. But sentiment is also on the right side, and the long record of humanity has given it strength. Sentiment sounds the Reveille and the Last Post—both the Song of Hope and the Song of Faith.

Plato has a passage in the *Republic* relating to Justice which we can equally apply to the philosophy of sentiment:

We have had our eyes fixed on the far horizon, expecting justice to dawn in the distant skies, and all the while she has lain tumbling about at our feet. (432. D.)

This is a Platonic parallel to a passage in the last book of the Hebrew Lawgiver:

It is not in heaven that thou shouldst say, 'Who shall go up for us to heaven and bring it unto us, and make us to hear, that we may do it?' Neither is it beyond the sea that thou shouldst say: 'Who shall go over the sea for us, and bring it unto us, and make us to hear, that we may do it?' But the word is very nigh unto thee, in thy mouth, and in thy heart that thou mayest do it. (Deut. xxx, 11-14.)

MONTAIGNE.

By R. T. BODEY, M.A.

THE essay, a form of literature very acceptable to English minds, first took shape in the writings of Montaigne (1533-1593), who, after some years of Court and public life, settled down in his Chateau in Gascony to devote himself to study among his books. Although he afterwards travelled a little, and also discharged the office of Mayor of Bordeaux, as his father had before him, his later life belongs really almost entirely to his library. France was at that time torn by dissensions, for it was the time of the three Valois novels of Dumas—the France of Catherine and her sons Charles IX. and Henry III.; the France of the Bartholomew massacre, and of the politico-religious civil war between the Catholic party under the Guises and the Protestants under Henry of Navarre. Of all this Montaigne writes but little. A religious war is ever the most intemperate form of civil war, and an inoffensive man who only wanted to live peacefully with his neighbours of either party had much ado to keep the peace with both; therefore, garrulous as he was by nature, he bridled tongue and pen, lest he should commit himself by any words that might stamp him as a partisan of either side, and so expose him to the hostility of the other. But there was more in it than this. The chief characteristic of Montaigne's mind was its ability to see and appreciate both sides of a question. He rarely draws his remarks to any positive and constructive end; he criticises, balances, dubitates, and finds most problems insoluble; the very strength and

fertility of his mind producing such an array of considerations and illustrative instances upon each side of the argument that it became almost impossible to decide between them. This type of mind differs from, and indeed is totally opposed to, that of the ordinary confused and inconclusive man, who adduces few arguments, and commands few facts of his own; who cannot weigh what he derives from books or records, or in conversation; and whose weakness is rooted in the insufficiency of his own intellect. Montaigne puts forward considerations that are sound, and his facts and quotations are germane to the point at issue; what seems to be his failure in conclusiveness springs from excess, not from defect, of matter, argument, insight.

Yet it would be an error in criticism to charge Montaigne with such a failure without very carefully limiting the precise scope of the indictment; for his real purpose, as he tells his reader over and over again, is not so much to arrive at positive conclusions, as to reveal honestly to him the working of one particular mind; that is, of Montaigne's own. And so he takes his reader into the most candid and intimate confidences about himself; his tastes, his habits of life, his temperament, his mental processes, and what not. He says it is a pain to him to dissemble. He does not like roughness or austerity of behaviour, but "a lightsome and civill discretion"; he dislikes all regular duties and observances, though he would have some slight touch of ceremony in intercourse with others. He thinks best while riding on horseback; he is thrown off his track of thought if interrupted in discourse. "All arguments are alike fertile" to him, because what he is really interested in is, not the proposition which the argument seeks to establish, but the motions of the mind within itself, the "continuall or incessant alteration of my

thoughts, what subject so ever they happen upon." He finds all opposites within himself, and would desire to be delineated in his book "in mine owne genuine, simple, and ordinarie fashion, without contention, art, or study; for it is my selfe I pourtray." And therefore he always seeks a listener or a reader to whom he can pour himself out; and such "neede but hold up their hand, or whistle in their fiste, and I will stōre them with Essayes, of pith and substance, with might and maine."

Of his books, *Plutarch* and *Seneca* are the prime favourites. He likes an author who goes straight at his subject, without groping for fine phrases and subtleties of expression, and has many hard words for the pedants who mannered and ossified the language of their day. He himself had been brought up by his father according to certain theories of education; it is interesting therefore to note the supreme contempt which he displays for all who are merely learned. "Is there any thing so assured, so resolute, so disdainfull, so contemplative, so serious and so grave, as the Asse?" "The refining of wits in a commonwealth doth seldom make them the wiser." "I had rather forge than furnish my minde."

In general, the Essays are discursive in style, and their titles often afford but little clue to their contents; thus there is always the chance of finding under any title passages of sound judgment, of rich and generous feeling, or of quaint information, expressed in picturesque sentences that stick in the mind; as, for instance, a prince or governor should "sow with the hand, not the sack, for the latter habit corrupts his people." The Essay on Conferring (that is, on Conversation) is one of the best; that called *An Apologie of Raymond Sebond* is not only the longest, but is also one of the deepest. The latter contains a passage on life as a dream, which is particularly interest-

ing by reason of its literary affiliations with the splendid lines of *The Tempest*, and with a noble speech in Calderon's *La Vida es Sueño*.

Montaigne's insight and independence of mind, his gaiety of temper, his gift of ready and often amusing illustration, and his acquaintance with all the subtle byeways of the mind, will always secure readers, especially among those who have gained experience of the world; these he can still teach with that rarest and best kind of instruction which comes only through contact with a mind more full, more active, more powerful, and more wise than one's own.

SIR ANTHONY PANIZZI.

BY A. THEODORE BROWN.

A HUNDRED years ago,* when the septuagenarian, William Roscoe, notwithstanding the ruin of his fortunes, was enjoying the height of his fame, he received one day a call from a young stranger, bringing a letter of introduction from Ugo Foscolo, the Italian poet. Like the poet, the newcomer was an Italian and a political refugee. For himself, Foscolo found shelter in London, though he hated the English metropolis with a mortal hatred. To his young friend his counsel was to try Liverpool and Liverpool's great man, the author of the much-belauded biographies of Lorenzo di Medici and Leo X. Such is the way in which Antonio Panizzi makes his first appearance in this town of ours—a tall, dark, well-built man of twenty-six, somewhat lean about the girth and awkwardly ignorant of English. An unsympathetic observer might notice the large flat ears sooner than the well-set features, and the strong lines of the mouth in keeping with the full brow.

Roscoe receives him with a touch of almost paternal kindness, and, as time goes by, will miss no opportunity of doing him a good turn. Meanwhile, Panizzi disappears

* The date is shewn to be about August, 1823, in a letter, dated 25th February, 1826, in which Panizzi refers to his coming to Liverpool "about thirty months before" on Foscolo's introduction, and goes on to state that he had been so well received that if it were possible for him to forget his own country he could only do so at Liverpool.

into an obscure lodging, the address of which, with the instinct of an outlaw, he suppresses.*

Where had he come from?

Antonio Genesio Maria Panizzi was born 16th September, 1797, of respectable middle-class people, his father being a druggist, at Brescello, a small town in the Grand Duchy of Modena. It was a date when the star of Napoleon shone supreme. With his advent in Italy, the grand ducal tyrannies disappeared: there was an up-springing of a new national spirit even under the framework of a foreign dominion. Conversely, with the fall of Napoleon the little dukes came back, to institute a regime of suppression of patriotic sentiment. Such was the background of political events during Panizzi's boyhood and youth. Opinions, allowed no open vent, ran underground into the ramifications of secret societies. Something of their work was seen when, in 1821, outbreaks occurred at various points in Spain, Naples and Piedmont. Already, while still a student at the University of Parma, Panizzi had been enrolled among the Carbonari, perhaps the most formidable political association of the time. He had hardly taken his law degree† when in his turn he was initiating others into the ranks. We need not, therefore, assume that he was a disorderly or dangerous person, or, on the other hand, that he had made any deep researches in constitutional theory. He did no other than what might be expected of a high-spirited young man of those days who found himself a subject of the Este duke. This patriarchal head of a small province, which set up to be a sovereign state, was sprung from a line of Marquises,

* Mr. Fagan, his biographer, fails to trace his quarters in 1823. In January, 1824, his address appears to be at 6 King Street, Soho, Liverpool. Later he writes from 93 Mount Pleasant.

† In August, 1818, he obtained the Baccalaureat, with the title of "Dottor" Panizzi.

formerly established at Ferrara, where their court had received a poetical but disproportionate glory from the muses of Ariosto and Tasso. The reigning Duke was known as Francis IV. of Modena.

Young Panizzi enjoyed his favour well enough to receive an inspectorship of schools, and one or two other small appointments besides. Within the confined horizon of his circumstances his prospects were bright, when, one fine day, his politics became suspect. The Duke's own carriage was seen in the streets of Brescello, and the rumour went that it would carry back a doubtful subject or two for question at the palace. True or false, this was enough to alarm the conscious Carbonaro. He bolted across the frontier, which, in that tiny state, was not far away. There are different versions of what happened next. According to one he returned to Brescello and was there arrested, only to make good his escape. After various small adventures he found his way to Switzerland, to France, to the Netherlands, and so to England.

He was lucky to get clear. A local priest, Giuseppi Androli, a Carbonaro like himself, was executed, in fact, and Panizzi was hanged in effigy. The Duke, however, while thus dealing out his thunderbolts, did so not regardless of expense. A debit note for the cost of the operation was sent to Panizzi; it came to 225 francs 25 centimes. To this preposterous bill of costs he replied, with the heavy humour that belonged to him, in a letter headed, "Realm of Death, Elysian Fields," and signed, "The Soul of A. Panizzi." It was a laboured jest. A more telling revenge was to print a matter-of-fact account of every stage of the absurd and cruel persecution.*

It was in May, 1823, that he reached London, with

* This account, entitled *I Processi di Rubiera*, later in life he tried to suppress.

empty pockets, but little if at all worse off than a number of other political refugees, most of them intellectuals, and some of whom had held public positions of much greater importance than his. One exile the more may not have been over-welcome with this society of idealists.

We have seen that Foscolo at any rate urged him not to linger in London, but to try his luck at Liverpool. To Liverpool he came, relying for his bread and butter on the vocation of a teacher of Italian—in those days the medium for much foreign commercial correspondence. To his chagrin he found at Liverpool two other teachers * already established. Perhaps he was at this date not too profoundly versed in the literature and history of his own country; for he is recommended by his friend Count Santorre di Santa Rosa, in a letter in the printed correspondence, to beg or borrow the volumes of Muratori and Tiraboschi, if such a place as a library existed at Liverpool; for, said Santa Rosa, to have our national history by heart is the best way of showing the difference between one teacher and another, and of interesting not merely a larger number, but an entirely different class of persons. Muratori and Tiraboschi were then, as they are now, on the shelves of the Liverpool Athenæum, where, there is every reason to believe, through the good offices of Roscoe, Panizzi was given access to them. Tender as is the solicitude that Santa Rosa's letters display for Panizzi in the struggle for subsistence, they set up a severe standard for the patriot in exile. He writes—

The Italian emigration looks like being permanent . . . and we owe, each one of us, to the hapless nation, of which we are the part to be sacrificed—we owe it our labour and our every thought here in exile, no less than if we stood in the Forum at

* One of these was doubtless Signor Tonna, teacher of Italian at the Royal Institution School.

Rome, or in the Council Chambers of Turin or Modena. Here, in Great Britain, we can do honour to the Italian name by the simplicity of our lives, by the usefulness of our toil, by dignity of speech and bearing, by enduring—yes, and overcoming—poverty by persistent work. This is what I preach to myself, and here I am preaching it to you.

One doubts if any words could have been chosen better to describe the aims and conduct of the subject of this paper.

A few of the names of Panizzi's Liverpool friends and pupils are preserved. We hear of the bankers, Mr. Zwilchenbart and Mr. Ymes (*sic*), of Mr. John Ewart and Mr. Francis Haywood,* of the learned Rev. Wm. Shepherd of Gateacre, of a Miss Martin and Miss Ellen Turner.† There is a hint that besides teaching Italian, Panizzi had some other employment, the nature of which is not stated. Be that as it may, he was soon (August, 1823) invited to lecture on Italian Literature at the Royal Institution, Liverpool. This had been founded a few years before on an elaborate plan, altogether beyond the modest funds available, but suggestive of that University College which was to come into being two generations later. Even as it was, the attempt was ambitious enough. Mr. Thomas Campbell lectured on English Literature, as he was well qualified to do. No reminiscence, however, of his survey of his brother bards has come down to us. Not so with Panizzi. The English in which he opened his first lecture was cumbrous and apologetic; his animation only leapt out in quotations from his native poets. Especially was it noted with what fire he rendered those transporting lines of

* The accomplished cotton-broker, translator of Kant's *Critik*.

† The heroine in 1826 of the notorious abduction by Edward Gibbon Wakefield; later on distinguished as an empire builder in Australasia.

Tasso's, which describe the passionate emotion of the Crusaders when they first descried Jerusalem.*

Panizzi continued to lecture at this institution for four years at least on different periods in Italian poetry. The lectures were of more than passing importance, for they led to the publication in 9 volumes (octavo) of a critical edition of the romantic poems of Bojardo and Ariosto. The introduction was in itself a monument of scholarship and acute observation, however some of its conclusions may be amended by the later researches of Rajna. The first volume was published in 1830, not too late to be dedicated by its grateful author to William Roscoe, while yet alive.

The text was built up on the collation of rare editions, supplied by the friendly aid of *magnificos* such as Thomas Grenville and Lord Spencer. The chief poets dealt with were to their editor very near and dear. Ariosto had been the peculiar glory of the reigning house of Ferrara, which afterwards transferred its seat to Modena. With Bojardo the link was yet closer; for was he not Count of Scandiano, hard by Reggio, familiar to Panizzi from his school days onwards? †

Bojardo's poem, the *Orlando Innaenorato*, was not published for years after his death. No posthumous child ever suffered more complex misadventures. The first edition entirely disappeared; the second became a rarity. A generation later yet a worse fate overtook the poem. It was entirely recast by Berni, an ecclesiastic, too lazy for the effort of invention, but too fond of mischief to

* "Ecco apparir Gerusalem si vede
Ecco additar Gerusalem si scorge;
Ecco da mille voci unitamente,
Gerusalemme salutar si sente."

Cf., Fagan's *Life of Panizzi*, p. 60.

† "He was born in my province. I spent many of my younger days at Scandiano."—*Life*, p. 97.

leave another man's alone. This *rinfacimento* or fake dispossessed the original of its public for 300 years. The real Bojardo was practically forgotten till Panizzi brought him to his own again.

And to Ariosto his services were hardly less than to Bojardo. This must be explained by a comparison. Great as are the differences between the reckless satire of Ariosto and the dreamy serenity of our own Spenser, their masterpieces have something in common. Alike in the *Orlando Furioso* and the *Faerie Queen*, we move in a land of enchantment, with snow-white ladies and fearless knights. Time and space go for nothing: progress to any decisive event eludes us. For in almost every canto the reader discovers a new champion with, as is only proper, a new heroine. In Spenser's case the lengthening tangle is never cleared, as half his manuscript was lost in the waters of the Irish Channel. On the other hand, Ariosto's poem is complete; nevertheless, for the majority of its readers it came to an end unexplained. Panizzi supplied the key, somewhat as follows—

The hero of *Orlando Furioso* is not Orlando but Ruggiero, and Ruggiero's union with Bradamante is the climax of the whole contrivance. From these two personages the House of Este claimed descent, that House of Este from whom was sprung no less a sovereign than Victoria of England.

Here was a fanciful thread running from the home that the exile had lost to the home he was finding. For Panizzi was "making good," as the phrase is, in his new surroundings. Along with his scholarship and his industry he possessed a still more potent aid to success in the gift of making friends. Among those that he had won at Liverpool was Henry Brougham. Brougham was one of the most ardent promoters of that only half-happy foundation, the

University of London. We can understand, therefore, how both Mr. Thomas Campbell and Signor Panizzi, our distinguished lecturers at the Liverpool Royal Institution, became professors at the brand new metropolitan establishment. Somebody—was it not Mr. Grote, the historian?—complained that Thomas Campbell was the most unreasonably cheerful man of his acquaintance, for not even the London University could lower his spirits. No such charge is made against Panizzi. His appointment took place in May, 1828. The College opened in the following October. However dignified his new position, he was soon to find that its emoluments were no whit superior to his earnings at Liverpool. He remained Professor till 1837. Ever industrious; when not lecturing he was writing: some times mere hackwork, such as an elementary Italian grammar or a magazine article, on any subject from the post office to the Jesuits. It is not worth while here to attempt a catalogue of these ephemeral productions, or to relate how more than one literary quarrel arose out of them. Our author was never to become a great original writer; none the less, his services to scholarship were undeniable. At this point it is convenient to skip more than 20 years to refer to the great edition of Dante, which he prepared for the Press at the charges of that princely enthusiast, Lord Vernon. Dante, as everybody knows, died in 1321, more than a century before the invention of printing. Therefore, of necessity, the *Divine Commedia* was published in manuscript. From the first there was a tendency for the manuscripts to vary, according to the locality, the learning or the fancy of the scribe. At last, in 1472, the day came when the great poem was put into print. Strange to say, this happened simultaneously, or all but simultaneously, at four different places: Foligno, Jesi, Mantua and Naples. Each of the four versions may claim to be the *editio princeps*: each has

peculiarities of its own. Specimens of all four editions were among the treasures of the British Museum, and in Panizzi's time, nowhere else. What he did, at Lord Vernon's instance, was to print on each folio of a sumptuous volume of 750 pages, side by side in parallel columns, so many of the same lines of each of the four versions. Every variation of word or letter or spacing is given with meticulous care. It may all be "caviare to the general," but to the serious Dante student it is a most helpful apparatus as well as an æsthetic delight.

But this is anticipating. We have still to do with Panizzi as the Gower Street professor. He found himself none too busy to return to Liverpool to give another course of lectures at the Royal Institution, in 1829.

It is a good thing even in the present confused days to be a Lord Chancellor. Besides other advantages, you become *ex-officio* a principal trustee of the British Museum. In 1830, the year that the first volume of Panizzi's *Bojardo* and *Ariosto* made its appearance, his friend, Henry Brougham, became Lord Chancellor of England. Within six months Panizzi was admitted, on his nomination, to a post on the staff of the Museum. No more than an extra assistant librarian to begin with, he must have known instinctively that his true life work had come into his hands. Before long (in March, 1832) he took out letters of naturalisation. His initial salary was £200, and "£75 for extra attendance to Mr. Walter." Every step of his promotion excited fresh protests on the score of his foreign origin. Of Panizzi's achievements as a librarian only a mere outline can be here attempted; but even this outline would be almost unmeaning without a few words explanatory of the beginning of the British Museum, in which his genius found scope. The Museum first came into existence through the public spirit of Sir Hans Sloane, of Chelsea—physician,

scientist and virtuoso. In 1753 he left his remarkable collection of books, manuscripts, coins and objects of art to the King or Parliament on certain terms, one of which was the payment of £20,000. About the same date two or three other collections were taken over by the Government, each standing separate in its own building. The authorities decided on bringing all together into suitable quarters for access and exhibition. For this purpose the required funds were raised by the undignified device of a State lottery, realising £100,000. Montague House, Bloomsbury, was bought, for conversion into the treasure store of literature and art, known as the British Museum. Soon its dominating importance was placed beyond question by the gift from George II. of the library of manuscripts and books collected by the sovereigns of England from Henry VII. downwards. Along with this gift, the right to a copy of every publication entered at Stationer's Hall, passed to the Museum. Only one further acquisition can here be mentioned, the library of his Majesty George III. There are two inscriptions asserting that this was presented by his royal successor, George IV., which ought to be more than enough to dispose of the common belief that the library was on the point of being shipped off to the Russian Czar, when means were taken by the Ministers of the British Crown to keep it nearer home. Not to continue the enumeration, we have here an accumulation of things of price beyond the dreams of avarice. This great palace of literature and art is vested in a body of 48 trustees, a most notable set of persons. Ten of them represent the families of the chief founders. The three principal trustees, however, are the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and the Speaker. Twenty more are the holders of certain offices of State, and these 23 co-opt further 15 trustees. The numbers are thus carefully balanced, so as not to give the

official members an obvious majority. In reality they control. Under this august body of governors, the work of administration is carried out by a highly qualified staff of scholars and experts. We may imagine the pride with which Panizzi found himself one of that chosen band. Not that he accepted his duties as mere routine. It was his way to use his own judgment, and, if need be, to defend it. Soon he gave a proof of his mettle in a dispute with the Royal Society, the catalogue of whose library he was asked to revise for printing.* He was ready enough, but instead of performing the task as an ordinary man would, in a mechanical way, he examined the catalogue itself, and pronounced it too faulty for revision. Imagine the storm that arose among the pundits of science. Not a whit perturbed, Panizzi went on to prove his statements. At the Museum he pursued the task of cataloguing with extreme industry and precision. He had decided views as to the proper system to adopt, and nobody had more destructive criticism for any other. This is how he expressed himself in March, 1847—

The catalogue might be completed by the end of 1854 of all the books which the museum will contain up to that period. It would take to 1860 to prepare such a catalogue in such a state of revision as might be fit for the press. It would occupy 70 volumes. It would require one year to correct the press of two volumes. It would therefore require 35 years to pass the catalogue through the press; and, when completed in 1895, it would represent the state of the library in 1854.

In his tours abroad, just as Panizzi's first visit in every town was to a library, so in every library the first object of his scrutiny was its catalogue. A notable instance was seen at Bologna, where he was so much struck by the

* *Vide* his "Letter to H R.H. the Duke of Sussex, President of the Royal Society, London, 1837."

indefatigable execution of the manuscript catalogue that he asked to be presented to the compiler, whereupon a figure lank, wizen-faced, threadbare, demure, made its appearance. Our great librarian, obeying an irresistible impulse, kissed his brother cataloguer on both cheeks.*

In 1837 Panizzi was promoted Keeper of Printed Books, over the heads of his seniors in the service, in particular of the Rev. Hy. Francis Cary, who is still remembered for his translation of Dante. Mr. Cary, then 65 years of age, put forward his own claim to the post. "My age," said he, "it is plain, might ask for me that alleviation of labour which is gained by promotion to a superior place." With Panizzi, as responsibility increased and higher functions came into play, industry continued unslackened. One of his first tasks as Keeper was to remove the printed books from Montague House to a new building on the north side of the Quadrangle. About 160,000 volumes had to be dealt with. During such an operation the exclusion of the public might reasonably have been demanded: the Trustees doubted its feasibility on any other terms. Panizzi, however, determined not to deny readers their privileges for a single day. Books were transferred from old shelves to new so systematically that at no one moment were more than five per cent. unavailable on demand.

With all his fondness for minute detail, Panizzi did not lose himself in trifles, but kept certain broad principles constantly in view, as follows:—

- (i.) The Museum is not a show, but an institution for the diffusion of culture;
- (ii.) It is a department of the Civil Service, and should be conducted in the spirit of other public departments;
- (iii.) It should be managed with the utmost possible liberality.

* This story is vouched for by Mr. Cartwright in the *Quarterly Review*, vol. cl.

Besides these rules, he had another—perhaps unconsciously—that books were the most precious of all possessions, or, as Macauley put it, he would give three mammoths for one Aldus. Of the exhibits of natural science, its stuffed animals and bottled specimens, he was indeed a little impatient. Before he retired from the Museum's control, a home for this great department of human knowledge had been provided elsewhere than at Bloomsbury. And if the division between natural science and books is defensible only on grounds of convenience, scholarship and æsthetics are still more closely related; yet here, too, Panizzi was for a separation, not that he loved æsthetics less, but that he loved scholarship more. Hence, his approval of South Kensington as a gathering place, more or less self-sufficient, for art productions. All these things removed, left more room at the British Museum for books, manuscripts, coins, ancient sculptures and other forms of historical document. Panizzi's views, however decided, did not come easily before the Trustees; for he had no seat at their meetings; and their resolutions only reached him through the medium of the secretary, a gentleman who, to the privilege of attending such meetings, had few official duties added. Not till two Royal Commissions had brought in reports on the Museum, nor till the worthy secretary had suffered a mental collapse, was this quaint obstruction cleared away from the official machinery. When the separate post of secretary was at last abolished, Panizzi became the real ruler of the British Museum.

His palmary service to the student public was in the construction of a new reading room; erected to fill an inner quadrangle, on a design of his own invention. Every detail was his, from the grouping of the book shelves to the proportions of the surmounting cupola, which lighted

the whole space. His first sketch of the new building was dated in April, 1852. After five years' perseverance it was carried to completion, and formerly opened in May, 1857. Panizzi had ventured on an estimate of £50,000; the actual cost was £100,000. Nobody called him to account for the discrepancy, so admirable were the results, both in architectural effect and in the convenience of some 500 readers. On 6th March, 1856, a year before the opening of the new reading room, Panizzi was appointed Principal Librarian, thus becoming, under the Trustees, the undisputed chief of the British Museum in all its branches.

Acting on his opinion that it formed a department of the Civil Service, he pressed for and obtained a more liberal remuneration for his staff of assistants—many of them scholars of distinction. At the same time he scouted the least attempt at a perfunctory performance of official duty. He was rewarded by the response of his staff to his exacting ideals by an *esprit de corps* that had not previously existed in that body of men, inclined hitherto to be rather too much absorbed each in his own narrow field of study. So far, it may be objected, Panizzi's exertions added heavily to the Museum's budget which the Trustees had to provide for; but his extraordinary personal influence—an influence which his biographer has not quite explained—did wonders in adding to the Museum's resources. It secured a Government grant of £10,000 a year, and it annexed for the Museum at least two large private collections—one being Mr. Thomas Grenville's—that, but for Panizzi, would have gone elsewhere. Equally important, it asserted and enforced the Museum's rights under the Copyright Act.

It will be remembered that 23 out of the 48 Trustees of the British Museum were holders of high public office.

Of these, the Archbishop of Canterbury exercised the first authority. Between his Grace and the Principal Librarian no personal intimacy came into their official relations, Panizzi being a Catholic all his days. With mere laymen, such as Prime Ministers, he was more at ease. Lord Melbourne, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Palmerston, Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone were something more than official supporters. They consulted him in their own literary researches; they were his frequent correspondents and faithful friends. It is said that perhaps Panizzi's last visitor was Mr. Gladstone. This may well have been; for many a year they had worked together for the same cause—the liberation of Italy. While Mr. Gladstone's share in the work was done in the face of Europe, it is likely enough that he drew on Panizzi, as upon a buried arsenal, for facts and suggestions. Within the limits of this paper only the briefest reference can be made to the revolutionary movement of 1848, or to the reaction that ensued. At Naples the reaction did not stop short of the imprisonment of the Premier himself, Baron Poerio, along with a number of other political offenders. Reports got about as to their inhuman treatment. Mr. Gladstone, still a Conservative, and at the height of his intellectual powers and chivalrous sensitivity, discredited the reports. In 1850 he went to Naples to enquire at first hand into the facts. The result is set out in his two famous letters to the Earl of Aberdeen.* The letters evoked replies to which Mr. Gladstone made rejoinders in the lines from Shakespeare's *Richard III.*—

Relent, and save your souls!
Relent! 'tis cowardly and womanish.
Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish.

“Not to relent,” as history bears witness, was King

* They were republished in 1878. The whole matter is summarised in the first volume of Morley's *Life of Gladstone*.

Bomba's choice. Poerio, Settimbrini and their 60 fellow-prisoners—some doubtless no better than they should be, others the very elect—remained for ten years loaded with chains in one dungeon or another. Of Poerio, the words that dropped from him on his way to a convict island, are still treasured by those who value magnanimity of soul—“I have been taking this iron tonic for some years, and feel all the stronger for it.”*

During these ten years of the imprisonment of the Neapolitan reformers, we see Panizzi, the worthy English citizen, the zealous bureaucrat, the privileged guest of society—we see him the Italian Carbonaro still. Night and day he sought means of escape for the victims of tyranny. Poerio himself being hopelessly out of reach, Settimbrini, hardly a less noble sufferer, attracted his chief efforts. Through the medium of the prisoner's wife, letters in invisible ink passed and re-passed. His exact quarters were ascertained, as well as the time table of the movements of his guard. A small steamer was then chartered. Panizzi worked out to a nicety when she was to arrive at the given spot, and the signals by which Settimbrini should recognise her. In vain! The ill-starred ship sank at her moorings in a squall. Yet not a word of vexation is wrung out of Settimbrini; and Panizzi goes on with his determination to help, if not in one way, then in another.†

Not only as to Naples, but for the reform elements all over Italy, Panizzi became an irregular but convenient sort of agent-general. Rightly or wrongly, he was supposed to have the ear of the British Government, whose adherence

* “Fò questa cura di ferro da parecchi anni, e mi sento più forte.”

† At last, in 1859, the King of Naples released his prisoners for shipment to the Argentine. Then the destination was changed to New York, and finally, in melodramatic fashion, the ship's course was turned to England.

to such and such a policy is frequently demanded by his correspondents. It is amusing how his standpoint changes with the growth of his influence. He is not merely Anglophile, he becomes definitely Whig in his insular sympathies, and definitely anti-republican in his Italian outlook. The sweeping generalisations of Mazzini wax too visionary for him. The shrewd opportunism of Cavour was more akin to his own intellectual temper. This said, he kept in touch with many an ardent fellow-patriot of different views and inferior fortune, unfailing in advice in small things as in large. The friend of the *fuorusciti* assumed in after years an almost fabulous importance. When his centenary was celebrated at his native Brescello in 1897, his name was linked with Garibaldi's and Cavour's among the makers of free Italy.

Something must be said of Panizzi's incessant activity as a letter writer. He wrote a teasing hand and had no special happiness of style, even in his own language. He made apologies for his French: his English was never wholly free from stiffness. Yet his correspondence linked him up with a large variety of persons, many of them in great positions. One of these was M. Thiers, whom Panizzi was able to bring to an understanding with Palmerston. Thiers, a fluent penman, does not conceal from Panizzi the nature of his feelings toward his rival Guizot. In a yet more dramatic letter the future French President describes the abdication of Louis Philippe. Later on, Panizzi's insight into French affairs is from quite a different angle. His acquaintance—it is a curious sort of intimacy—with Napoleon III. yielded a large harvest of letters. Two volumes (octavo) of them, in Prosper Merimée's sparkling French, contain thinly-veiled messages from Napoleon to Lord Palmerston or other English

authorities. They only came to an end with the débâcle of 1870.

The published volume of Italian letters represents many different types of mind, such as Ugo Foscolo,* the poet in exile, raging at his London surroundings; Mazzini, forgetting his role of philosopher, to denounce the post office for opening his letters, or the Press for its coldness, or Aberdeen and Peel for Jesuitical policy; Garibaldi, warm, brief, abrupt in manner, but for the most part non-committal; Duke Carlo of Lucca and Parma, a Bourbon who in a dilettante way sought to pose as a friend of freedom; Cavour, silent when in office, at other times ready to expound his views on finance; Massimo d'Azeglio, and a whole string of less conspicuous statesmen, some whose brief day of power ended with a provisional Government, some who lived on to attain recognition as Senators of the United Kingdom of Italy. All these play their speaking part in the Panizzi correspondence. The one conspicuous absentee from the three volumes is Panizzi himself. His letters to Prosper Merimée were burnt in the Commune conflagration of 1871. His letters to Settembrini, penned in invisible ink, were meant to be destroyed. Others have disappeared without explanation. For many years curiosity fastened on a sealed box of Panizzi papers which he left orders was not to be opened till a given date. The date came, the box was opened, but without any remarkable revelation.

With all his zeal and activity, he possessed a saving discretion. It can hardly be an accident that, after all we know him best by his friends; that from entanglements with the gentler sex he remained immune, and that his only

* In the *Liverpool Commercial Chronicle* of 22nd September, 1827, appeared a full and intimate obituary notice of Ugo Foscolo, signed P., and doubtless written by Panizzi.

attempt at verse was in a translation from the English. The romantic side of his character and career belong to the race from which he sprung; but his great practical qualities were developed, and had their reward, in the service of his adopted country.

After holding the office of Principal Librarian for nearly ten years he was retired on full pay, residing the last 13 years of his life at 31 Bloomsbury Square, within a few minutes' walk of the Museum. His work there has been well summed up. He "found a library of 250,000 uncatalogued volumes: he left a library of 1,100,000 thoroughly catalogued volumes, and provided with accommodation for additions, which, he calculated, would suffice for a period of 20 years." He had handsomely earned his place in the Dictionary of National Biography, the Valhalla of approved Englishmen.

It may be convenient to add a few dates, marking the formal steps of his promotion, and also a list of authorities for the present paper.

Antonio Panizzi, born September, 1807; arrives in Liverpool about August, 1823.

May, 1828 (to 1837), Professor of Italian, University of London.

1831, Extra Assistant Librarian, British Museum.

24th March, 1832, Letters of Naturalisation.

1837, Keeper of Printed Books, British Museum.

6th March, 1856, Principal Librarian, British Museum.

24th June, 1875, resigned.

8th April, 1879, dies.

December, 1851, Legion of Honour.

December, 1855, Order of Sts. Maurice and Lazarus of Sardinia.

6th July, 1859, D.C.L., Oxford.

July, 1861, Knighthood declined.

June, 1866, C.R. declined.

Circ. September, 1865 (confirmed 12th March, 1868), Senator of Italy.

22nd April, 1868, Commander of the Order of the Crown of Italy.

1869, K.C.B.

The authorities for the present sketch are as follows:—

1. *Life of Sir Anthony Panizzi, K.C.B.*, 2 vols., by Lewis Fagan (of the Department of Prints and Drawings, British Museum). Remington & Co., London, 1880.

The writer is full of zeal and information, but displays only moderate skill in handling his materials.

2. *Lettere ad Antonio Panizzi, di uomini illustri e di amici italiani* (1823-1870), pubblicate da Luigi Fagan, adetto al cabinetto delle stampe e dei disegni al Museo Britannico. (G. Barbéra, editore). Firenze, 1880.

3. *Prosper Mérimée—Lettres à M. Panizzi* (1850-1870), publiées par M. Louis Fagan, du cabinet des estampes au British Museum, 2 vols. (Calman Lévy, éditeur). Paris, 1881.

4. *Quarterly Review* (1881), vol. 151, pp. 463-501, an unsigned article on the above (1, 2, 3). Its writer is said to be Mr. W. C. Cartwright, and clearly has independent information.

5. Article on Sir Anthony Panizzi in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. It is very competently done by Dr. Richard Garnett, who, of course, speaks from first hand knowledge.

6. A volume (103 pp., 8vo) published at Brescello after the centenary celebrations, viz.:—*La Vita, le Opere e i Tempi di Antonio Panizzi. Discorso del Prof. Enrico Friggeri*. Belluno, 1897.

Besides the text of the panegyric on Panizzi spoken by Prof. Friggeri, the volume contains notes thereon, an account of the celebrations, and a Panizzi bibliography. This is incomplete, as it omits Panizzi's anonymous contributions to the *Quarterly* and other Reviews.

7. On the occasion of the centenary certain letters from Panizzi to Nicomedi Bianchi and others were published by V. Corradini; but no copy seems to be now procurable. There are several letters of Panizzi's, to which reference has already

been made, in vol. iii, *Epistolario di Ugo Foscolo*. (Le Monnier). Firenze, 1892.

8. Besides Mr. Gladstone's pamphlets on the State Prosecutions of the Neopolitan Government (republished in vol. iv of the *Gleanings*), cf. his article, originally printed in the *Edinburgh Review* of April, 1852, on Farini's *Lo Stato Romano*.

9. *Reports and Records of the Liverpool Royal Institution*, v. d.

WILLIAM ROSCOE AND PROBLEMS OF TO-DAY.

BY THE EARL OF CRAWFORD AND BALCARRES.

IMAGINARY conversations, imaginary portraits, correspondences, and travels—these are recognised and indeed legitimate agencies by which we may recall bygone ideals and achievements, while adapting their lessons to the problems of our own times. It is true that the search for primitive sensations, and especially the effort to reproduce them in a concrete form, is often the outcome of poverty and sometimes a sign of degeneracy; but where the parent influence is still active, comparisons, analogies, and perhaps self-questionings are not unprofitable. What would William Roscoe be saying to-day? What attitude would he adopt towards the problems of his native town, now grown into a great and famous city, endowed by the public spirit of its inhabitants and the wisdom of its governing authorities with Museums and Libraries, with Schools and Galleries of Art, with a University already distinguished by a vigorous and sympathetic personality—above all, what would Roscoe think about the development of the town itself—of streets, squares, docks, parks, gardens, of your public buildings and your private architecture, of all that combines to give character dignity and force, to the throbbing centre of a vast population?

On such matters one must treat as the fountain head, or rather as a datum line, the well-known discourse of 1817, in which Roscoe inaugurated the Royal Institution of Liverpool. It was an eloquent plea for what he called the “Conveniences and Elegancies of Life,” but through-

out there runs a note of apology for his broad thesis that literature and art need not be dissociated from commerce. He makes an oblique reply to those who seem to have argued that our northern climate is inimical to artistic and scholarly development. He claims that "works of literature and taste actually repay in wealth and emolument much more than they require for their support"—a proposition which equally applies to the "arts connected with design, painting, sculpture, and architecture, which must not be considered as a drawback in the accumulation of national wealth or as useless dependents upon the bounty of a country. On the contrary, wherever they have been encouraged they have contributed in an eminent degree not only to honour but to enrich the State." To our generation this view would cause little surprise, but Roscoe himself did not hesitate to admit that his assertion was "strange and novel." Strange and novel . . . what a flood of light is thus thrown upon the environment of his day. Roscoe was confronted by apathies, and probably opposition too; he shrewdly began at the beginning, and pronounced a considered and closely-argued vindication of learning. It was necessary. He boldly claimed for artistic culture in its widest connotation, a place within the life of a commercial community; moreover, that artistic enterprise is entitled to its own honoured status, and to be regarded as one of the primary functions of progressive and creative thought. He insisted on the intimate association of art with our mundane and everyday concerns. "Utility and pleasure," he says, "are bound together in an indissoluble chain"; and he went further in assuming that while the arts as such deserve recognition as an independent manifestation of human invention and resource, they must maintain their alliance with life as a whole. Let

me quote his actual words. "To suppose that they are to be encouraged upon some abstract and disinterested plan from which all idea of utility shall be excluded, is to suppose that a building can be erected without a foundation. There is not a greater error than to think that the arts can subsist on the generosity of the public. They are willing to repay whatever is devoted to their advantage, but they will not become slaves."

I think Roscoe's lesson has been learned, at any rate there are few who will openly contest his propositions; but we fall short in their application. Commerce is still a little nervous of the artist who does not readily work to contract or specification; public authorities are still somewhat reluctant to spend rates or taxes upon what are called luxuries, and looked upon as phylacteries which may adorn in moments of prosperity, but which must be rigidly discarded in less spacious times. Yet the fame of a city, the distinction of its chief citizens, has seldom depended on successful commerce in isolation. Of political, spiritual, or military aspects of fame I naturally shall not speak this evening; but the city of distinction is that where the elegancies of life have been most fruitfully studied in the past, where to-day we can rejoice in the effort of past generations and supplement them by our own. Who are the great merchant princes of the past whose names have survived? Why precisely those whose affluence was most closely linked with the cultural eminence of their times—the Fuggers of Augsburg, the Medici of Florence; we think of Burgo-master Six of Amsterdam, the patron of Rembrandt; of Gian Arnolfini and his wife, who have won immortality because they had the good sense to employ Van Eyck to paint their portraits! The Halls and Chapels of the Merchant Companies and Guilds of Venice, Antwerp,

Brussels, or London, the Market Squares and Exchanges, the Schoolhouses, Scholarships, and Charitable Foundations—all these point to successful commerce in the past; but the names of their founders are no longer associated with the scale of forgotten balance-sheets. It is the qualitative rather than the quantitative measurement which lives on, a credit entry to themselves and a debit against posterity.

Towns are the jewels of a nation's diadem. In our modern polity we entrust to a chosen group of men and women the duty of guarding the peace of our townships, of being patrons of our civic privileges. Upon them falls a full measure of responsibility, for it is they who must add lustre to the beauty of these jewels, splendour to the crown of our realm, and thus ultimately enhance the magic diadem of our Empire. And how heavy is the burden carried by our chief municipalities! Civic problems of to-day are incalculably larger and much more complex as well than when Roscoe urged his fellow-townsmen to acquire knowledge of the manners and affairs of public life. The growth of population alone demonstrates the intensification of all these issues, and connotes the multiplication of requirements and necessities which were not only unrecognised but unknown or needless a hundred years ago. In one direction Roscoe and his contemporaries had little occasion to concern themselves, namely, with what we call the Amenity of a great town. I am driven to use the word, thought I do not much like it, since I observe it is too often monopolised and misused by the wrong people. Amenity in its general outline represents all the pleasure and advantages which spring from the ordered sequence of our thoroughfares, the adequate supply of change and recreation afforded by open spaces, reverence for the monuments

of our ancestry, zeal in recording the work and valour of our own times—all, let us hope, supplemented and enriched by a responsive intellectual life; in short, the external dignity, the domestic comfort, and the artistic quickening of a great community. Roscoe's ambition was that Liverpool should not merely keep pace with other populous communities, but also excel them. His wish has assuredly been realised. What have been the gains and losses in the process, what are the prospects and the prospects too?

That sincere and discerning lover of old Liverpool, Matthew Gregson, wrote in 1817: "Never do I view the drawing of the old Custom House and Quay but with emotions of pleasure and a mixture of public pride, in contemplating the gradual rise of my native town from a poor fishing hamlet to its present high eminence in trade and commerce—a proof of the persevering industry of its inhabitants." What was called a poor decayed town in 1571 has indeed grown with momentum. Ground plans of mediæval towns often enough show a series of concentric rings, which mark the removal of old walls and their replacement by fresh circles of fortification, ultimately forming an outer circle of boulevard. In commercial towns, or those less liable to the attentions of quarrelsome neighbours, than was customary in Spain Italy or Flanders, the accretion of houses is less methodical and governed by a different set of circumstances. Liverpool, when once it was safe to extend beyond the tiny *enceinte* bounded by St. Nicholas' Church and the Castle, expanded without limitation or control. The rambling lines of Liverpool, Manchester, or Glasgow show that military considerations were never dominant, and that in the absence (the merciful absence) of a Baron Haussmann, who revolutionised Paris, we

relied upon individual effort, or I should perhaps say upon individual caprice, trusting to British character and enterprise to please itself, by exercising much, little, or no control. British character is perhaps the best policeman we can enlist, but its propensities for town-planning are small. One result was inevitable. Trade was hampered by chronic congestion, locomotion and transport were often rendered impossible, and apart from other factors of health and security, Reform became imperative, and Reform assumed the style and title of Improvements. "During the time of progress and improvements between 1786 and 1804," writes Gregson, "I caused several picturesque drawings to be made, up Castle Street and down Castle Street, from and to the Exchange, down Dale Street, up High Street, from Clarke's Bank and the East side of High Street; another with the curious group of old houses extending from Tithebarn Street to Dale Street and North front of the Town Hall before the Exchange buildings were in contemplation." The very names recall memories of the early documents of the town, and together with the most valuable collection of local topography preserved in the public collections, suffice to prove that old Liverpool possessed buildings which would be worth a ransom to-day. Alas! that the improvements should have been quite so drastic, that here and there some structure of special note or merit should not have been spared. I feel quite *émotionné* by that reference to the curious group of old houses in Tithebarn Street. They vanished because they were commonplaces to their generation, because your great-grandfathers failed to foresee the tastes and aspirations of to-day. Should not every great city have its society organisation or movement, devoted to cultivating the heritage and amenities of its own time and equally prescient for the needs and

traditions of its great-grandchildren? The contrast of old with new forges the link which joins succeeding generations. It is stimulating to the eye, guiding to the hand, eloquent to the brain, inspiring to the heart. Much has perforce been lost, but progress need not always be obtained at such a sacrifice, and we do not make ourselves modern by resolutely forgetting the past. Honour thy Father and thy Mother that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

But I am far from blaming the authorities of 1786. Mr. Touzeau's capital book records that as long ago as 1703 the need of building regulations was recognised, and an imprudent citizen had to pay the penalty for encroachment by pulling down his partly-built house. But things followed our usual haphazard course, and it was not until 1786 that Liverpool obtained its first systematic Town-Improvement Statute. Even so the effort was partial and sporadic, and trifling expenditure then might have saved huge outlays and perhaps waste later on. "When one buildeth and another pulleth down, what profit have they then but Labour?" What we may now consider oversights were natural and easily explained. We must welcome what was achieved rather than lament what was unfulfilled. Much, as I say, was accomplished, and it is remarkable considering our casual methods that success should not have been more often impeded. While much can be attributed to Gregson and Roscoe, there were others whose vision was wide. 1827-1828 is a particularly interesting period. Grandiose schemes were in contemplation—a bridge over the Mersey, a tunnel beneath it. In this year the Birkenhead Estates were acquired, a noteworthy act of prevision; it was decided in principle to erect a Public Hall—we all know how gloriously that noble project matured. The Councillors of 1828 were

sensible and downright people. They began to put up street nameplates. They subscribed 500 guineas towards the Botanic Gardens. They gave prizes—premiums of 60 guineas—to be awarded to the three best works of art executed in Liverpool and its neighbourhood. They also reflected the sporting proclivities of Lancashire. They patronised Racing officially. They had the courage to back their fancy by voting 120 guineas of public money as a purse for the winner of the Cup, 30 guineas for the second horse. I confess I rather like them for this; but as Renan said of the French terrorists, *nous les aimons à condition qu'ils soient les derniers de leur race*. Such distractions should only be indulged once every two hundred years—I was going to suggest once a century, but I reflect that 1928 is immediately before us. I fear it is still too soon to include Racing in my plea for the elegancies of life. You see it might go so far. One has visions of municipal jockeys and trainers, stud farms and totalisers. It would also add too much alacrity to municipal elections, and would require a new vocabulary of denunciation or praise. Are not the appropriate phrases springing to your lips? But one must not scandalise municipal auditors, or terrify surcharged Councillors. And yet the interview between the Lord Mayor and a Solemnity from the Ministry of Health would be historic in your annals—something worth broadcasting, something novel and tasty for the Movies; and Science progresses so swiftly that we may be sure that by 1928 the newspapers of the Antipodes would within an hour or two reproduce the picture of the Solemnity alighting from his cab, and another of the Solemnity creeping back into it, let us hope suitably crest-fallen and depressed. But I must be cautious. Ever since 1563 it has been considered High Treason to refer in terms of levity to the Mayor of Liverpool or any other

Solemnity; so bidding farewell to these protagonists of a Brighter Liverpool, to the heroes of 1828 (or must I call them banditti?), let us revert to the problems beginning a hundred years ago, when town-planning was still in its infancy—and indeed it is still far from reaching maturity.

Improvements are generally discounted by the loss of historic buildings which illustrate the temperament and character of the older community. The Fortress or Tower seems to have perished from dilapidation rather than for any special reason. St. John's Church had to be removed in order to give space and scale to St. George's Hall, a loss one must not regret, as Elmes' grand structure was thus placed upon its own unrivalled pedestal, like the altar of a great temple, erect and austere, unembarrassed by all that is small in its vicinity. Note that the church was removed after and not before the erection of the Hall, the older building being reserved until its destruction was shown to be justified. Here is a lesson one will do well to respect. The original Town Hall, "a handsome building set upon pillars," according to the instructions of the Town Council in 1674, the old Custom House, and numberless warehouses, residences, and so forth have long since vanished. What, may we ask, is in process of vanishing to-day—what can be spared from the exacting demands of transport and re-housing? That St. Paul's Church should be doomed cannot fail to arouse feelings of regret, for its massive lines, its strength and stability, alike uncompromising and uncompromised, reflect the integrity and the honesty of purpose upon which the foundations of Liverpool's prosperity repose. On a Sicilian hillside and with the added patina of two or three centuries, St. Paul's Church would be one of the famous ruins of the world. And St. Peter's, now represented by a vacant area soon to be occupied by buildings of which

Liverpool can doubtless show ample precedent in style and objective? The church is gone—its ghosts must wish that the site might become a little enclave of garden—yet one must not sigh for the impossible. Much ecclesiastical architecture has been lost, and one can only seek compensation in that new quarter where churches seem endemic to the soil; I get bewildered in trying to count them as I pass along Prince's Avenue. Moreover, vacant sites have been thoughtfully left for the Paralipomena. I console myself with the thought that this neighbourhood must be an ideal resort for the student of comparative philology.

On the other hand, what has been gained? Firstly, St. George's Hall, which ennobles the city, flanked as it is by that concentration of intellectual progress represented by Picture Galleries, Libraries, Schools, and Museums of Art. Here Liverpool possesses in her city square what is often lacking elsewhere, namely the heart from which all the generous impulses may flow. Secondly, the evolution of the Dock-front or Pier-head is in its own sphere equally remarkable—that broad space reclaimed from the river and corresponding with the immeasurable areas of ocean across which your galleons have carried argosies, from the inexhaustible East and into the Western world. On this unencumbered piazza one can breathe a farewell or receive a spacious welcome before plunging into the background devoted to the daily avocations of commerce. If St. George's Hall be the heart of Liverpool, the Dock-front, this majestic gateway of two hemispheres, assuredly represents your right hand. Contrast the River front and the City Square, twin centres of industrial progress and accomplished thought; each is the pivot of its own ideals. But does the heart always throb in unison

with the hand, does the hand always minister to the heart? Here is a question Roscoe might well ask, and do so with all deference and respect.

For it is in the application of Roscoe's principles that difficulties will arise, since none of us will deny that the instruments of heart and hand should be complementary and reciprocal. How, then, should these principles be translated into concrete form, how ensure that the progress of amenity shall be studied in its intellectual as well as its physical form, that the conveniences of public life shall not conflict with the elegancies or vice versa? Let me say that there is no ground for the common assumption that a city which has not already remodelled the accesses and exits of its central area need pay no attention to these problems owing to their prohibitive cost; nor on the other hand should we commit the folly of making a fetish of town-planning. We can still enjoy the complexities of Ravenna or Salisbury or Nuremburg. Even the City of London, which retains many of its pre-fire lines, can devise methods to overcome the obstacles of crooked and narrow lanes. Twenty-five years ago people were scolding London for its aggressive irregularities, for its defiance of axial lines, and for its masked vistas, but one has come to realise that its inconstancy begets endless surprises comparisons and contrasts, and that the symmetrical perfections of Paris give no scope for the imagination and leave no word unspoken. Like London, Liverpool abounds in unexpected peeps and paradoxes. Town-planning can do many things of modest stature, but under present conditions it must be largely confined to the suburbs, where we see the chief experiments of recent years. A general principle governing the lay-out of new housing schemes appears to be that all the roads (and presumably all under-

ground pipes) must be curved, and that every back door shall command and be commanded by its neighbours. Of course these estates have been developed under conditions of abnormal difficulty, and their patrons had to acknowledge that virtue is like a rich stone, best plain set; but due insistence on such a dictum is apt to prove fatiguing. While the outer circle of great towns must therefore be the venue of developments both in housing and open spaces, the inner circle will still call for immense ingenuity and enterprise. During the next fifty years whole areas of Liverpool, and big ones too, will be demolished. It is not a day too soon to begin to formulate the sentiment and ideal which shall guide these tremendous ventures, as their reaction upon the city as a whole will be immediate and far-reaching.

But Liverpool as a municipal unit is not alone concerned. Your requirements already make you stretch out your arms into Cheshire and Wales, while contiguous authorities are interested in Liverpool as the place where their residents work, just as you are concerned in outside areas which provide the homes of your daily population. What is your plan for the re-housing scheme of shall we say 1950? Though remote, the problem exists in embryo, and its solution cannot be extemporised a few years before the necessities impel action. Such things should not be left to chance, or to the providential descent of some unexpected genius.

Let me quote the case of New York. The Commissioners of 1811, when New York had a population of 90,000, wrote as follows: ". . . It may be a subject of merriment that the Commissioners have provided space for a greater population than is collected on any spot on this side of China . . . it may be a matter of surprise that so few vacant spaces have been left and those so

small for the benefit of fresh air and consequent preservation of health. Certainly if the City of New York were destined to stand on the side of a small stream, such as the Seine or the Thames, a great number of ample spaces might be needful; but those large arms of the sea which embrace Manhattan Island render the situation in regard to health and pleasure, as well as to convenience of commerce, peculiarly felicitous; when therefore from the same cause the price of land is so uncommonly great, it seemed proper to admit the principles of economy to greater influence than might, under circumstances of a different kind, have consisted with the dictates of prudence or the sense of duty."

And so the New York Commissioners laid out their gridiron—rectangular, symmetrical, stern. The open spaces are represented by their estuary, which doubtless provides brisk air, but which is unseen by so many, and to that extent as pitiless to the eye as the street. To-day Greater New York has a population of 9,000,000. They are boldly facing their difficulties. They are constructing a great regional plan—which covers all the social, sanitary, transport, welfare, legal, and hygienic ramifications involved in the comprehensive treatment of a vast subject. The London Society has long been engaged on the informal enquiries which must precede the drafting of a specific series of schemes. All this applies with direct cogency to Liverpool.

The scale of such a problem is immense, its complexity is truly alarming; one is reluctant to impose such a task upon public authorities which are already overworked and over-burdened with pressing questions of the hour. Their responsibility ought to be mitigated by the co-operation of citizens who interest themselves in such matters, and to whom I think the Municipalities have every right to

turn. If groups of keen and well-informed people would set to work upon particular items of a regional programme —exits, accesses, open spaces, re-housing, whatever it be, they would invent a scheme, thrash out, canvass, discuss, and finally reject it, beginning it all over again with more assured knowledge and growing certainty of success. Great benefit would emerge even from the formulation and embodiment of broad principles. A preliminary clearing-house would discard fallacies, lay down general lines of action and what is equally important, would establish the intimate connection of economic and industrial, artistic and hygienic considerations which are involved. I often wonder why our great towns do not enjoy the power to co-opt on to their committees which control town-planning and the administration of parks persons who have given special study and attention to these subjects. The right exists and is freely exercised in relation to Education, Free Libraries, and Housing; why this liberty should be withheld precisely where it might be most serviceable is puzzling. It seems specially regrettable because smaller authorities have unfettered freedom, and every regional scheme must involve relations with numerous local authorities of greater or lesser degree.

The immediate objective seems to me to set public opinion to work. Public opinion is there, but it is inchoate and unequipped, and there is no occasion for complacency. It is vaguely conscious of the absurdities and jumbles which surround us, and it regrets that a noble building should be flanked by a vulgarian or by a snob. The application of bye-laws to drainage stability or altitude, is rigid and exacting: these only represent one feature of architectural practice—health, light, and safety—but the effect upon the eye, the harmony and dignity of the town

as a whole, these things also should be influenced; and where public opinion is alert, where civic pride is strong, the local authority will readily take its share in maintaining the highest standard available. Apart from the big schemes I have been referring to, every new building erected will be a fresh unit of gain or loss—drab, shabby, nondescript, respectable, or fine—and the unit of comparison as well as the test of success must assuredly be the most famous and successful of what already exists. St. George's Hall and other distinguished buildings, public and commercial, are a silent but eloquent protest against every effort which is incongruous or insincere.

Every building has its own style—right, wrong, or what is almost as bad, neutral; and its style is the index of fitness for its aim and objective. Old Newgate possessed in a pre-eminent degree the frowning severity of a gaol. The Bank of England is what it purports to be, a treasure-house; Edinburgh Castle is and can be nothing but a fortress. Here you already have St. George's Hall, which represents the high aspirations of civic pride. You are building a Cathedral which is going to be a real Cathedral, and you have a Town Hall which is the embodiment of sober and well-ordered citizenship, providing also the official apartments for the man you honour with your Chief Magistracy—and the Town Hall aptly reflects the ramifications of your interest oversea. Is not the bronze door-knocker an effigy of Neptune—while on the Exchange Flags, the calm detached square at the back of the building where merchants were wont to congregate, there are erected statues to Columbus, Mercator, Galileo, Drake . . . May I remind you in passing that there are still ten vacant plinths?

And if the individual building possesses its own style, the city likewise, the aggregate of buildings should possess

its style too. The city has its character and avocations—locally one can see them readily enough in particular wards or parishes or streets ; but the city as a whole, as a collective unit, must be coloured less or more by its own personality. How cities vary—what stories of effort and disappointment, of success or neglect can be read into their lines and lineaments and levels. A town can die like the generation who built it—a town can thrive with the good conduct, thrift, and enthusiasm of its inhabitants. Sometimes the character of a town is imposed upon it by nature—Venice is a case in point. Elsewhere character blazes out of some discovery, such as Johannesburg, or else it is created as at Monte Carlo, plagiarised as in the modern industrial cities of Japan, borrowed in Buenos Aires, purchased in Delhi, stolen in Constantinople. Each and all must possess a countenance varying according to the eternal changes of mankind. And Liverpool? It seems to me that your home has been fought for and has been won. Are there not hundreds of miles of mudbanks in these islands resembling your own? Yet it is here, at this very spot, enclosed, embanked, reclaimed, extended again and again, that character has asserted itself with persistent and compelling force. And so I should surmise that the quayside, the dock, the harbour, the warehouse, and those towering structures whence radiate the directing impulses of Commerce—in short, that the ocean and its appurtenances, form the structural character of your town. At this point let me abruptly pass to another branch of the subject.

In the discourse of 1817 Roscoe, still perhaps with a nuance of apology, referred to a “ morose supposition that fair prospects, beautiful flowers, or sweet sounds are below the dignity or unworthy the attention of an improved and rational mind.” Roscoe was a keen gardener and a skilled

botanist as well. He took a prominent part in establishing the Botanic Gardens, to which I fancy the Corporation presented the land. He was also a zealous advocate of agriculture as the foundation of all that a State most urgently requires. He identified the cultivation of the soil with the cultivation of the mind with an emphasis which is truly remarkable. His effort to plant Chat Moss, and his regrets (how often shared by other arboriculturalists) that he had not begun long before, gave rise to some interesting correspondence, and he was assured, with what justice I know not, that his effort was the greatest undertaking of its kind in the kingdom. But for my present purpose I would more particularly refer to the fair prospects and beautiful flowers in so far as they concern the amenities of the inner circles of large towns. Many of our predecessors went amiss in neglecting to preserve the town commons and greens which lay well within the reach of their central areas. But can one be surprised? Why, for instance, should Liverpool, say in 1823, have made any special effort at a time when the real countryside lay just beyond her boundaries, and in many cases actually survived inside them? Houses were so low in stature, so many possessed big gardens, and intervening unoccupied spaces were so frequent (any old map will confirm this) that it was almost inevitable that the first scheme to develop some open stretch of municipal or manorial property would be hailed with satisfaction. Early in the 17th century there seems to have been a disposition to safeguard public interests, but gradually, to our lasting remorse, town after town, from heedlessness rather than cupidity, permitted the obliteration of open spaces which to-day would be inconceivable in value. Alas! that in our time it should so often be necessary to go outside a city to breathe. The bigger the population

the more grievous the loss. Happily in London a central group of parks, unique so far as I know in the whole world, affords that variation to the human senses which is so necessary for the health, comity, and répose of urban populations. Dublin and Edinburgh (likewise owing to the fact of their being capital cities) are endowed with magnificent parks adjacent to the town, though less central than in the metropolis. Berlin, Vienna, Paris, Madrid, New York, all possess superb parks, but all are outside and beyond the ordinary range of urban occupation and movement. It is quite an expedition to reach the Bois de Boulogne; but half a million people cross and pass Hyde Park every twenty-four hours.

All must applaud the success of great provincial towns in repairing omissions and oversights of bygone days, though Liverpool itself did not always appreciate the efforts of her Town Council at a time when such initiative was all too rare. Let me pay tribute to Alderman Rainford, who in 1743 undertook to lay out enclosed grass-plots for the inhabitants to dry their clothes on. These pleasant grounds addicted to the housewives of 1743 have long since vanished; no trace has been preserved of those busy, gossiping Hanoverian soapsuds. Much more regrettable is the loss of the two public walks formed in the same year—the Ladies' Walks, as they were happily called, with a direct and old-world gallantry for which you will permit me to offer the good alderman and his colleagues your *ex post facto* thanks. One of these walks was to be in the north, the other in the south of the town, respectively near Duke Street and Old Hall Street. Ten years later a third walk, leading towards Quarry Hill, likewise dedicated by name to the ladies of Liverpool, was constructed at the expense of the Corporation. The line of one of these walks is now marked by the towpath of

a canal. These walks were not short cuts for the bustling tradesman or the errand-boy ; they were Ladies' Walks, so designed and so styled by the Corporation—interludes of social recreation and calm, to which from time to time the other sex would doubtless be invited. In Roscoe's words, they ranked among the elegancies of life. Their loss is almost a tragedy, for it is within the city and in the closely-populated areas where street follows street without intermission or relief, that the break of continuity is most essential. It is not only in the boundless deserts of the East that an oasis brings joy to the wayfarer. I plead for no extravagant scheme which would burden finance in one direction or check its profitable employment in another. To do so would be an impertinence on my part, but with study and discrimination much can be accomplished at slender cost. Even a casual tree here and there, with its constant alternations of light and shade, its graceful movements and harmony of dim sounds, its transitions from one range of colour to another, above all, with the tenderness and sentiment arising from its recurrent generations of foliage—a single tree can do much—so much ; and a solitary tree in St. Peter's Square is worth a little grove in Sefton Park. Trees grow very well here. Liverpool enjoys an advantage, shared by few Lancashire towns, in that its prevalent wind carries in its train a relatively small proportion of smoke. There is a freshness in the West Lancashire air, judging from the parks and avenues, which is gratifying to Liverpool trees, which perhaps also enjoy the sonority of our Lancashire breezes as they waft to and fro so many messages of activity and enterprise. Meanwhile, I give you the toast of Alderman Rainford and the fair maidens of 1743.

And now, ladies and gentlemen, having walked you round and round the city, may I invite you to come indoors

for a few minutes, to explore the heart of Liverpool—into your Libraries, Museums, and Galleries, through the lecture-rooms of your University, peeping here and there into a counting-house. If one has occasion to deplore losses of outdoor features which might have been spared to the lasting benefit of the community, there has at any rate been a steady and cumulative growth of indoor possessions,—works of art of all descriptions, which now form a broad and comprehensive unit of study, recreation, and research. The Gallery of Modern Painting is naturally the best known and most popular branch of all, and Liverpool shares the credit with a great Midland municipality of having so boldly recognised the claims of the pre-Raphaelite school, which encountered ridicule and obloquy in its inception, and was so long neglected by our national collections. And to have acquired representative paintings by no less than sixty-five artists of Liverpool and the neighbourhood, measures on the one hand the creative activity which exists, and likewise the readiness of the city to do justice to local artists—following in effect the precedent established by the giants of 1828. Then again the small but choice collection of old masters, formed on a nucleus drawn from the Roscoe collection, is valuable; and though we should not allow the past to impose its traditions and outlook with too rigid a sway, we can nevertheless learn much from men whose technical skill is still unsurpassed, and whose inspiration was so effortless and so true. Roscoe was very catholic in his tastes, a close student of engravings and drawings, patron of a contemporary whose fame only reached its apogee long after the artist's death—George Romney, while as a bibliophile Roscoe ranks high, among the highest, in fact. I need only say that he possessed Fust and Schoeffer's *Psalter* of 1459, the *Catholicon* of 1460, the

Lactantius of 1465, the New Testament of 1472, the Boccaccio of 1473, the First Folio of Shakespeare, and many incunabula, early poems, and romances of chivalry. It is satisfactory to reflect that selected examples of Roscoe's library recall his memory to those who frequent the Athenæum. I rejoice that his tradition is honoured in the literary side of municipal activity. The Central Library takes its appointed post in that concentration flanking St. George's Hall as the central unit of learning and inspiration. There are avalanches of free libraries to-day, but their provision is simpler than their profitable employment. I feel sure, however, that in your secluded and workmanlike interior presides the very $\eta\delta\sigma$ needful for study and contemplation. The library is all-important, as it must respond to every citizen who wishes to illustrate, to amplify, or to vindicate his attempt to achieve civic or intellectual progress. Time precludes my referring to the study of art, most particularly in relation to architecture and archæology, or to scientific, musical, or medical progress; to only one other section of your municipal collections will I allude, namely, the Mayer Bequest. Somehow or other I derive the impression that its very subtle value is ill appreciated. Some rearrangement which shall do adequate justice to superb things—among the ivories, for instance—while suppressing those of inferior merit which can be kept elsewhere for reference purposes, would enhance the immense value of the collections now discounted by defective cataloguing and faulty display. In one sense these collections form the best precedent and exemplar for the craftsman who seeks delicacy of touch, daintiness of design, discretion of material—all the charm and attractions of the choice *objet d'art*. It is always well to supplement these early specimens by examples of modern handiwork, so that the

craftsmen and manufacturers of to-day may profit by the comparison of old with new, applying what is called industrial or minor art to the common wares and implements of every-day life, thus extending the realm of beauty to all our surroundings.

These Libraries and Art Collections provide a huge stock of instruments of progress. The schedule of acquisitions is the record of long and consistent effort. The fundamentals are at the disposal of all. But they must not remain a mere aggregation of specimens; they themselves must live and move. *Il n'y a rien de plus mort que ce qui ne bouge pas.* . . . Movement, development, fruition. The creation of a fine picture or statue or house, is not quite the end of art—it is only the beginning of its second career; for each must be understood or it loses meaning, rightly used or it is debased. The statue can only be valued by those well enough trained to see and to sympathise. We do not bury our masterpieces inside a pyramid.

The acquisition of knowledge is both our best assurance that past genius will be respected, and that the hidden genius of to-morrow shall enjoy every chance of developing with freedom and security. The University must perform this dual function. Young and modern, it can strike out its own line, better able than older foundations to adapt itself to prevailing conditions, more likely therefore to effect a close alliance with the city and its public opinion. Recognised as a Parliamentary constituency, and associating itself with every phase of science and research, its development will show that University education is destined to become the foundation rather than the coping-stone of commercial success as well as of academic distinction. The trade of Liverpool is not immune from competition, and the British counting-house

must recognise that advanced education elsewhere can only be met by the provision of the higher learning at home. This is best accomplished where affinities between town and university are most spontaneous, and where the relation of commerce and the humanities is most freely conceded. This sense of interdependence and the acknowledgment of mutual obligations will go far to revive and perhaps to generate forces of which we scarcely can measure the significance and power—forces which will contribute as much to commercial success as to intellectual fame. And running on parallel lines one can suggest that the Royal Institution, our hosts of this evening, may act as the rallying point of detached efforts—geographical, philosophical, historical, antiquarian, and thus provide a nexus with the University and at the same time preserve the tradition and honour the memory of Gregson, Mayer, Elmes, Walker, Hornby, and Roscoe.

And how much has already been done! Is it not encouraging to reflect how slender is the distinction between what is poor and passable, between what is good and great? Should not this stimulate to fresh and perhaps final effort to accomplish the last intervening stage? In some things, for instance the practice of spelling, a common level approaching perfection is reached, I will not quite say by the average citizen, but at least by the average graduate, a high standard not even exceeded in the realm of football, which commands an equal number of devotees. In architecture hundreds, thousands of good, substantial, honest buildings have been erected in our own day; but if the cornice is just wrong, or the relation of window and wall ill-judged, or if the distribution of space be wasteful or pretentious, obvious virtues will not make good for such defects, and only those works are crowned with distinction where proportion, character, and refine-

ment are unimpeachable. Again the difference between an indifferent portrait and a good one is often infinitesimal, between a good and a flattering dividend, between one speed record and its predecessor. But the last knot or two are the most difficult to attain. In commercial life perfection may cost more than it returns, and may well be economically unsound.

Not so in intellectual life or civic amenity. On the contrary, the high and even inaccessible ideals deserve the sustained effort and will yield the supreme result. Those who have travelled so far after mastering all the basic elements may be within reach of an unseen goal, for there comes a point where progress becomes a transmutation, where skill merges into genius, and success is suddenly fused into perfection. Here and there it is already consummated. You have such ideals before your eyes.

Let me gather up the threads of my homily, the threads which bind heart and hand, town and gown, culture and commerce. Each in isolation is good, but combined their potency is magnified tenfold. This unification and concentration of opportunity should be eagerly grasped: and if class consciousness divides forces and sterilizes effort, civic consciousness and pride will focus and vitalise, most of all where heart and hand rejoice in active sympathy and co-operation.

Liverpool, the city which has been fought for and has been won from the tides, has its outlook across the oceans, and in its chief industry of shipping employs instruments and equipment which are in themselves noble—a calling which demands resolution and alertness, ceaseless struggle, unbroken vigilance. Liverpool is a city where stirring examples have been set, great lessons taught, and where the very highest objectives must still be attained.

SCIENCE IN RELATION TO LITERATURE AND PHILOSOPHY.

BY GEORGE ADAMI, C.B.E., M.D., F.R.S., &c.

I.

IT is interesting how, with time, words imperceptibly change their meaning and how this has told upon our society. Translated into modern language, the title of our Society means truly the society for the cultivation of the Arts and Sciences. I make this pronouncement not merely as the result of a study of the communications made to the Society during the first fifty years of its existence, but also from a comparative study of the use of the term "philosophical." As a result of the former study I find that those communications group themselves into two orders, the one—the literary—including papers upon History, Biography and Antiquities, Aesthetics, Architecture, Education, the Classics and Archæology, Pictorial Art and English Literature: the other, and by far the larger group, consists of, more particularly, zoological and botanical papers, geological, chemical, physical, astronomical, and an interesting group upon currency and other political and economical subjects. These to-day we would certainly term, not philosophical, but scientific. Up to the 'sixties, communications upon what we to-day regard as philosophy par excellence are striking by their very absence. In Volume 4 (1859) is an address by the Reverend A. Hume on "Intellectuality in the Lower Animals," but that is more a natural history than a philosophical study. In Volume 8

is an address by the Reverend A. Ramsay on the "Life and Character of Hobbes," but that again is more biographical than anything else and should be classified in our first group. Only after the 'seventies, as the previous meaning of philosophical gives place to the modern, do we find a steadily increasing number of publications upon sophistics, *id est* upon ethics and mental and moral philosophy.

I lay this down also from a comparison with other Societies founded at the end of the 18th and beginning of the 19th century. The Cambridge Philosophical Society, for example, maintains its old tradition of dealing with all the sciences, mathematics especially, although chemistry, physics and the biological sciences keep well to the fore. And from the time of John Dalton to the present day the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society has maintained its reputation for original communications in Chemistry and Physics. Turning to a society of yet earlier origin, even as late as 1847, those Fellows of the Royal Society who most desired to promote the scientific objects of that great body banded themselves into the "Philosophical Club," with monthly meetings, in order "to facilitate intercourse between those Fellows who are actively engaged in cultivating the various branches of Natural Science and who have contributed to its progress." And this club continued to flourish for two generations, until in 1901 it was merged into the yet older and possibly more convivial "Royal Society Club," whose history goes back to 1743, if not indeed to the very foundations of the Royal Society in 1662. Pepys, who later became President of that Society, on the day of his admission as a Fellow in 1664-5, notes that after his admission he attended what he terms a "club supper at the Crown Taverne behind the 'Change with my Lord the President (Brouncker) and most of the company." And on another

occasion he confessed that he had told his wife that he had been at the Club, whereas in truth he had spent the evening in yet livelier and less creditable company. But as Sir Archibald Geikie points out, until 1787-88 this old Royal Society Club was officially entitled "The Club of Royal Philosophers."*

We can go back yet further to the first recognition of what to-day we regard as science and scientific method in England. The *New Atlantis* was composed in 1617, although not published until after Bacon's death in 1626 (dates which are curiously parallel to those of the first fruits of the experimental method in England, for Harvey enunciated his observations upon the circulation of the blood in his lectures before the College of Physicians in 1616, but did not publish them until 1628). In it Francis Bacon made his great protest against the deductive method, which till then had been exclusively in vogue, and extolled the amassing of accurately ascertained facts, from which alone, in his opinion, the processes of Nature could be understood. By this means man could attain to "the knowledge of causes and secret motions of things, and the enlarging of the bonds of human empire, to the effecting of all things possible." He held that "there is much ground for hoping that there are still laid up in the womb of Nature many secrets of excellent use, having no affinity or parallelism with anything that is now known, but lying entirely out of the beat of the imagination, which have not yet been found out. They, too, no doubt, will some time or another in the course and revelation of many ages come to light of themselves, just as the others did; only by the method of which we are now treating they can be speedily and suddenly and simultaneously presented and anticipated."

* Geikie. *Annals of the Royal Society Club*, p 202. 1917.

What would Bacon say could he see the outcome of his advice?

What is more, he believed that this collection of accurately ascertained facts tested by experiment could best be conducted by corporate action, by a carefully planned and well endowed college, consisting of a company of Fellows divided into groups, each of which should be charged with a special department of enquiry and research. Half of the company were to be "travelling Fellows," engaged in collecting from foreign countries, and abstracting from books and mechanical arts and liberal sciences all that had been previously discovered or invented. The other half were to be engaged over new experiments, the classification of former experiments and results, and the establishment of conclusions and generalisations that might lead to yet further observations and generalisations.

Despite the troubled times, in Europe generally as well as in England, the *New Atlantis* had a great vogue. No less than ten editions were issued between 1627 and 1670.

Its outcome was the establishment, not of Colleges as imagined by Bacon—Colleges in a restricted sense—but of Societies for the promotion of natural science or natural philosophy. Foremost among these is to be mentioned the "Invisible College," established in London in or before 1645. That invisible college had a notable band of members: Boyle, the great physicist, 'father of Physics and brother of the Earl of Cork'; the universally curious John Wilkins, mathematician and philologist, later Bishop of Chester; John Evelyn, the collector, virtuoso and authority on trees and landscape gardening; Christopher Wren, the English Leonardo; William Petty, political economist and anatomist, and author of the great Down survey of Ireland; that yet more universal genius, Robert Hooke, Gresham Professor of Geometry, architect and designer of Beth-

Lehem Hospital, astronomer (who first showed how to see stars in daylight and discovered the 5th star in Orion), physicist (who measured the force of gravity by the swing of a pendulum, and made the first barometer), mechanician (who invented the spiral spring for regulating watches), and collaborator with Willis in his chemical and with Boyle in his physical observations; John Wallis, who introduced the principles of analogy and continuity into mathematical science, whose *Mathematica infinitorum* contained the germ of the differential calculus, and who invented the sign for Infinity; George Ent, who became President of the College of Physicians and vindicator of Harvey, and Glisson, of Glisson's capsule known to all medical students, who described and named Rickets in what was the first or almost the first English medical monograph. In 1647 Boyle wrote, "The corner stones of the Invisible, or (as they term themselves) the Philosophical College, do now and then honour me with their company"; while Wallis, referring to his memories of 1645, speaks of the college and its interest "in the New Philosophy which from the times of Galileo in Florence and Sir Francis Bacon in England hath been much cultivated in Italy, France, Germany and other parts abroad as well as with us in England." With the end of the Civil War the company divided, some remaining in London, others, Wallis, Wilkins, Goddard and Boyle, went to Oxford, and there in 1651 became the Philosophical Society of Oxford, which continued in existence until 1690, when it ceased. The London members of the College, after the separation, continued to meet, the old Oxford contingent still remaining members, and in 1660, determining to develop on a larger scale, took those steps to gain the interest of the King, which led to the foundation of the Royal Society under Royal Charter in 1662, with Charles II. as founder and patron.

Do you need any fuller proof of the meaning of Philosophical in the title of this Society, or evidence that the designation when determined in 1812 referred not to mental and moral, but to experimental philosophy? Almost may it be claimed that he who was Member of Parliament for Liverpool from the year after the Armada to 1593 made experimental philosophy the characteristically English philosophy.

II.

Far be it from me to decry metaphysics and mental philosophy. Rather let me freely and fully emphasise the respect and appreciation all should possess for the pursuit of truth of any and all orders, by any and every means. This, however, I cannot but recognise: that the influence of the *New Atlantis* and of the Royal Society has, until these latter days, raised a barrier between the experimental philosophers, or men of science, and the students of philosophy as we now understand it—the mental and moral philosophers; or, shall I say, between the inductive and the deductive philosophers?

The man of science fears to advance or to support himself by any argument which he cannot put to the test of experiment. It is not that he does not employ deduction. On the contrary, deduction and hypothesis are the soul of science. The power to deduce constitutes that most essential possession, the scientific imagination, without which advance is impossible.

Let me give you an example of inductive philosophy from the life of one of the greatest of all men of science, the centenary of whose birth we celebrated in this hall only last week.

When he was asked to investigate a malady which was devastating the chickens in France—and those of you who

have been in France, even if you have only partaken of the Table d'Hôte in the railway restaurant at Calais and in a Paris hotel, know how essential the chicken is to the gastronomic well being of the Frenchman—Pasteur first, under careful precautions, isolated from the blood of animals obviously dying from the disease a particular microbe, a minute bacillus. He found that he could grow this in prepared broth at body temperature outside the body. The mere fact that he could obtain this particular bacillus from all fowls showing the particular choleraic symptoms peculiar to the malady was not sufficient for him to say that this was the cause of the disease. At most, it was the natural deduction. To make sure, he took chickens that had not been attacked, inoculated into them some of his broth culture, and found that in a few hours they drooped, with feathers all awry, had a profound diarrhoea, and that they died with all the symptoms of the malady.

While these experiments were under way, it happened that he was called away from his laboratory for some days, and returning he resumed his experiments, using some of the flasks of culture which he had prepared before leaving, which for some days had been on a shelf. Using these and inoculating a new batch of fresh chickens, to his discomfiture nothing happened. The animals were none the worse. He had, therefore, to begin his work over again, obtain some more sick fowls, and gain cultures from them, and very naturally, as nothing apparently had happened to the batch of healthy chickens which he had previously inoculated, he now used them over again, inoculating them with the new and active cultures. To his astonishment they did not turn à feather. The ordinary man would have simply recorded a failure of the experiment, would have taken a new lot of culture material and a new batch of chickens. Not so Pasteur. That failure

meant something. Which was to blame: the new culture or the fowls? He tested the culture upon a batch of fresh healthy chickens and they promptly sickened and died. Evidently the culture was not to blame. Was it possible, therefore, that the previous inoculation with the old material had affected the chickens of the earlier batch so that now they could stand what was otherwise a fatal dose of the bacilli? Had he at last in this apparently unsuccessful experiment really accomplished a vaccination of the fowls, and brought about protection from this particular disease, something after the manner in which Jenner had protected human beings from smallpox by the inoculation of cow pox?

Here was the imagination, here the hypothesis. So promptly Pasteur reproduced the conditions of the experiment that failed. He took fresh and virulent cultures of the microbe, left them for days at the ordinary temperature exposed in his laboratory: found that as a matter of fact the longer he kept them the weaker and more attenuated they grew, so that he had to employ larger and larger quantities to produce any effects upon chickens. And in this way, by deduction followed by induction, he discovered the principle of preventive inoculation by means of attenuated virus—of protecting animals by conferring upon them a mild attack of the disease.

I have chosen this illustration more particularly because at this very time, when we are celebrating the work accomplished for humanity by the greatest of all Frenchmen, a brilliant farceur whose only experiment in inductive philosophy, to my knowledge, has been, by perverted paradox, to test the gullibility of the public in terms of £ s. d., has had the impertinence to cast doubt upon Pasteur's position as a thinker and experimenter, and the hardihood to give the lie direct to the labours of, and the

results obtained by, the laboratory workers in bacteriology of the last generation. It would be difficult to find a better example of the dangers of depending upon deductive reasoning alone, based upon inadequate marshalling of facts, than is afforded by Mr. Bernard Shaw's article in last week's *Nation*. The one consolation is that by now he has so well established himself as one who writes with his tongue in his cheek, as one who is a special pleader, to whom the search after the truth is secondary to the enjoyment to be gained by pulling the leg of the British public, that his influence as a propagandist has become negligible. All the same, the irritation is there when he speaks contemptuously of men like Pasteur, whose nobility of character, honesty of purpose and of scientific life, and clearness of intellect are beyond praise. Those of us who have had the privilege of knowing M. Pasteur, those of us who have read that most lucid and fascinating biography by Vallery Radot, will comprehend the quality of Bernard Shaw's knowledge of that about which he writes, when he characterises Pasteur as having "a ready shallow wit," a "keenness for cures," a "levity in experimenting on the living subject," and "a confidence in superficial solutions of very deep questions."

To resume the more even flow of my remarks. The man of science has learnt by bitter experience how often his hypotheses or deductions prove either false or incomplete when submitted to the test of experiment so that, on the one hand, he recognises more and more the value of logic as a means to promote accurate thinking and reasoning, and, on the other, he comes to possess a very definite scepticism as to the value of deductions pure and simple which either are not, or cannot, be tested by precise methods. And because mental and moral philosophy from Plato through the schoolmen of the middle ages, through

Hobbes, Berkeley, Kant, Schopenhauer, Hegel and Nietsche, have been developed by this latter method, the tendency of the English natural philosophers at least—I will not speak so positively of the Scottish—has been to treat mental and moral philosophers as it were as poor relations; acknowledged but kept in the background.

And yet the man of science cannot help being a philosopher. To understand and promote his subject he must train his mind: he must collect facts, must classify them, must for the purpose of classification recognise resemblances, weigh their significance, arrive at theories of relationships, and must test the same, striving as the results of those tests to arrive at natural laws. Science, in fact, is one long education in observation in the first place, in ordered reasoning in the second, in testing the validity of hypotheses in the third. What is more, inevitably recognising that while he deals, it may be, with but one branch of science, his conclusions and laws are of the same order as those arrived at by his fellows in other branches of science, he comes to apply them broadly to life and its environment in general and to apply his findings to his general conduct. He cannot, that is to say, but come to have some mental and moral philosophy on his own account. His attitude in fact towards these subjects, towards sophistics, has been on a par with that of the growing multitude of the religiously minded who stand outside the churches and accept no official creed, although a creed of their own they certainly possess, imperfect it may be and brief, but individual and based upon personal experience.

Happily, things are changing, and this with the recognition by the philosophers of to-day that, after all, the mental processes depend upon and are only rendered possible through the material substratum of the mental

mechanism, namely, the anatomy and functioning of the brain and sense organs. Ideas, concepts, precepts, associations of ideas, intelligence, reason and imagination all depend upon the structure of the instrument of thought and its mode of action. Theories as to the nature of thought are matters of metaphysics ; to-day we are realising that "every such theory has to submit to a test of its congruity with the anatomical structure and physiological processes of the brain and nervous system."*

And so it is being increasingly recognised that mental and moral philosophy must be based upon the exact study of nervous phenomena : from a deductive they are coming to be placed upon an inductive basis, and as they approach a synthesis of the psychical and neural aspects of the psycho-neural processes of the individual mind, and as they base themselves upon experimental psychology, they come into line with and indeed become one of the natural sciences. To us in Liverpool it is a cheering thought that the first University post in experimental psychology in this country was established here in the laboratory of Sir Charles Sherrington, as an outcome of his own long continued studies upon the nervous system.

But this is the striking feature of the present day : all the Arts subjects, including History and Theology, are converting themselves into sciences. I was going to except belles lettres, but even there I find that that staunch supporter of the Arts, Professor Elton, in his lately published *Sheaf of Papers*, is busying himself over discovering the laws of metre in good plain prose. Where are we going to end ? You will remember the famous surprise of M. Jourdain (was it not?) on discovering that all these

* I quote from the *Elements in Thought and Emotion* of my old friend, Mr. George C. Campion, just published. University of London Press Ltd., 1923.

years he had been talking prose without ever knowing it. Our surprise is equal in finding that all these years one has talked in numbers without realising the fact.

We still in our University claim geography, economics and commerce as Arts subjects, but in other modern universities they are sciences. We live in the age of tested laws.

III.

But reverting to Literature—this being a literary as well as a philosophical and scientific society—I would like also to revert to our premier philosophical society and its influence.

In the original statutes of the Royal Society of 1663, cap. V. clause 4 reads as follows:—

In all reports of experiments to be brought into the society, the matter of fact shall be barely stated, *without any prefaces, apologies, or rhetorical flourishes*; and if a Fellow shall think fit to suggest any conjecture concerning the cause of the *phenomena* in such experiments, the same shall be done apart and so entered, etc.

Now that statute has had a profound influence upon the presentation of scientific communications in this country from that time forth. It has given a quality of directness: it has instilled an abhorrence of useless verbiage. That is all to the good. But on the other hand it has to be admitted that it has drawn a bar between literary and scientific communications. At least in England, for here in Literature we have not arrived at the Chinese—and possibly the highest—ideal of the perfect poem, as a single sentiment expressed flawlessly in a single line. It may not have struck you from the nature of the case, a Chinese poem is the expression of a sentiment and nothing else—no metre and no rhyme—for its expression by means of ideograms, which may represent totally different words

in the northern and southern provinces, makes scansion and rhyme impossible.

For us in a literary effort the rhetorical flourish, or, expressed otherwise, the 'purple patch,' is in itself the justification for all that leads up to and that follows it. The sonnet exists for its last line, and preface and apologies, if not essential, are at least common and useful settings for the jewel. Economy in words and condensation of thought may be the counsel of perfection: how difficult to attain unto only those know who have striven to imitate or reproduce from memory the essays of Francis Bacon. But literary exercises so framed are all very well for the closet; they are all very ill for delivery to the public, to the members of a society such as this. To drive one's point home to a public audience, the old-established advice to counsel applies, which is: repeat your main point twice when appearing before a judge, and three times to a jury.

This may be laid down in respect to all who make communications by word of mouth to learned societies, that their first duty—both to themselves, that what they say may not fall on barren ground, and to their hearers, for their edification—is to present their information in such a form that through the manner of presentation the matter arrests attention. And this, I hold, applies as well to scientific as to literary communications.

I wholly agree with the Royal Society statute as regards the unrighteousness either of apologies or rhetorical flourishes in a scientific paper. I wholly disagree in regard to the matter of preface. This direction has done actual harm. It has made men careless of form: it has made only too many men of parts think that distinction of style is out of place in a scientific paper, that the more bare and bald the presentation, the greater its virtue.

And this is their own great undoing. For most humanly the very barenness withdraws attention. A busy man is not going patiently to read through it may be pages of description of experiments and marshalling of facts if no indication is given as to what it is sought to discover. To obviate this it has become the fashion nowadays to give at the conclusion of a scientific paper a summary of the conclusions reached. That, it is true, is a material help. But after all, to look at the summary at the end of a paper is very much like attacking a new novel by reading the last chapter. Too often this means that the paper is not otherwise consulted. Whereas a preface setting out the problem to be solved and its significance, calling attention to the work accomplished by previous workers and what it implies, the means they employed, the blanks yet to be filled, and the methods now evolved, all these create interest and impel full study. And if with this, the paper be written not in slipshod, but in good pure English, with evident care as to the sequence of ideas and the employment of precise and unequivocal phrase, the literary quality alone becomes a powerful aid to the understanding and acceptance of the writings of any worker.

In one of his recent lectures on the drama, at the University, Mr. Granville Barker laid down and illustrated by examples from Shakespeare and other dramatists, that the opening words of a play should give, if not the clue, certainly the tone or atmosphere to the whole subsequent treatment of the plot. Those first words are all-important. That, I consider, ought to hold for every literary essay, even including the scientific paper. It well repays days, not to say weeks, of thought and revision, or writing and re-writing, to get the preface to express exactly the tone of what is to follow, to strike exactly the right note.

Wherefore it is well that every literary communication

to this society should also be philosophical: it is essential that every scientific paper should at the same time have literary qualities.

IV.

One other fact impresses me from a study of the communications made to this society, namely, the alteration in the quality of the communications. It is evident that in the earlier years of its existence there were in Liverpool so few acknowledged authorities upon their respective subjects that the papers read were not of an original type, and that so they were not sufficiently important to merit publication. There was an era when the Society was, if I may so express it, of the mutual education type, the authors of the various communications seeking rather to spread than to advance knowledge, feeding the members upon rechauffements rather than new dishes. Only in 1843 did the material offered appear sufficiently important to be given publication in the form of Proceedings, and even then most of the papers were given in abstract or in excerpts. But with the establishment of the Proceedings there was a steady improvement in the quality of the material offered, and from the session of 1859-60 to the end of the century the Society's yearly volumes were full of valuable and original communications, by authorities such as the Rev. Dr. Ginsburg, the Rev. Dr. Higgins, Dr. Ihne, and Sir William Herdman.

But what is striking is that with the development of Liverpool as a centre for advanced studies, the staffs of University College and of the later University have in a very striking manner not taken their share in the work of the Society. With almost the solitary exception of Sir William Herdman with his natural history contributions, they have not used it as a means of making public the work accomplished in Liverpool and its laboratories.

Indeed, since the beginning of this century, with the budding off from the present Society of bodies like the Liverpool Microscopical Society, the Astronomical Society, the Biological Society, the Historical Society of Lancashire and Cheshire, the amount of original studies contained in the Proceedings have undergone a striking diminution. It has become almost entirely a literary society—a society for the delivery of popular addresses. Of high quality, it is true, but most of the original matter published by it deals with local history and antiquities.

The question that I would propound to the members is this: With its old standing, its distinguished past, its vested interest in this Royal Institution with the admirable accommodation here provided for meetings large and small, is this Society playing up to its possibilities as the live centre of the literary and scientific activities of the city? I would put this before you: Never before have so many original studies of high order been produced in Liverpool as at the present time. Our laboratories teem with active workers. But for all this work Liverpool gets relatively little credit. And what is more, Liverpool itself is given little means of knowing how much is being accomplished in its midst. The results of these many activities are dispersed through the transactions and proceedings of a multitude of learned societies and the innumerable journals on special subjects published elsewhere which no one sees save those who pursue these particular 'ologies.

Has not the time arrived when Liverpool should gain the credit for these various activities? Would it not be well for this Society, if it is to live up to its name, to give this matter its special consideration? I do not in the least suggest either that the present system of meetings to hear prepared addresses, such as this, be abrogated: or, on the other hand, do I in the least propose that

this Society should become the accredited organ for the publication *in extenso* of scientific and literary papers by Liverpool workers. But there are two possible courses, both most serviceable. Either there might be established several sub-sections of the Society with relatively frequent meetings, at each of which there could be communicated original work in one or other branch of science, and the Society might without delay issue bulletins giving abstracts in the form of preliminary communications, with the statement as to the journal in which the work is to be published in full; or, on the other hand, the Society might appoint a group of secretaries for particular subjects, making each responsible for providing in the yearly volume of the Proceedings a full list of all books and communications to other societies and journals by Liverpool workers, whether literary or scientific, with abstracts setting forth the salient features of those books and communications.

The former would need the longer time to put into operation; but in the end would attract into the Society the greater number of active members in science and literature; it would incidentally make this, the oldest Society, the means of bringing together all the special scientific and literary societies already in existence in our city. The latter would cause less disorganisation of our present methods. I cannot but feel that by either method the Society would earn for itself a secure position as the central and representative body here in Liverpool for the promotion of Literature and Philosophy—in its broadest sense.

THE PLATONIC TRADITION IN MODERN ENGLISH THOUGHT.

BY THE VERY REVEREND W. R. INGE, C.V.O., D.D.

NOTHING would be easier than to spend half of an hour's lecture in explaining what Platonism is not, and the other half in explaining what it is. Plato was a pioneer. He was not a systematic philosopher, and he was not only a philosopher, but a poet, a prophet, and a statesman. There is also good reason to believe that he had no confidence in the possibility of communicating deep spiritual teaching by books, and that he reserved what he considered the most vital part of his message for oral instruction. If the Letters, or some of them, are genuine, he made no secret of his resolve not to reveal everything in his famous Dialogues.

Prof. J. A. Stewart, in an admirable essay dealing with a part, perhaps the most important part, of our subject to-day, draws a distinction between personal and traditional Platonism. Traditional Platonism is the "intellectual system"—to borrow the title of Cudworth's famous treatise, based on the implicit philosophy of the personal Platonist. There is, as the title of this lecture implies, a traditional Platonism. But it is never merely traditional, in the sense that it rests on ancient documents, or on the reverence paid to the utterances of an inspired teacher. On the contrary, the natural Platonist, who is always compelled by an inner necessity to formulate his convictions about the nature of reality, is quite capable of making a philosophy for himself, as some of our great poets have done, without much study of the writings of

Plato and his school. And this philosophy is of the easily recognised type which we call Platonism. Wordsworth, for example, was not, as Ruskin was, a great student of Plato and the Platonists; but no purer example of the Platonic type can be found anywhere. Anyone who has read the *Prologue* with care knows what Platonism means.

Prof. Stewart says—

Platonism is the mood of one who has a curious eye for the endless variety of this visible and temporal world, and a fine sense of its beauties, yet is haunted by the presence of an invisible and eternal world behind, or, when the mood is most pressing, within, the visible and temporal world, and sustaining both it and himself—a world not perceived as external to himself, but inwardly lived by him, as that with which, in moments of ecstasy, or even habitually, he is become one. This is how personal Platonism, whether in a Plotinus or in a Wordsworth, may be described in outline.

To describe Platonism as a mood, an emotional state, does not quite do it justice, though in an introduction to a lecture on Platonism in English poetry it may be justified. But the Platonism which I am dealing with in this address is much more than a mood; it is an attitude towards life founded on deep conviction.

Plato is a peculiarly good example of that type of mind which psychologists call “visualist.” To minds of this type thoughts have shapes; they are seen with the mind’s eye. Wordsworth, a born Platonist, describes his own experience—

While yet a child, and long before his time
Had he perceived the presence and the power
Of greatness; and deep feelings had impressed
So vividly great objects that they lay
Upon his mind like substances, whose pressure
Perplexed the bodily sense.

"They lay upon his mind like substances." This is exactly what happens to the Platonist. In the words of the Epistle to the Hebrews, he sees what is invisible. Hence arises what Spinoza calls the intellectual love of God—that love which Plato always calls by the word appropriated to the passionate love of the sexes. The philosopher in his opinion was essentially a lover, an inspired person, even a kind of madman. There exist gems in which Plato is represented with the attributes of Dionysus, the god of wine and ecstasy. But for Plato this love, though it begins with passionate admiration for individual human beauty, soon passes into love for the qualities mirrored in beautiful forms. The noble qualities which are "shared in" piecemeal by beautiful individuals are combined and further glorified in the mental vision, till they are finally unified in the vision of the perfect and absolute beauty, the source from which all things lovely and noble and of good report flow. And as this vision grows clearer, it tends to dim by comparison our admiration of the beauties which are visible. Thought becomes passionate, the passions become cold. So the pursuit of heavenly love detaches us from at least the sensuous attractions of earthly love and visible beauty.

It is impossible to separate this vivid and experienced philosophy from the theory of knowledge which belongs to it. The unreflecting man regards as real what he can see and touch; the rest are "only" ideas in his own mind, objects less real or not real at all. Many thinkers, especially if their main interests are in natural science, accept this materialistic hypothesis, and, without denying the existence of an invisible world, regard it as unknowable. Knowledge, they say, is limited to phenomena. Some have even called the visible world "reality," the invisible world of the idealist the world of "dreams."

Now Plato's theory of knowledge is the exact opposite of this. One of his fundamental doctrines is that "the completely real can alone be completely known" ($\tauὸ\ παντελῶς\ ὄν\ παντελῶς\ γνωστόν$). About the real we can have knowledge; about appearances we can have only opinion. And appearances include all the world as known to sense. Different faculties are used in apprehending different classes of objects. The highest faculty, which he calls $\nuοῦς$, and which the Christian Platonists called $\piνεῦμα$, is alone able to seize things as they really are, which it does by uniting itself with them, reality being a unity in duality of $\nuοῦς$ and $\nuοητά$. $\nuοῦς$ is strictly a faculty which all possess, though, as Plotinus says, few use it; and we cannot use it without a long preparatory discipline, which disengages the soul from the impediments which belong to existence in space and time, and trains it to breathe freely in the atmosphere of the eternal world. This discipline includes first the practice of all the virtues which make a man a good citizen; then a purification by constant self-denial and conquest of the temptations of the world and the flesh; after which the way is open to the true spiritual life, with all the revelations of divine truth which accompany such a way of living.

This, put as shortly as possible, is Platonism in theory and practice. What I have said will make it plain why the love of beauty, asceticism (not of a harsh and barbarous kind), and mysticism, all have their natural place in the scheme.

It is not, as has been frequently said, a philosophy of dualism. It is so far from being this, that if it becomes dualistic, owing to the weakness of human nature, it dies. The ascent is through nature to God; and we no more leave behind the study and admiration of God's visible works when we advance to the contemplation of the

invisible, than we abandon our civic duties when we embark on self-discipline. But the tendency is either to neglect the external world for the inner life, which is the temptation of the mystic, or to remain entangled with sensuous delights while dreaming of heavenly love. As Prof. Stewart says, there have been amorous sonneteers who are Platonists in manner, but in heart disciples of Ovid. For the true Platonist reality is one, and the path to it is an inclined plane; there are no violent leaps and no kicking down of the ladder by which we have ascended.

I wish further to emphasise these points which follow.

Platonism is called a philosophy, but it is also a religion. The object of philosophy is *σοφία*—wisdom, which means the right conduct of life by a being endowed with reason. It has all the characteristics of religion, and is more indissolubly united with ethics and devotion than is modern philosophy in general.

Secondly, it is essentially an unworldly religion—unworldly rather than otherworldly, for it does not defer eternal life to another sphere of existence. Plato's ideal State is the spiritual man writ large. Its historical realisation—not a very happy realisation—was the theocratic Catholic Church. It is essentially a philosophy of values. The famous Ideas are values—not unrealised ideals, but eternal facts—the most real things in the universe. Perhaps we may say that his triad of virtues was Love, Faith and Wisdom, and the greatest of these is Wisdom. Wordsworth's "We live by Admiration, Hope and Love" is not far from Plato, nor is St. Paul's Faith, Hope and Love. In Plato, the highest values are also the clearest and the most certain. Nietzsche called Plato a Christian before Christ, and there is much to justify these words. As I said in my Essay in "The Legacy of Greece," the continuity of historical Christianity with the religious

philosophy of antiquity is unbroken. The Catholic Church was the last creative achievement of the old culture, not the beginning of the Middle Ages. And in the latest age of antiquity, Platonism gathered up into itself all that was best in Greek thought. Much of Aristotle and much of Stoicism was absorbed into the Neoplatonic tradition, which furnished Christianity with its theology, metaphysics, and mysticism. It is probably for ever impossible to cut Platonism out of Christianity.

There is, of course, much in Plato which did not live continuously in the thought and life of later ages. It was mainly as a prophet and religious teacher that Plato lived; and the three dialogues which had so great an effect on the future of Europe were the "Timaeus," "Phaedrus," and "Symposium."

My subject is the Platonic tradition in our own country. I shall therefore not speak of the Platonism of St. Paul, the Epistle to the Hebrews, and St. John. Nor can I dwell on the Christian Platonists of Alexandria, the Cappadocian Fathers, who owed much to Plotinus; Augustine, of whom the same may be said; and of the philosophical mystics who carried on the Platonic type of religion and speculative thought until the Renaissance. Dante is alone enough to prove how little the Platonic tradition had been forgotten in the West. And as soon as the Greek manuscripts and teachers began to come to Italy, the famous Platonic Academy was founded at Florence, and the scholars of the time began to reverence Plato almost as a divine being. Nor was it long before in the time of Colet and Erasmus, the new enthusiasm made its way to England.

I wish to emphasise with all the energy in my power, that this Platonic tradition is a legitimate type of Christianity; that it may trace its Christian ancestry back

without a break to the New Testament itself; and that it can claim a most distinguished roll of honour in this country, from the Reformation to our own time.

I am aware that the numerous histories of the Church of England give a different impression. They give us, for the most part, a picture of a sustained conflict between the Catholic and the Protestant elements in a church which, because it was national, had to be comprehensive and yet insular, embracing all except irreconcilables, but stiff against those who either owned a foreign allegiance or no allegiance at all. The whole history, when thus treated, is inextricably intertwined with secular politics, with the rising consciousness of nationality and stout independence under Henry VIII. and Elizabeth; the alliance with the monarchical principle under the Stuarts; the acceptance of the oligarchic régime while the ship floated on calm waters through the eighteenth century; the response within the Church to the pietistic middle class revolt which caused the Methodist secession; the revival of Laudian ecclesiasticism to meet the threatened Liberal attack upon the Church at the beginning of Queen Victoria's reign; and lastly, the extravagances of the epigoni of the new Laudians, who wish on the one hand to go back behind the Reformation, and on the other to find allies among political revolutionaries. It is part of the ingrained politicism of English thought that Church history should be written in this way. The method, and the centre of interest are much the same if, as in some Church histories, the relation of the Establishment to political and social movements is ignored, and the narrative deals with Church politics, with the struggles of one faction after another to gain predominance and suppress its rivals, whether the enemy for the time being was Enthusiasm (as they said in the 18th century), or

Ritualism, or Liberalism; with appointments to bishoprics and heresy hunts and Lambeth Conferences. These are the subjects which make Church history interesting to a nation which interprets all human life on the analogy and often in the language of a cricket match or a prize fight. The Englishman is, above all other races, a "naturally political animal."

But politics only touch the surface of Christianity. Even in the great Roman Church, which is the direct heir of classical imperialism, there is an unbroken tradition, a true apostolical succession, of lives which are sheltered rather than moulded by the Imperial Government, and which exhibit a recognisable type of character, the true life-blood of the institution. There is a Catholic type of piety, and without it the institution could not long retain its power and attractiveness.

And there is a type of piety which belongs to the English people. There are no doubt several types, all of them well represented in English religion. But it is worth emphasising that besides the sturdy individualising robust morality, and strong practicality which foreigners have noted as our characteristics, there is also a deep vein of sentiment and a lofty idealism in the English nature which has inspired some of the noblest poetry in the world. The English character on the whole rejects alien types—the fanatical racialism of the Jew; the Roman Catholic piety, which is at home only in the Latin nations; the hard, stern, logical theology of Calvin; the emotionalism of the Lutherans. But our national character has always taken kindly to Platonism; and if we neglect this element in our religious history, we shall be missing some of the best part of it.

Besides the Catholic tradition which has its source and centre in Rome, and the Protestant tradition which (with-

out forgetting Wycliff) we may say had its source in Germany, there is a third influence and tradition in English religion, which have been far too much overlooked, and which awaken a response in the English character at its best. We may call it the Renaissance tradition, but it really goes back to Greece and Plato. The Renaissance in England flowered very late, and characteristically produced masterpieces of literature rather than of art. The Shakespearean drama is, of course, its proudest achievement. But long before Shakespeare, even before the English Reformation, it came to England with Erasmus, bringing a new devotion to the scholarly study of Holy Scripture and of Greek philosophy. In this way the scholars who pioneered the New Learning picked up, and knew that they had picked up, the course of one of the main streams which have united to make the Christian Church, and had re-established their connexion with Greek theology and with ancient philosophy. The intellectual schism between East and West was at an end, or rather the isolation of the West was over. The New Learning gave back to the nations of the West not only the Greek Fathers and writers like the Pseudo-Dionysius, but it brought back the understanding of the Fourth Gospel and of much of St. Paul. The names of Colet and Sir Thomas More hold a peculiarly honourable place in the history of intellectual development in this country. In these men and their friends we find a movement to simplify Christian Doctrine; to interpret the Bible by the rules of scholarship; to reconcile Christianity with natural science; to welcome free enquiry, and to exercise toleration. The Reformation diverted and partly submerged this movement; and before long the struggle with the Counter-Reformation turned Protestantism into a religion of authority, and checked its further development.

ment. But Hooker belongs to the enlightened Renaissance School, and in the poetry of Spenser and Sir Philip Sidney, Christian Platonism is enshrined in language of immortal beauty.

Leave me O Love which reacheth but to dust,
And thou my mind aspire to higher things,
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust;
Whatever fades but fading pleasure brings.
Draw in thy beams and humble all thy might
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be
Which breaks the clouds and opens forth a light
That doth both shine and give us light to see.
O take fast hold! let that light be thy guide
In this small course which birth draws out to death,
And think how ill becometh him to slide
Who seeketh heaven and comes of heavenly breath.

Then farewell world! thy uttermost I see:
Eternal Love, maintain thy life in me!

The seventeenth century was a critical time in the history of Anglicanism. Schemes of re-union were in the air, and were promoted actively by divines who represented the Renaissance tradition, such as Chillingworth, Hales of Eton, and Stillingfleet, with whom Jeremy Taylor may fairly be classed. These are among the greatest Churchmen of their time.

An interesting Platonist of the Civil War was Robert Grenville, Lord Brooke, a Parliamentary General who, after gaining the victory of Kineton, was killed at the siege of Lichfield. In his philosophical work, *The Nature of Truth*, he refuses to distinguish between philosophy and theology. Faith and reason differ in degree only, not in nature; knowledge and affection are but different shapes under which truth is manifested to us; "what good we know, we are; our act of understanding being an act of union." His philosophy only increased his courage. "If

we knew this truth, that all things are one, how cheerfully, with what modest courage, should we undertake any action, re-incounter any occurrence, knowing that that distinction of misery and happiness which now so perplexeth us, hath no being except in the brain."

Brooke, though a man of action, seems to have had much in common with the famous Cambridge group, now called the Cambridge Platonists, but in their own time the "Latitude Men" (not because they were supposed to be unorthodox, but because they were in favour of re-union with the sects). These men professed their desire to call back the Church to her old loving nurse, the Platonic philosophy: they were diligent students not only of Plato but of Plotinus, and withal men of saintly character and great personal influence. They were not much molested either by the Laudians or by the Presbyterians or the Independents—Whichcote alone lost his provostship at King's—and they took no sides in the civil troubles: but Burnett says that they, almost alone, upheld the credit of the Church of England for learning and piety. Whichcote lives chiefly in the admirable aphorisms culled from his published sermons—a book much read in the 18th century. A few characteristic sayings may be quoted—

"Heaven is first a temper and then a place." "I oppose not rational to spiritual, for spiritual is most rational." "The mind of a good man is the best part of him, and the mind of a bad man is the worst part of him." "There is nothing in religion necessary which is uncertain." "I give much to the Spirit of God breathing in good men, with whom I converse in the present world, in the university and elsewhere; and think that if I may learn much by the writings of good men in former ages, which I hope I do not neglect, by the actings of the Divine Spirit in the minds of good men now alive I may learn more." "The times in which I live are more to me than any else." "He that never changed any of his

opinions never corrected any of his mistakes." "I will not make a religion for God, nor suffer any to make a religion for me." "It is a very great evil to make God a mean and the world an end." "The spirit of religion is a reconciling spirit." "Every man taken at his best will be found good for something." "Sin is an attempt to control the immutable laws of everlasting righteousness, goodness, and truth, upon which the universe depends." "Take away the self-conceited and there will be elbow-room in the world." "A man cannot be at peace with himself when he lives in disobedience to known truth." "It ill becomes us to make our intellectual faculties Gibeonites." "It doth not become a Christian to be credulous."

A good Christian, and a wise and large-minded man.

I have not time to say much about the other members of the group—Henry More, John Smith, Cudworth and Culverwell. Cudworth's treatise has the highest reputation, and is mentioned even in foreign books of philosophy; but for us the small volume of sermons by Smith is far more attractive. They are overloaded with quotations, after the manner of their time; but they are perhaps the finest university sermons ever preached in this country. If you want to see what an exalted and fervent devotion can be built upon Christianised Platonism, read the *Select Discourses* of John Smith, of which the *Discourse on Immortality* is perhaps the finest. It proceeds from the Platonic postulate that "no substantial thing ever perisheth." There are (he says, following Proclus) four degrees of knowledge: (1) naked perception of sensible impressions, without any reason (2) knowledge of opinion, in which impressions are collated with our more obscure ideas (3) discourse or reason, such as mathematics (4) "the naked intuition of eternal truth, which is always the same, which never rises or sets, but always stands still in its vertical, and fills the whole horizon of the soul with a mild and gentle light," thus

giving evidence of "some permanent and stable essence in the soul of man." The soul "partakes of time in its broken and particular conceptions and apprehensions, and of eternity in its comprehension and stable contemplations." Once on the top, the soul will no longer "doubt whether any drowsy sleep shall hereafter seize upon it," but will grasp "fast and safely its own immortality and view itself in the horizon of eternity." This is the Platonic argument for the immortality of the soul; and it is the most solid argument for this hope that has been or can be adduced.

The influence of the Cambridge group did not die with them. The 18th century was no doubt on the whole unfavourable to this type of religion; but in William Law, the most virile intellect and character in the English Church during that century, we have undoubtedly a kindred spirit. It is true that he does not admit any debt to the school of Plato, and speaks with disrespect of Henry More; Churchman and Non-Juror. In all essentials his teaching is the same as that of Smith and Wichcote.

But it was in the crisis of the Napoleonic War that English religious idealism found its noblest expression, and it found it not in prose but in verse, not from divines but from poets. We have derived most of our spiritual teaching from our poets, and we have been wise. What Horace says of Homer is true of English poetry—

Quid sit pulcrum, quid utile, quid non,
Rectius et melius Chrysippo et Crantore dicit.

Plato himself was a poet, and he would have been amused at the utilitarian Bentham's remark that "all poetry is misrepresentation."

Wordsworth, as I have already indicated, is our greatest Platonist. And yet I feel that some qualification of this

statement is needed. His attitude was not quite that of Winckelmann, a pure Platonist, who says—

The perfection of beauty exists only in God, and human beauty is elevated in proportion as it approaches the idea of God. This idea of beauty is a spiritual quintessence extracted from created substances, as it were, by an alchemy of fire; and is produced by the imagination endeavouring to conceive what is human as existing as a prototype in the mind of God.

Wordsworth, who defined imagination as “reason in her most exalted mood,” would not have objected to this; but for him it was not beauty, but the everlasting and ubiquitous life of nature which was most inspiring. “To see into the life of things” was his main desire.

With bliss ineffable
I felt the sentiment of Being spread
O'er all that moves and all that seemeth still.

And love, in the sense which the word bears in Browning's poetry, contributed little or nothing to his religious insight.

He was a mystic from childhood, and like most mystics was not much interested in external details. He never studied natural science, and disliked the stock-taking of picturesque effects which he observed in other poets, including, he thought, Sir Walter Scott. “Nature,” he said, “does not permit an inventory to be made of her charms.” There is very little scenery in Wordsworth: his stage is bare except for the actors. On the other hand, he actually criticised Coleridge's mind as “debarred from nature's loving images” by its “self-created sustenance,” “Platonic forms,” and “words for things.” A weird and romantic imagination prevented the real lessons of nature from sinking into Coleridge's soul. By “Platonic forms” Wordsworth meant the personified abstractions which play

so large a part in Blake's and Shelley's poetry. Shelley is full of the language of Platonism, but such philosophy as we can find in his beautiful verse is rather a kind of pantheism, and he never went through the moral discipline which Wordsworth, like Plato, deemed essential for the higher vision.

This moral discipline is an essential part of Platonism as a religion, and Wordsworth practised it fully. Volition and self-government are everywhere apparent in his life. He was almost penurious in husbanding his emotions, shunning and repressing all wasteful excitement. He describes his own self-education: "duty beginning from the point of accountableness to his own conscience, and through that to God and human nature"; then "a sinking inward into ourselves from thought to thought, a steady remonstrance and a high resolve." Let, then, the youth go back to nature and to solitude. A world of fresh sensations will gradually open upon him, as instead of being propelled restlessly towards others in admiration or too hasty love, he makes it his prime business to understand himself. He set aside the world's judgments with confident scorn. "When I think of the pure, honest, absolute ignorance in which worldlings of every rank and situation must be enveloped, with respect to the thoughts, feelings and images on which the life of my poems depends," what can I expect?

In spite of his disparaging allusion to "Platonic forms," he saw very much what Plato saw—

Incumbencies more awful, visitings
Of the Upholder of the tranquil soul,
That tolerates the indignities of time,
And from the centre of eternity
All finite motions overruling, lives
In glory immutable.

"I wish either to be considered as a teacher or as nothing," said Wordsworth. And a religious teacher he has been to thousands in this country, though to very few on the Continent, where the close—and essentially Greek—association between poetry and philosophy has been less honoured than among ourselves.

Christian Platonism has had many worthy representatives in English theology in the 19th century. Erskine of Linlathen, Maurice and Westcott will occur to everybody. The Christian philosophy of men like Green, the Cairds, Illingworth, Moberly, and others is, up to a certain point at least, of the Platonic type, and I think we shall have more, perhaps more closely in touch with the Platonic tradition, some phases of which, long neglected, are becoming better known.

I ask you then to agree with me that besides the combative Catholic and Protestant elements in the Churches, there has always been a third element, with very honourable traditions, which came to life again at the Renaissance, but really reaches back to the Greek Fathers, to St. Paul and St. John, to Philo, and ultimately to the whole line of Greek philosophers, whose 800 years' debate ended in the religious philosophy of Plotinus and his school, to whom Eucken rightly attributes a decisive influence upon the theology and religion of the Christian Church. You have gathered what the characteristics of this type of Christianity are—a spiritual religion, based on a firm belief in absolute and eternal values as the most real things in the universe—a confidence that these values are knowable by man—a belief that they can, nevertheless, only be known by whole-hearted consecration of the intellect, will and affections to the great quest—an entirely open mind towards the discoveries of science, which, abstract as they are, are true in their own sphere,

and not to be corrected by mixing them with scientific falsehood—a reverent and receptive attitude to the beauty, sublimity and wisdom of the creation, as a revelation of the mind and character of the Creator—a complete independence of the current valuations of the worldling.

In such a presentation of Christianity lies, I believe, our hope for the future. It cuts us loose from that orthodox materialism which in attempting to build a bridge between the world of facts and the world of values only succeeds in confounding one order and degrading the other. It equally emancipates us from that political secularism which is perhaps an even more fatal danger to English religion at the present time—the propagandism which seeks to cater for the man who says, like Jacob, “If the Lord will give me bread to eat and raiment to put on, then shall the Lord be my God.” The end of such a humiliating flirtation can only be predicted in the taunt of Helen to Aphrodite.

The Churches are undoubtedly passing through a crisis, almost but not quite as grave as when Christianity turned her back upon Asia and her face to Europe in St. Paul’s time. The time is come for the “removal of the things that are shaken, that the things which are not shaken may remain.” The things that are not shaken are those eternal values which are the contents of the mind of God as revealed to man. “The throne of the Godhead,” as Macarius said, “is the spirit of man”: the spirit of man which has its true home in that heaven which is not a place above our heads, but the presence of the great Father of Spirits who has his centre everywhere and his circumference nowhere.

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